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VIII.

FROM GENEVA TO CHAMOUNY.

IF there is in all the world as lovely a day's ride as that from Geneva to Chamouny, it must be the ride from Chamouny to Geneva. Lynde would not have made even this concession the next morning, as a heavy-wheeled carriage, containing three travelers and drawn by four stout Savoy horses, rolled through the Grande Place, and, amid a salvo of whip-lash and a cloud of dust, took the road to Bonneville.

"I did not think I cared very much for Geneva," said Miss Denham, leaning from the carriage side to look back at the little Swiss capital set so prettily on the blue edge of Lake Leman; "I did not think I cared for it at all; yet I leave it with a kind of home-leaving regret."

"That is because you found complete repose there, I imagine," said Lynde. "Geneva is blessed among foreign cities in having no rich picture-galleries, or famous cathedrals, or moldy ruins covered all over with moss and history. In other places, you know, one is distracted by the things which it is one's imperative duty to see, and by the feeling that a life-time is too short properly to see them. Coming from the great Italian cities to Geneva is like falling asleep after some prolonged mental strain. I do not object to waking up and leaving it, however. I should not mind leaving Eden, in pleasant company, on such a morning as this."

"The company, and I dare say the morning, are not insensible to your handsome compliment, Mr. Lynde."

The morning was without flaw, and the company, or at least that part of it represented by Miss Ruth Denham, had more color in its cheeks than usual, and its dark eyes looked very dark and melting under their long fringes. Mrs. Denham was also of a high complexion, but, having a practical turn of mind, she was wondering whether the trunks, which rose like a monument from the footboard of the vehicle, were quite secure. It was a lumbering, comfortable concern, with red and black wheels, and a maroon body set upon complicated springs. The back seat, occupied by the Denhams, was protected by a leather hood, leaving the forward portion of the carriage open. The other seat was amicably shared between Lynde and a pile of waterproofs and woolen wraps, essentials in Switzerland, but which the ladies doubtless would have provided themselves if they had been in the tropics. On the high box in front sat the driver, speaking from time to time in

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low, confidential tones to the four powerful black horses, whose harnesses were lavishly hung with flaunting chamois-tails and made merry with innumerable silver bells.

For the last two weeks Lynde had been impatiently looking forward to this journey. The thought of having an entire day with Miss Denham, on such terms of intimacy as tacitly establish themselves between persons traveling together in the same carriage, had softened the prospect of the final parting at Chamouny; though now he did not intend they should separate there, unless she cruelly willed it. The nature of Miss Denham's regard for him Lynde had not fathomed. She had been frank and friendly with him, as she might have been with a cousin or a person much older than herself. As he told Flemming, he had never had her a minute alone. The aunt had always accompanied them on their brief walks and excursions about Geneva; whenever she had been unable to do so, the excursion or the walk had been abandoned. Lynde saw, among other gracious things in this day's ride, a promising opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Denham. Here and there, along the winding ascents, would be tempting foot-paths, short pine-shaded cuts across the rocks, by which the carriage could be intercepted further on. These five or ten minutes' walks, always made enchanting by some unlooked-for grove, or grotto, or cascade, were nearly certain to lure Miss Ruth to her feet. Then he would have her to himself, for Mrs. Denham seldom walked when she could avoid it. To make assurance doubly sure Lynde could almost have wished her one of those distracting headaches from which hitherto he had suffered so keenly.

For the first few miles the road lay through a succession of villas and cultivated gardens; indeed, these gardens and villas extend all the way to Chêne, where a thin ribbon of a stream, the Foron, draws the boundary line between the canton of Geneva and Savoy. At this point the scenery begins, not too aggressively, to be picturesque; you catch some neat views of the Voirons, and of the range of the Jura lying on your right. Beyond is the village of Annemasse, and the Château of Etrambière, with its quartet of towers, rises from the foot of the Petit-Salève in the bluish-gray distance. You no longer see Mont Blanc, except at intervals. Here and there a knot of hamlets clings to some fir-dotted slope, or tries to hide itself away in the bosom of a ravine. All these Alpine villages bear the same resemblance to each other as so many button-molds of different sizes. Each has its quaint little church of stucco, surrounded by clusters of gray and dingy-white head-stones and crosses, — like a shepherd standing in the midst of his flock; each has its bedrabbled main street, with a great stone trough into which a stream of ice-cold water is forever flowing, and where comely young women of substantial ankles, with their flaxen hair braided down their backs, are forever washing linen; each has its beggar, with a goitre or a wooden leg, lying in wait for you; and each, in turn, with its purple and green and red tiled roofs, is charming to approach and delightful to get away from.

After leaving Annemasse, the road runs up the valley of the Arve and crosses a bridge over the Menoge. Then comes the village of Nangy, and then Contamines, beyond which, on a bold height, stand the two wrinkled, crumbling towers of the ancient castle of Faucigny, whence the province takes its name. It was at Nangy that a pretty incident befell our travelers. On the outskirts of the village they met fifty or sixty school children marching three abreast, the girls on one side of the road and the boys on the other. The girls — each in a coarse blue or yellow frock, with a snowy neckerchief pinned over her bosom and a pig-tail of hair hanging down her shoulders — seemed for all the world like little old women; and not one of the little men appeared to be less than a hundred and five years old. They suggested a collection of Shems and Japhets, with their wives, taken from a lot of toy Noah's arks. As the carriage

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rolled between the two files, all the funny little women bobbed a simultaneous courtesy, and all the little old-fashioned men lifted their hats with the most irresistible gravity conceivable.

"Fancy such a thing happening in the United States!" said Lynde. "If we were to meet such a crowd at home, half a dozen urchins would immediately fasten themselves to the hind axle, and some of the more playful spirits would probably favor us with a stone or two, or a snowball, according to the season."

"There comes the curé, now," said Miss Denham. "It is some Sunday-school fête."

As the curé, a florid, stout person, made an obeisance and passed on, fanning himself leisurely with his shovel-hat, his simple round face and white feathery hair put Lynde in mind of the hapless old gentleman whom he mistook for the country parson that morning so long ago. Instantly the whole scene rose before Lynde's vision. Perhaps the character of the landscape through which they were passing helped to make the recollection very vivid. There was not a cloud in the pale arch; yonder were the far-reaching peaks with patches of snow on them, and there stretched the same rugged, forlorn hills, covered with dwarf bushes and sentineled with phantom-like pines. An odd expression drifted across Lynde's countenance.

"What are you smiling at, Mr. Lynde, in that supremely selfish manner?" inquired Mrs. Denham, looking at him from under her tilted sun-umbrella.

"Was I smiling? It was at those droll little beggars. They bowed and courtesied in an unconcerned, wooden way, as if they were moved by some ingenious piece of Swiss clock-work. The stiff old curé, too, had an air of having been wound up and set a-going. I could almost hear the creak of his mainspring. I was smiling at that, perhaps, and thinking how strongly the scenery of some portions of our own country resembles this part of Switzerland."

"Do you think so? I had not remarked it."

"This is not the least like anything in the Adirondack region, for example," observed Miss Ruth.

"It may be a mere fancy of mine," returned Lynde. "However, we have similar geological formations in the mountainous sections of New England; the same uncompromising Gothic sort of pines; the same wintry bleakness that leaves its impress even on the midsummer. A body of water tumbling through a gorge in New Hampshire must be much like a body of water tumbling through a gorge anywhere else."

"Undoubtedly all mountain scenery has many features in common," Mrs. Denham said; "but if I were dropped down on the White Hills, softly from a balloon, let us say, I should know in a second I was not in Switzerland."

"I should like to put you to the test in one spot I am familiar with," said Lynde.

"I should not like to be put to the test just at present," rejoined Mrs. Denham. "I am very simple in my tastes, and I prefer the Alps."

"Where in New England will you see such a picture as that?" asked Miss Ruth, pointing to a village which lay in the heart of the valley, shut in on the right by the jagged limestone rocks of the Brezon and on the left by the grassy slopes of the Môle.

"Our rural towns lack color and architecture," said Lynde. "They are mostly collections of square or oblong boxes, painted white. I wish we had just one village composed exclusively of rosy tiled houses, with staircases wantonly running up on the outside, and hooded windows, and airy balconies hanging out here and there where you don't expect them. I would almost overlook the total lack of drainage which seems to go along with these carved eaves and gables, touched in with their blues and browns and yellows. This must be Bonneville we are coming to. We change horses here."

In a few minutes they swept through an avenue of noble trees, and stopped at the doorstep of an inn alive with passengers by the diligence just arrived from Sallanches, on its way to Geneva.

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Lynde was beginning to feel a trifle out of spirits. The journey thus far had been very pleasant, but it had not wholly fulfilled his expectations. The Denhams had occupied themselves with the scenery; they had not been much inclined to talk; and Lynde had found no opportunity to make himself especially agreeable. They had spoken several times of Flemming, in a vein of eulogy. Lynde loved Flemming; but Flemming as a topic of conversation possessed no particular advantage over landscape. Miss Denham had never looked so lovely to Lynde as she did this day; he was glad to get her again in that closely-fitting drab traveling-dress, laced up to the shapely white throat. A sense of great comfort had stolen over him the two or three times when she had sunk back in the carriage cushions and let her eyes dwell upon him contemplatively for a moment. He was beginning to hate Mrs. Denham, and he thoroughly loathed Bonneville, where a polyglot crowd of tourists came flocking into the small waiting-room just as Miss Ruth was putting up her hair and unconsciously framing for Lynde a never-to-be-forgotten picture in the little cracked inn-mirror.

Passengers by diligence usually dine at Bonneville, a fact which Lynde had ascertained when he selected Cluses, nine miles beyond, as the resting place for his own party. They were soon on the road again, with the black horses turned into roan, traversing the level meadow lands between the Brezon and the Môle. With each mile, now, the landscape took on new beauty and wildness. The superb mountains — some with cloudy white turrets, some thrusting out huge snow-powdered prongs, and others tapering to steely dagger-points — hemmed them in on every side.

Here they came more frequently on those sorrowful roadside cairns, surmounted by a wooden cross with an obliterated inscription and a shriveled wreath, marking the spot where some peasant or mountaineer had been crushed by a land-slide or smothered in the merciless winter drift. As the carriage approached Cluses, the road crept along the lips of precipices and was literally overhung by the dizzy walls of the Brezon. Crossing the Arve, — you are always crossing the Arve or some mad torrent on your way from Geneva to Chamouny, — the travelers entered the town of Cluses and alighted at one of those small Swiss hotels which continually astonish by their tidiness and excellence.

In spite of the intermittent breeze wandering down from the regions above the snow-line, the latter part of the ride had been intensely hot. The cool, shadowy room, with its table ready laid for dinner near the latticed window, was a welcome change to the three dusty voyagers as they were ushered into it by the German landlord, whose round head thinly thatched with whitey-brown hair gave him the appearance of having been left out over night in a hoar frost. It was a refreshment in itself to look at him, so crisp and cool, with that blinding afternoon glare lying on the heated mountain slopes.

"I could be contented here a month," said Mrs. Denham, throwing off her bonnet, and seating herself in the embrasure of the window.

"The marquis allows us only three quarters of an hour," Lynde observed. "He says we cannot afford to lose much time if we want to reach Chamouny before sundown."

"Chamouny will wait for us."

"But the sunset won't."

Lynde had a better reason than that for wishing to press on. It was between there and Magland, or, rather, just beyond Magland, that he proposed to invite Miss Denham to walk. The wonderful cascade of Arpenaz, though it could be seen as well from the carriage, was to serve as pretext. Of course he would be obliged to include Mrs. Denham in his invitation, and he had sufficient faith in the inconsistency of woman not to rely too confidently on her declining. "As she never walks, she'll come along fast enough," was Lynde's grim reflection.

He had by no means resolved on what

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he should say to Miss Ruth, if he got her alone. In the ten minutes' walk, which would be almost equivalent to a first interview, he could not say much. He could tell her how grieved he was at the thought of the approaching separation, and tell her in such a manner as would leave her in no great doubt as to the state of his feelings. But whether he went so far as that was a problem which he intended to let chance solve for him.

Lynde was standing on the inn steps with his after-dinner cheroot, meditatively blowing circles of smoke into the air, when the carriage drove round from the stable and the Denhams appeared in the door-way. The young woman gave Lynde an ungloved hand as he assisted her to the seat. The slight pressure of her fingers and the touch of her rings were possessions which he retained until long after the carriage had passed that narrow defile near the stalactite cavern in the Balme, where a couple of tiresome fellows insist on letting off a small cannon for you, to awaken a very disobliging old Echo who refuses to repeat anything more than twice. What a magic there is in hands, — in some hands! Lynde could have held Mrs. Denham's hand a fortnight without getting anything so tangible as that fleeting touch of Miss Ruth's.

"Is the grotto worth seeing?" Mrs. Denham asked, with a speculative glance up the mountain side.

"It is an hour's hard climb, and scarcely pays," replied Lynde, appalled by this indication of Alpine enterprise. "I visited it the first time I came over the road. You get a good look at the peaks of Mont Douron on the other side of the valley, and that's all; the grotto itself is not remarkable. But I think it will be worth while to halt a moment when we come to the fall of Nant d'Arpenaz. That is really marvelous. It is said to be nearly as fine as the Staubbach."

As Miss Ruth leaned back in the cushions, lazily fastening the third button of her glove with a hair-pin, there was just the faintest glimmer of humor in the eyes that looked up into the young man's face. He was being read, and he knew it; his dark intentions in regard to that waterfall were probably as legible to her as if they had been printed in great-primer type on his forehead. On two or three occasions at Geneva she had wrested his unworded thought from him with the same effortless sorcery. Lynde evaded her look, and studied a spire-like peak on his left. "I shall have an air of detected villainy now, when I ask her," he mused. "That's the first shade of coquetry I ever saw in her. If she accepts my invitation without the aunt, she means either to flirt with me or give me the chance to speak to her seriously. Which is it to be, Miss Ruth? I wonder if she is afraid of Mrs. Denham. Sometimes it seems to me she would be a different girl if it were not for the presence of the aunt."

By and by, at a bend of the road after passing Magland, the waterfall became visible in the distance. The cascade of Nant d'Arpenaz is one of the highest falls in Savoy, and if it is not the most beautiful, one can still well afford, having seen that, not to see the others. It is not a large volume of water, except when swollen by rains, as it happened to be this day, but its plunge from the dizzy brown cliff is the gracefulest thing in the world. The curiously stratified face of the precipice is concave, and the water has a fall of several hundred feet to reach the slope, which, indeed, it seems never to reach; for before the stream has accomplished half the descent it is broken into fine spray, and flaunts loosely in the wind like a veil of the most delicate lace, or, when the sunlight drifts through it, a wondrously wrought Persian scarf. There it appears to hang, miraculously suspended in mid-air, while in fact it descends in imperceptible vapors to the slope, where it re-forms and becomes a furious little torrent that dashes across the road under a bridge and empties itself into the Arve.

The carriage-road skirts the base of the mountain and offers numberless fine

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views of the cascade as you approach or leave it. It was directly in front of the fall, half a mile distant, though it did not look so far, that the driver, in obedience to previous instruction from Lynde, drew up the horses and halted. At that instant the sunshine slanted across the fall and dashed it with prismatic colors.

"It is almost too exquisite to look at," said Mrs. Denham. "It makes one doubt one's own eyes."

"I saw it once," Lynde said, "when I thought the effect even finer. I was induced by some pleasant English people to stop over night at Magland, and we walked up here in the moonrise. You can't imagine anything so lovely as that long strip of gossamer unfolding itself to the moonlight. There was an English artist with us, who made a sketch of the fall; but he said a prettier thing about it than his picture."

"What was that?" inquired Miss Ruth.

"He called it Penelope's web, because it is always being unraveled and reknitted."

"That artist mistook his profession."

"Folks often do," said Lynde. "I know painters who ought to be poets, and poets who ought to be brick-layers."

"Why brick-layers?"

"Because I fancy that brick-laying makes as slight drain on the imagination as almost any pursuit in life. Speaking of poets and waterfalls, do you remember Byron's daring simile in Manfred? He compares a certain waterfall at the foot of the Jungfrau to the tail of the pale horse ridden by Death in the Apocalypse. Mrs. Denham," said Lynde abruptly, "the marquis tells me there 's a delightful short cut, through the rocks here, which strikes into the road a mile further on."

"Let us take it then," answered Mrs. Denham, settling herself comfortably in the cushions.

"It is a foot-path," explained Lynde.

"Oh!"

"Our reputation as great American travelers will suffer, Mrs. Denham, if we fail to do a bit of Switzerland on foot. Rather than have that happen I would undertake the expedition alone. It would be mere martyrdom, though, without company." As Lynde turned the handle of the carriage door and planted his foot on the first step, he ventured a glance at Miss Ruth, who was sitting there with a face as impenetrable as that of the Memphian Sphinx.

"Certainly, if our reputation is at stake," exclaimed Mrs. Denham, rising with alacrity. Lynde could not help his clouded countenance. "No," she added, slowly sinking back into the seat, "I 've no ambition as an explorer. I really have not."

"And Miss Denham?" said Lynde, drawing a scarcely repressed breath of relief.

"Oh, Ruth can go if she likes," replied Mrs. Denham, "provided it is not too far."

"It is hardly an eighth of a mile across," said Lynde. "You will find us waiting for you at the opposite end of the cut, unless you drive rapidly. It is more than a mile by the road."

"Do you wish to go, Ruth?"

Miss Denham hesitated an instant, and then answered by rising impulsively and giving her hand to Lynde. Evidently, her first intention had been to refuse. In a moment more she was standing beside him, and the carriage was lazily crawling up the hill with Mrs. Denham looking back through her glass at the cascade.

A dozen rude steps, partly artificial and partly formed by the strata of the limestone bank, led from the roadside up to the opening of the foot-way. For thirty or forty yards the fern-fringed path was too narrow to admit of two persons walking abreast. Miss Denham, with her skirts gathered in one hand, went first, picking her way over the small loose stones rendered slippery by the moss, and Lynde followed on in silence, hardly able to realize the success of the ruse which had come so near being a failure. His companion was equally preoccupied. Once she stopped for Lynde to detach her dress from a grasping twig, and once to pluck one of those pallid waxen flowers which sometimes

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dauntlessly find a footing even among the snow-drifts of the higher Alps. The air was full of the resinous breath of the pines, whose boughs, meeting and interlacing overhead, formed an arabesqued roof, through the openings of which the afternoon sunshine sifted, as if through stained glass. With the slender stems of the trees rising on each side in the semi-twilight, the grove was like the transept of a cathedral. It seemed a profanation to speak in such a place. Lynde could have wandered on forever in contented silence, with that tall, pliant figure in its severely-cut drapery moving before him. As he watched the pure outline defining itself against the subdued light, he was reminded of a colored bas-relief he had seen on a certain Egyptian vase in the Museum at Naples. Presently the path widened, a brook babbled somewhere ahead among the rocks, and the grove abruptly ended. As Lynde stepped to Miss Denham's side he heaved a deep, involuntary sigh.

"What a sigh, Mr. Lynde!" she cried, swiftly turning upon him with a surprised smile. "It was scarcely complimentary."

"It was not exactly a compliment; it was an unpremeditated monody on the death of this day, which has flown too soon."

"You are very ready with your monody; it yet lacks three or four hours of sunset, when one might probably begin to lament. I am enjoying it all too much to have a regret."

"Do you know, I thought you were not enjoying it — the journey, I mean? You have not spoken a hundred words since we left Geneva."

"That was a proof of my perfect enjoyment, as you would know if you knew me better. Fine scenery always affects me like music, and, with Jessica, 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music.' Besides, Mr. Lynde, I was forming a plan."

"A plan?"

"A dark conspiracy" —

"Is the spirit of Lucretia Borgia present?"

— "in which you are to be chief conspirator, Mr. Lynde."

"Miss Denham, the person is dead, either by steel or poison; it is all one to me, — I am equally familiar with both methods."

As the girl lifted up her eyes in a half-serious, half-amused way, and gave him a look in which gentleness and a certain shadow of hauteur were oddly blended, Lynde started in spite of himself. It was the very look of the poor little Queen of Sheba.

"With your bowl and dagger and monody," said Miss Denham, breaking into one of her rare laughs, "you are in full tragedy this afternoon. I am afraid my innocent plot will seem very tame to you in the face of such dreadful things."

"I promise beforehand to regard it as the one important matter in the world. What is it?"

"Nothing more than this: I want you to insist that aunt Gertrude and I ought to make the ascent of Montanvert and visit the Mer de Glace, — before uncle Denham arrives."

"Why, would he object?"

"I do not think anything would induce him to trust either of us on one of those narrow mule-paths."

"But everybody goes up Montanvert as a matter of course. The bridle-way is perfectly safe."

"Uncle Denham once witnessed a painful accident on the Wetterhorn, indeed, he himself barely escaped death; and any suggestion of mountain climbing that cannot be done on wheels always meets a negative from him. I suspect my aunt will not strongly favor the proposal, but when I make it I shall depend on you to sustain me."

"I shall surely do so, Miss Denham. I have had this same excursion in my mind all along."

"I was wondering how I should get the chance to ask the favor of you, when that special Providence, which your friend Mr. Flemming pretends not to believe in, managed it for me."

"It wasn't I, then, but Providence, that invited you to walk?"

"It looks like it, Mr. Lynde."

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"But at first you were disposed to reject the providential aid."

"I hesitated about leaving aunt Gertrude alone."

"If you had refused me, there would have been no end to my disappointment. This walk, though it is sixty or seventy miles too short, is the choicest thing in the whole journey."

"Come, Mr. Lynde, that is an improvement on your sigh."

"Does it occur to you that this is the first time we have chanced to be alone together, in all these weeks?"

"Yes," said Miss Ruth, simply, "it is the first time."

"I am a great admirer of Mrs. Denham" —

"I do not see how you can help being; she is charming, and she likes you."

"But sometimes I have wished that — that Mr. Denham was here."

"Why?" asked Miss Ruth, regarding him full in the face.

"Because then, may be, she would have been less devoted to you."

Miss Denham did not reply for a moment.

"My aunt is very fond of me," she said, gravely. "She never likes to have me absent an hour from her side."

"I can understand that," said Lynde, with an innocent air.

The girl glanced at him quickly, and went on: "She adopted me when I was only three years old; we have never been separated since. She lived in Paris all the time I was at school there, though she did not like Paris as a residence. She would make any sacrifice for me that a mother would make for a daughter. She has been mother and sister to me. I cannot overpay her devotion by any unselfishness of mine."

As she spoke, Lynde caught a hateful glimpse of the road through the stubby pine-trees beyond. It appeared to him only two minutes ago that he was assisting Miss Denham to mount the stone steps at the other extremity of the footpath; and now he was to lose her again. She was with him alone for perhaps the last time.

"Miss Ruth!" said Lynde, with sudden earnestness in his voice. He had never before addressed her as Miss Ruth. She raised her eyes furtively to his face. "Miss Ruth" —

"Oh, there 's the carriage, Mr. Lynde!" exclaimed Miss Denham, releasing the arm she had accepted a few paces back, and hurrying down the path, which here narrowed again as at the entrance to the grove. "And there is aunt Gertrude," she added, half-turning to Lynde, with a rich bloom on her cheeks, "looking as distressed as if we had slipped over some precipice. But we have not, have we, Mr. Lynde?"

"No, we have n't slipped over any precipices," answered Lynde, with a curt laugh. "I wish we had," he muttered to himself. "She has dragged me through that grove and over those stones, and, without preventing me, has not permitted me to breathe the least word of love to her. I don't know how she did it. That girl 's the most consummate coquette I ever saw. I am a child in her hands. I believe I 'm beginning to be afraid of her."

Miss Ruth was already in the carriage, pinning the Alpine flower to the corsage of her aunt's dress, when Lynde reached the steps. Mrs. Denham's features expressed no very deep anxiety that he could discover. That was clearly a fiction of Miss Ruth's. Lynde resumed his place on the front seat, and the horses started forward. He was amused and vexed at the inconsequence of his interview with Miss Denham, and did not know whether to be wholly vexed or wholly amused. He had, at least, broken the ice, and it would be easier for him to speak when another opportunity offered. She had understood, and had not repulsed him; she had merely evaded him. Perhaps he had been guilty of a mismove in attempting to take her at a disadvantage. He was too discreet to dream of proposing any more walks. A short cut was plainly not the most direct way to reach Miss Denham.

She was in livelier spirits now than she had been in at any time during the day. "The exercise has done you

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good, Ruth," remarked Mrs. Denham; "I am sorry I did not accept Mr. Lynde's invitation myself." Mr. Lynde was also politely sorry, and Miss Ruth contributed her regrets with an emphasis that struck Lynde as malicious and over done.

Shortly before arriving at St. Martin, Miss Ruth broached her Montanvert project, which, as she had prophesied, was coldly received by the aunt. Lynde hastened to assure Mrs. Denham that the ascent was neither dangerous nor difficult. Even guides were not necessary; though it was convenient to have them to lead the animals. On the way up there were excellent views of the Flégère and the Brévent. There was a capital inn at the summit, where they could lunch, and from the cliff behind the inn one could look directly down on the Mer de Glace. Then Lynde fell back upon his Murray and Baedeker. It was here that Professor Tyndall spent many weeks, at different times, investigating the theory of glacier motion; and the Englishman's hut, which Goethe mentions in his visit to the scene in 1779, was still standing. Miss Ruth begged with both eyes; the aunt wavered, and finally yielded. As a continuance of fine weather could not be depended on, it was agreed that they should undertake the ascent the following morning immediately after daybreak. Then the conversation drooped.

The magnificent scenery through which their route now wound began to absorb them. Here they crossed a bridge, spanning a purple chasm whose snake-like thread of water could be heard hissing among the sharp flints a hundred feet below; now they rattled through the street of a sleepy village that seemed to have no reason for being except its picturesqueness; now they were creeping up a tortuous steep gloomed by menacing crags; and now their way lingered for miles along a precipice, over the edge of which they could see the spear-like tips of the tall pines reaching up from the valley.

At the bridge between St. Martin and Sallanches the dazzling silver peaks of Mont Blanc, rising above the green pasturage of the Forclaz, abruptly revealed themselves to the travelers, who fancied for the moment that they were close upon the mountain. It was twelve miles away in a bee-line. From this point one never loses sight of those vast cones and tapering *aiguilles*. A bloom as delicate as that of the ungathered peach was gradually settling on all the fairy heights.

As the travelers drew nearer to the termination of their journey, they were less and less inclined to converse. At every turn of the sinuous road fresh splendors broke upon them. By slow degrees the glaciers became visible: first those of Gria and Taconay; then the Glacier des Bossons, thrusting a crook of steel-blue ice far into the valley; and then — faintly discernible in the distance, and seemingly a hand's breadth of snow framed by the sombre gorge — the Glacier des Bois, a frozen estuary of the Mer de Glace.

The twilight was now falling. For the last hour or more the three inmates of the carriage had scarcely spoken. They had unresistingly given themselves over to the glamour of the time and place. Along the ravines and in the lower gorges and chasms the gray dusk was gathering; high overhead the domes and pinnacles were each instant taking deeper tinges of rose and violet. It seemed as if a word loudly or carelessly uttered would break the spell of the *alpglühen*. It was all like a dream, and it was in his quality of spectral figure in a dream that the driver suddenly turned on the box, and, pointing over his shoulder with the handle of his whip said, —

"Chamouny!"

IX.

MONTANVERT.

The mist was still lingering in the valleys, though the remote peaks had been kindled more than an hour by the touch of sunrise. As Lynde paced up and down the trottoir in front of the Couronne Hotel, he drew out his watch from time

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to time and glanced expectantly towards the hotel entrance. In the middle of the street stood a couple of guides, idly holding the bridles of three mules, two of which were furnished with side-saddles. It was nearly half an hour past the appointment, and the Denhams, who had retired at eight o'clock the night before in order to be fresh for an early start up the mountain, had made no sign. Lynde himself had set the lark an example that morning by breakfasting by candle-light. Here were thirty minutes lost. He quickened his pace up and down in front of the hotel, as if his own rapidity of movement would possibly exert some occult influence in hastening the loiterers; but another quarter of an hour dragged on without bringing them.

Lynde was impatiently consulting his watch for the twentieth time when Miss Denham's troubled face showed itself in the door-way.

"Is n't it too bad, Mr. Lynde? Aunt Gertrude can't go!"

"Can't go!" faltered Lynde.

"She has a headache from yesterday's ride. She got up, and dressed, but was obliged to lie down again."

"Then that 's the end of it, I suppose," said Lynde, despondently. He beckoned to one of the guides.

"I don't know," said Miss Denham, standing in an attitude of irresolution on the upper step, with her curved eyebrows drawn together like a couple of blackbirds touching bills. "I don't know what to do . . . she insists on our going. I shall never forgive myself for letting her see that I was disappointed. She added my concern for her illness to my regret about the excursion, and thought me more disappointed than I really was. Then she declared she would go in spite of her headache . . . unless I went."

The gloom which had overspread Lynde's countenance vanished.

"It is not one of her severest turns," continued Miss Ruth, ceasing to be a statue on a pedestal and slowly descending the hotel steps with her waterproof trailing from her left arm, "and she is quite capable of executing her threat. What shall we do, Mr. Lynde?"

"I think we had better try the mountain, — for her sake," answered Lynde. "We need not attempt the Mer de Glace, you know; that can be left for another day. The ascent takes only two hours, the descent half an hour less; we can easily be back in time for lunch."

"Then let us do that."

Lynde selected the more amiable looking of the two mules with side-saddles, dismissed one of the guides after a brief consultation, and helped Miss Denham to mount. In attending to these preliminaries Lynde had sufficient mastery over himself not to make any indecorous betrayal of his intense satisfaction at the turn affairs had taken. Fortune had given her into his hands for five hours! She should listen this time to what he had to say, though the mountain should fall.

At a signal from Lynde the remaining guide led the way at a brisk pace through the bustling town. In front of the various hotels were noisy groups of tourists about to set forth on pilgrimages, some bound for the neighboring glaciers and cascades, and others preparing for more distant and more hardy enterprises. It was a perfect Babel of voices, — French, Scotch, German, Italian, and English; with notes of every sort of patois, — above which the strident bass of the mules soared triumphantly at intervals. There are not many busier spots than Chamouny at early morning in the height of the season.

Our friends soon left the tumult and confusion behind them, and were skirting the pleasant meadows outside of the town. Passing by the way of the English church, they crossed to the opposite bank of the Arve, and in a few minutes gained the hamlet lying at the foot of Montanvert. Then the guide took the bridle of Miss Ruth's mule and the ascent began. The road stretches up the mountain in a succession of zigzags with sharp turns. Here and there the path is quarried out of the begrudging solid rock; in places the terrace is several yards wide and well wooded, but for the

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most part it is a barren shelf with a shaggy wall rising abruptly on one hand and a steep slope descending on the other. Higher up, these slopes become quite respectable precipices. A dozen turns, which were accomplished in unbroken silence, brought the party to an altitude of several hundred feet above the level.

"I — I don't know that I wholly like it," said Miss Ruth, holding on to the pommel of her saddle and looking down into the valley, checkered with fields and criss-crossed with shining rivulets. "Why do the mules persist in walking on the very edge?"

"That is a trick they get from carrying panniers. You are supposed to be a pannier, and the careful animal does n't want to brush you off against the rocks. See this creature of mine; he has that hind hoof slipping over the precipice all the while. But he 'll not slip; he 's as sure-footed as a chamois, and has no more taste for tumbling off the cliff than you have. These mules are wonderfully intelligent. Observe how cautiously they will put foot on a loose stone, feeling all around it."

"I wish they were intelligent enough to be led in the middle of the path," said Miss Ruth, "but I suppose the guide knows."

"You may trust to him; he is a person of varied accomplishments, the chief of which is he does n't understand a word of English. So you can scold, or say anything you like, without the least reserve. I picked him out for that," added Lynde with a bland smile. "His comrade was a linguist."

"If I have anything disagreeable to say," replied Miss Ruth, with another bland smile, "I shall say it in French."

The guide, who spoke four languages, including English, never changed a muscle. Lynde, just before starting, had closely examined the two guides on their lingual acquirements — and retained the wrong man.

"I trust you will have no occasion, Miss Denham, to be anything but amiable, and that you will begin by granting me a favor. Will you?"

"Cela dépend."

"There you go into French! I have n't offended you?"

"Oh, no. What is the favor? — in English."

"That you will let me call you Miss Ruth, instead of Miss Denham."

"I have n't the slightest objection, Mr. Lynde."

"Thanks. And now I want you" —

"What, another favor?"

"Of course. Who ever heard of one favor?"

"To be sure! What is the second?"

"I want you should be a little sorry when all this comes to an end."

"You mean when we leave Chamouny?"

"Yes."

"I shall be sorry then," said Miss Ruth, frankly, "but I am not going to be sorry beforehand."

There was something very sweet to Lynde in her candor, but there was also something that restrained him for the moment from being as explicit as he had intended. He rode on awhile without speaking, watching the girl as the mule now and then turned the sharp angle of the path and began a new ascent. This movement always brought her face to face with him a moment, — she on the grade above, and he below. Miss Ruth had grown accustomed to the novel situation, and no longer held on by the pommel of the saddle. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, pliantly lending herself to the awkward motion of the animal. Over her usual traveling habit she had thrown the long waterproof which reached to her feet. As she sat there in a half listless attitude, she was the very picture of the Queen of Sheba seated upon Deacon Twombly's mare. Lynde could not help seeing it; but he was schooling himself by degrees to this fortuitous resemblance. It was painful, but it was inevitable, and he would get used to it in time. "Perhaps," he mused, "if I had never had that adventure with the poor insane girl, I might not have looked twice at Miss Denham when we met — and loved her. It was the poor little queen who shaped my destiny, and I ought n't to be ungrateful."

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He determined to tell the story to Miss Ruth some time when a fitting occasion offered.

It was only when the likeness flashed upon Lynde suddenly, as it had done in the grove the previous day, that it now had the power to startle him. At the present moment it did not even seriously annoy him. In an idle, pensive way he noted the coincidence of the man leading the mule. The man was Morton and the mule was Mary! Lynde smiled to himself at the reflection that Mary would probably not accept the analogy with very good grace if she knew about it. This carried him to Rivermouth; then he thought of Cinderella's slipper, packed away in the old hair trunk in the closet, and how perfectly the slipper would fit one of those feet which a floating fold of the waterproof that instant revealed to him — and he was in Switzerland again.

"Miss Ruth," he said, looking up quickly and urging his mule as closely behind hers as was practicable, "what are your plans to be when your uncle comes?"

"When my uncle comes we shall have no plans, — aunt Gertrude and I. Uncle Denham always plans for everybody."

"I do not imagine he will plan for me," said Lynde, gloomily. "I wish he would, for I shall not know what to do with myself."

"I thought you were going to St. Petersburg."

"I have given that up."

"It 's to be Northern Germany, then?"

"No, I have dropped that idea, too. Will Mr. Denham remain here any time?"

"Probably not long."

"What is to become of me after you are gone!" exclaimed Lynde. "When I think of Mr. Denham sweeping down on Chamouny to carry you off, I am tempted to drive this mule straight over the brink of one of these precipices!"

The girl leaned forward, looking at the rocky wall of the Flégère through an opening in the pines, and made no reply.

"Miss Ruth," said Lynde, "I must speak!"

"Do not speak," she said, turning upon him with a half-imperious, half-appealing gesture, "I forbid you;" and then more gently: "we have four or five days, perhaps a week, to be together; we are true, frank friends. Let us be just that to the end."

"Those are mercifully cruel words," returned the young man, with a dull pain at his heart. "It is a sweet way of saying a bitter thing."

"It is a way of saying that your friendship is very dear to me, Mr. Lynde," she replied, sitting erect in the saddle, with the brightness and the blackness deepening in her eyes. "I wonder if I can make you understand how I prize it. My life has not been quite like that of other girls, partly because I have lived much abroad, and partly because I have been very delicate ever since my childhood; I had a serious lung trouble then, which has never left me. You would not think it, to look at me. Perhaps it is the anxiety I have given aunt Gertrude which has made her so tenacious of my affection that I have scarcely been permitted to form even those intimacies which girls form among themselves. I have never known any one — any gentleman — as intimately as I have known you. She has let me have you for my friend."

"But Miss Ruth" —

"Mr. Lynde," she said, interrupting him, "it was solely to your friendship that my aunt confided me to-day. I should be deceiving her if I allowed you to speak as — as you were speaking."

Lynde saw his mistake. He should have addressed himself in the first instance to the aunt. He had been lacking in proper regard for the *convenances*, forgetting that Ruth's education had been different from that of American girls. At home, if you love a girl you tell her so; over here, you go and tell her grandmother. Lynde dropped his head and remained silent, resolving to secure an interview with Mrs. Denham that night if possible. After a moment or two he raised his face. "Miss Ruth,"

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said he, "if I had to choose, I would rather be your friend than any other woman's lover."

"That is settled, then," she returned, with heightened color. "We will not refer to this again;" and she brushed away a butterfly that was fluttering about her conceitedly in its new golden corslet.

Meanwhile the guide marched on stolidly with Ruth's reins thrown loosely over the crook of his elbow. In his summer courses up and down the mountain, the man, with his four languages, had probably assisted dumbly at much fugitive love-making and many a conjugal passage at arms. He took slight note of the conversation between the two young folks; he was clearly more interested in a strip of black cloud that had come within the half hour and hung itself over the Aiguille du Dru.

The foot-path and the bridle-road from Chamouny unite at the Caillet, a spring of fresh water half-way up the mountain. There the riders dismounted and rested five or six minutes at a rude hut perched like a brown bird under the cliff.

"I 've the fancy to go on foot the rest of the distance," Lynde remarked, as he assisted Ruth into the saddle again.

"Then I 'll let you lead the mule, if you will," said Ruth. "I am not the least afraid."

"That is an excellent idea! Why did you not think of it sooner? I shall expect a *buonamano*, like a real guide, you know."

"I will give it you in advance," she said gayly, reaching forward and pretending to hold a coin between her thumb and finger.

Lynde caught her hand and retained it an instant, but did not dare to press it. He was in mortal fear of a thing which he could have crushed like a flower in his palm.

The young man drew the reins over his arm and moved forward, glancing behind him at intervals to assure himself that his charge was all right. As they approached the summit of the mountain the path took abrupter turns, and was crossed in numberless places by the channels of winter avalanches, which had mown down great pines as if they had been blades of grass. Here and there a dry water-course stretched like a wrinkle along the scarred face of the hill.

"Look at that, Miss Ruth!" cried Lynde, checking the mule and pointing to a slope far below them.

Nature, who loves to do a gentle thing even in her most savage moods, had taken one of those empty water-courses and filled it from end to end with forget-me-nots. As the wind ruffled the millions of petals, this bed of flowers, only a few inches wide but nearly a quarter of a mile in length, looked like a flashing stream of heavenly blue water rushing down the mountain side.

By and by the faint kling-kling of a cow-bell sounding far up the height told the travelers that they were nearing the plateau. Occasionally they descried a herdsman's châlet, pitched at an angle against the wind on the edge of an *arête*, or clinging like a wasp's nest to some jutting cornice of rock. After making four or five short turns, the party passed through a clump of scraggy, wind-swept pines, and suddenly found themselves at the top of Montanvert.

A few paces brought them to the Pavillon, a small inn kept by the guide Couttet. Here the mules were turned over to the hostler, and Miss Ruth and Lynde took a quarter of an hour's rest, examining the collection of crystals and moss-agates and horn-carvings which M. Couttet has for show in the apartment that serves him as salon, café, and museum. Then the two set out for the rocks overlooking the glacier.

The cliff rises precipitously two hundred and fifty feet above the frozen sea, whose windings can be followed for a distance of five miles, to the walls of the Grandes and Petites Jorasses. Surveyed from this height, the Mer de Glace presents the appearance of an immense plowed field covered by a fall of snow that has become dingy. The peculiar corrugation of the surface is scarcely discernible, and one sees nothing of the wonderful crevasses, those narrow and often fathomless partings of the ice,

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to look into which is like looking into a split sapphire. The first view from the cliff is disappointing, but presently the marvel of it all assails and possesses one.

"I should like to go down on the ice," said Ruth, after regarding the scene for several minutes in silence.

"We must defer that to another day," said Lynde. "The descent of the moraine from this point is very arduous, and is seldom attempted by ladies. Besides, if we do anything we ought to cross the glacier and go home by the way of the Mauvais Pas. We will do that yet. Let us sit upon this bowlder and talk."

"What shall we talk about? I don't feel like talking."

"I 'll talk to you. I don't know of what. . . . I will tell you a story."

"A story, Mr. Lynde? I like stories as if I were only six years old. But I don't like those stories which begin with 'Once there was a little girl,' who always turns out to be the little girl that is listening."

"Mine is not of that kind," replied Lynde, with a smile, steadying Miss Ruth by the hand as she seated herself on the bowlder; "and yet it touches on you indirectly. It all happened long ago."

"It concerns me, and happened long ago? I am interested already. Begin!"

"It was in the summer of 1872. I was a clerk in a bank then, at Rivermouth, and the directors had given me a vacation. I hired a crazy old horse and started on a journey through New Hampshire. I did n't have any destination; I merely purposed to ride on and on until I got tired, and then ride home again. The weather was beautiful, and for the first three or four days I never enjoyed myself better in my life. The flowers were growing, the birds were singing, — the robins in the sunshine and the whip-poor-wills at dusk, — and the hours were not long enough for me. At night I slept in a tumble-down barn, or anywhere, like a born tramp. I had a mountain brook for a wash-basin and the west wind for a towel. Sometimes I invited myself to a meal at a farm-house when there was n't a tavern handy; and when there was n't any farm-house, and I was very hungry, I lay down under a tree and read in a book of poems."

"Oh, that was just delightful!" said Ruth, knitting the fingers of both hands over one knee and listening to him with a child-like abandon which Lynde found bewitching.

"On the fourth day — there are some people crossing on the ice," said Lynde, interrupting himself.

"Never mind the people on the ice!"

"On the fourth day I came to a wild locality among the Ragged Mountains, where there was not a human being nor a house to be seen. I had got up before breakfast was ready that morning, and I was quite anxious to see the smoke curling up from some kitchen chimney. Here, as I mounted a hill-side, the saddle-girth broke, and I jumped off to fix it. Somehow, I don't know precisely how, the horse gave a plunge, jerked the reins out of my hands, and started on a dead run for Rivermouth."

"That was n't very pleasant," suggested Ruth.

"Not a bit. I could n't catch the animal, and I had the sense not to try. I climbed to the brow of the hill and was not sorry to see a snug village lying in the valley."

"What village was that?"

"I don't know to this day — with any certainty. I did n't find out then, and afterwards I did n't care to learn. Well, I shouldered my traps and started for the place to procure another horse, not being used to going under the saddle myself. I had a hard time before I got through; but that I shall not tell you about. On my way to the village I met a young girl. This young girl is the interesting part of the business."

"She always is, you know."

"She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen — up to that time. She was dressed all in white, and looked like an angel. I expected she would spread wing and vanish before I could admire her half enough; but she did not. The moment she saw me she walked straight

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to the spot where I stood, and looked me squarely in the face."

"Was n't that rather rude — for an angel?"

"You would n't have thought so. She did it like a young goddess with the supreme prerogative to flash herself that way on mortals by the roadside."

"Oh, she was a young goddess as well as an angel."

"After she had looked me in the eye a second," continued Lynde, not heeding the interruption, "she said — what do you suppose she said?"

"How can I imagine?"

"You could not, in a thousand years. Instead of saying, 'Good morning, sir,' and dropping me a courtesy, she made herself very tall and said, with quite a grand air, 'I am the Queen of Sheba!' Just fancy it. Then she turned on her heel and ran up the road."

"Oh, that was very rude. Is this a true story, Mr. Lynde?"

"That is the sad part of it, Miss Ruth. This poor child had lost her reason, as I learned subsequently. She had wandered out of an asylum in the neighborhood. After a while some men came and took her back again, — on my horse, which they had captured in the road."

"The poor, poor girl! I am sorry for her to the heart. Your story began like a real romance; is that all of it? It is sad enough."

"That is all. Of course I never saw her afterwards."

"But you remembered her, and pitied her?"

"For a long time, Miss Ruth."

"I like you for that. But what has this to do with me? You said" —

"The story touched on you indirectly?"

"Yes."

"Well, so it does; I will tell you how. This poor girl was beautiful enough in your own fashion to be your sister, and when I first saw you" —

"Monsieur," said the guide, respectfully lifting a forefinger to his hat as he approached, "I think it looks like rain."

The man had spoken in English. Ruth went crimson to the temples, and Lynde's face assumed a comical expression of dismay.

"Looks like rain," he repeated mechanically. "I thought you told me you did not understand English."

"Monsieur is mistaken. It is Jean Macquart that does not spik English."

"Very well," said Lynde; "if it is going to rain we had better be moving. It would not be pleasant to get blockaded up here by a storm — or rather it would! Are the animals ready?"

"They are waiting at the foot of the path, monsieur."

Lynde lost no time getting Ruth into the saddle, and the party began their descent, the guide again in charge of the girl's mule. On the downward journey they unavoidably faced the precipices, and the road appeared to them much steeper than when they ascended.

"Is it wind or rain, do you think?" asked Lynde, looking at a wicked black cloud that with angrily-curled white edges was lowering itself over the valley.

"I think it is both, monsieur."

"How soon?"

"I cannot know. Within an hour, surely."

"Perhaps we were wrong to attempt going down," said Lynde.

"Monsieur might be kept at Couttet's one, two — three days. But, if monsieur wishes, I will go on and tell the friends of mademoiselle that you are detained."

"Oh, no!" cried Ruth, filled with horror at the suggestion. "We *must* return. I shall not mind the rain, if it comes."

As she spoke, a loose handful of large drops rustled through the pine-boughs overhead, and softly dashed themselves against the rocks.

"It has come," said Lynde.

"I have my waterproof," returned the girl. "I shall do very well. But you" —

The sentence was cut short by a flash of lightning, followed by a heavy peal of thunder that rolled through the valley and reverberated for one or two minutes among the hills. The guide grasped the reins close up to the bits, and urged

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the mule forward at a brisk trot. The sky cleared, and for a moment it looked as if the storm had drifted elsewhere; but the party had not advanced twenty paces before there was a strange rustling sound in the air, and the rain came down. The guide whipped off a coarse woolen coat he wore, and threw it over the girl's shoulders, tying it by the sleeves under her chin.

"Oh, you must not do that!" she cried, "you will catch your death!"

"Mademoiselle," he replied, laughing, as he gave another knot to the sleeves, "for thirty-eight years, man and boy, I have been rained upon and snowed upon — and voilà!"

"You're a fine fellow, my friend, if you do speak English," cried Lynde, "and I hope some honest girl has found it out before now."

"Monsieur," returned the man, signing himself with the cross, "she and the little one are in heaven."

The rain came down in torrents; it pattered like shot against the rocks; it beat the air of the valley into mist. Except the path immediately before them, and the rocky perpendicular wall now on their right and now on their left, the travelers could distinguish nothing through the blinding rain. Shortly the wind began to blow, whistling in the stiff pines as it whistles among the taut cordage of a ship in a gale. At intervals it tore along the salient zigzags and threatened to sweep the mules off their legs. The flashes of lightning now followed each other in rapid succession, and the thunder crashed incessantly through the gorges. It appeared as if the great cones and cromlechs were tumbling pell-mell from every direction into the valley.

Though the situation of the three persons on the mountain side was disagreeable to the last extent, they were exposed to only one especial danger, — that from a land-slide or a detached bowlder At every ten steps the guide glanced up the dripping steep, and listened. Even the mules were not without a prescience of this peril. The sharpest lightning did not make them wince, but at the faintest sound of a splinter of rock or a pebble rustling down the slope, their ears instantly went forward at an acute angle. The footing soon became difficult on account of the gullies formed by the rain. In spite of his anxiety concerning Ruth, Lynde could not help admiring the skill with which the sagacious animals felt their way. Each fore hoof as it touched the earth seemed endowed with the sense of fingers.

Lynde had dismounted after the rain set in and was walking beside the girl's mule. Once, as an unusually heavy clap of thunder burst over their heads, she had impulsively stretched out her hand to him; he had taken it, and still held it, covered by a fold of the waterproof, steadying her so. He was wet to the skin, but Ruth's double wraps had preserved her thus far from anything beyond the dampness.

"Are you cold?" he asked. Her hand was like ice.

"Not very," she replied, in a voice rendered nearly inaudible by a peal of thunder that shook the mountain. A ball of crimson fire hung for a second in the murky sky and then shot into the valley. The guide glanced at Lynde, as much as to say, "That struck."

They were rapidly leaving the wind above them; its decrease was noticeable as they neared the Caillet. The rain also had lost its first fury, and was falling steadily. Here and there bright green patches of the level plain showed themselves through the broken vapors. Ruth declined to halt at the Caillet; her aunt would be distracted about her, and it was better to take advantage of the slight lull in the storm, and push on. So they stopped at the hut only long enough for Lynde to procure a glass of cognac, a part of which he induced the girl to drink. Then they resumed their uncomfortable march.

When Lynde again looked at his companion he saw that her lips were purple, and her teeth set. She confessed this time to being very cold. The rain had at length penetrated the thick wrappings and thoroughly chilled her. Lynde was in despair, and began bitterly to reproach

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himself for having undertaken the excursion without Mrs. Denham. Her presence could not have warded off the storm, but it would have rendered it possible for the party to postpone their descent until pleasant weather. Undoubtedly it had been his duty to leave Miss Ruth at the inn and return alone to Chamouny. He had not thought of that when the guide made his suggestion. There was now nothing to do but to hurry.

The last part of the descent was accomplished at a gait which offered the cautious mules no chance to pick their steps. Lynde's animal, left to its own devices, was following on behind, nibbling the freshened grass. But the road was not so rough, and the stretches protected by the trees were in good condition. In less than three quarters of an hour from the half-way hut, the party were at the foot of the mountain, where they found a close carriage which Mrs. Denham had thoughtfully sent to meet them. Benumbed with the cold and cramped by riding so long in one position, the girl was unable to stand when she was lifted from the saddle. Lynde carried her to the carriage and wrapped her in a heavy afghan that lay on the seat. They rode to the hotel without exchanging a word. Lynde was in too great trouble, and Ruth was too exhausted to speak. She leaned back with her eyes partially closed, and did not open them until the carriage stopped. Mrs. Denham stood at the hall door.

"Mr. Lynde! Mr. Lynde!" she said, taking the girl in her arms.

The tone of reproach in her voice cut him to the quick.

"He was in no way to blame, aunt," said Ruth, trying to bring a smile to her blanched face, "it was I who *would* go." She reached back her hand unperceived by Mrs. Denham and gave it to Lynde. He raised it gratefully to his lips, but as he relinquished it and turned away he experienced a sudden, inexplicable pang, — as if he had said farewell to her.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS IN COLORADO.

I SUPPOSE the little black boys who hang on lamp-posts along the route of a grand city procession are not the best reporters of the parade. They do not know the names of the officials, and they would be likely to have very vague ideas as to the number of minutes it took the procession to pass any given point; but nobody in all the crowd will have a more vivid impression of the trappings of the show, of the colors and the shapes, and of the tunes the bands played. I am fitted for a chronicler of the procession of flowers in Colorado only as little black boys are for chroniclers of Fourth of July processions. Of the names of the dignitaries, and the times at which they reached particular places, I am sadly ignorant; but there is hardly a color or a shape I do not know by sight and by heart, and as for the music of delight which the bands play, its memory is so vivid with me that I think its rhythm would never cease to cheer me, if I were banished forever to Arctic snows.

The first Colorado flower I saw was the great blue wind-flower, or anemone. It was brought to me one morning, late in April, when snow was lying on the ground, and our strange spring-winter seemed to be coming on fiercely. The flower was only half open, and only half way out of a gray furry sheath some two inches long; it looked like a Maltese kitten's head, with sharp-pointed blue ears, — the daintiest, most wrapped-up little blossom. "A crocus out in chinchilla fur," I exclaimed.

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"Not a crocus at all; an anemone," said they who knew.

It is very hard at first to believe that these anemones do not belong to the crocus family. They push up through the earth in clusters of conical, gray, hairy buds, and open cautiously, an inch or two from the ground, precisely as the crocuses do: but day by day, inches at a time, the stem pushes up, until you suddenly find, some day, in a spot where you left low clumps of what you will persist, for a time, in calling blue crocuses, great bunches of waving blue flowers on slender stems from six to twelve inches high, the blossoms grown larger and opened wider, till they look like small tulip cups, like the Italian anemones. A week or two later you find at the base of these clumps a beautiful fringing mat of leaves, resembling the buttercup leaf, but much more deeply and numerously slashed on the edges. These, too, grow, at last, away from the ground and wave in the air, and by the time they are well up many of the flowers have gone to seed, and on the top of each stem flutters a great ball of fine feathery seed plumes, of a green or claret color, almost as beautiful as the blossom itself. These anemones grow in great profusion on the foot-hills of the mountains to the west of Colorado Springs. They grow even along the roadsides, at Manitou. They have, apparently, caprices of fondness for certain localities, for you shall find one ridge blue with them, and another, near by, without a single flower.

About the same time as the anemone, or a little before, comes the low white daisy, harbinger of spring in Colorado, as is the epigæa in New England. This little blossom opens at first, like the anemone, close to the ground, and in thick-set mats, the stems so short, you can get the flower only by uprooting the whole mat. It has a central root like a turnip, from which all the mats radiate, sometimes a dozen from one root. Take five or six of these home, and fill a low dish with them, and the little brown blades of leaves will freshen and grow up like grass, and the daisies will peer up higher and higher, until the dish looks like a bit of a waving field of daisies.

Next after these comes the mountain hyacinth, popularly so called for no other reason than that its odor is like the odor of the hyacinth. It is in reality a lily. It is the most ethereal and delicate of all our wild flowers, and yet it springs up, like the commonest of weeds, in the commonest of places; even in the dusty edges of the streets, so close to the ruts that wheels crush it, it lifts its snowy chalice. On neglected opens, in pathways trodden every day, you may see these lilies by dozens, trampled down; and yet at first sight you would take them for rare and fragile exotics. The blossom is star-shaped, almost precisely like the white jessamine, and of such fine and transparent texture that it is almost impossible to press it; one, two, sometimes half a dozen flowers, rising only two or three inches high from the centre of a little bunch of slender green leaves, in shape like the blades of the old-fashioned garden pink, but of a bright green color. It is one of the purest-looking blossoms. To see it as we do, growing lavishly in highways, trodden under foot of man and beast, is a perpetual marvel which is never quite free from pain.

After these three forerunners comes a great outburst of flowering: yellow daisies of several varieties, yellow mustard, a fine feathery white flower, and vetches of all sizes, shapes, colors, more than you can count. And here I am not speaking of what happens in nooks and corners of the foot-hills, in fields, or byways, or places hard to come at. I am speaking of what happens in the streets of Colorado Springs, along all the edges of the sidewalks, in little spaces left at crossings, in unoccupied lots, in short, everywhere in the town where man and his houses have left room. It is not the usual commonplace of exaggeration, it is only the simplest and most graphic form of exact statement you can find, to say that by the middle of June the ground is a mosaic of color. The vetches are bewildering. There are sixteen varieties of vetch which grow in one small

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piece of table-land between the Colorado Springs Hotel and the railroad station. They are white, with purple markings, all shades of purple, and all shades of red; some of them grow in spikes, standing erect; some in scrambling and running vines, with clusters of flowers; some with single blossoms, like the sweet-pea, and as varied in color. They all lie comparatively low, partly from the want of bushes and shrubs to climb on, partly because they are too wise to go very far away from their limited water supply in so dry a country; they must keep close to the ground or choke. That this is a bit of specific precaution on their part, and not a peculiarity of their varieties, is proved by the fact that all along the creeks, in the cotton-wood and willow copses, we find the same vetches growing up boldly, many feet into the air, just as they do in Italy, leaping from shrub to shrub, and catching hold on anything which comes to hand.

By the third week in June, we have added to these brilliant parterres of red, purple, white, and yellow in our streets the superb spikes of the blue pentstemon. This is a flower of which I despair to give any idea to one a stranger to it. The blossoms are shaped like the common foxglove blossom; they grow on the stems in single, double, or triple rows, as may be. I have seen stems so tight packed with blossoms that they could not stand erect, but bent over, like a bough too heavily loaded with fruit. Before the blue pentstemon opens, it is a delicate pink bud; when it first opens it is a clear bright blue, as blue as the sky; day by day its tints change, sometimes to a purplish-blue, sometimes back again towards its childhood's pink, so that out of a hundred spikes of blue pentstemon you shall see no two of precisely the same tint; when they are their deepest, most purple blue, they look like burnished steel; when they are at their palest pink, they are as delicate as a pink apple blossom. O New Englander, groping reverently among scattered sunny knolls and in moist wood depths for scanty handfuls of pale blossoms, what would you do at such a banquet as this, spread before you whenever you stepped outside your door, lying between you and the post-office, every day? For, let me repeat, these flowers of which I have spoken thus far are only the flowers which grow wild in our streets, and there are yet many that I have not mentioned: there is the dark blue spider-wort, which is everywhere; and there are several yellow flowers and one of pale pink and several of white, I recollect, whose names I do not know; neither do I know how to describe their shapes. I am as helpless as the little black boy on the Fourth of July; I can describe only the colors.

Leaving the streets of the town, and going southwest towards the foot-hills of Cheyenne Mountain, we come to a new and a daintier show. As soon as we strike the line of the little creek which we must follow up among the hills, we find copses of wild plum and wild roses in full bloom. The wild rose grows here in great thickets, as the black alder grows in New England swamps. The trees are above your head, and each bough is so full of roses it would seem an impossibility for it to hold one rose more. We bear wild roses home, by whole trees, and keep them in our rooms in great masses which will well-nigh fill a window. I have more than once tried to count the roses on such a sheaf in my window, and have given it up.

Along the banks of the brook are white daisies, and pink; vetches, and lupines, white, yellow, and purple. The yellow ones grow in superb spikes, one or two feet from the ground; and the white ones in great branching plants, six or seven from a single root. On the first slopes of the foot-hills begins the gilia. This is a flower hard to describe. Take a single flower of a verbena cluster; fancy the tubular part an inch or two long, and the flowers set at irregular intervals up and down the length of a slender stem; this is the best my ignorance can do to convey the idea of the shape of the gilia. And of the color all I can say is that the gilia is what the botanists call a sporting flower, and I believe there is no shade of red, from the bright-

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est scarlet up through pale pinks, to white, which you may not see in one half acre where gilias grow. It is a dancing sort of flower, flutters on the stem, and the stem sways in the lightest wind; so that it always seems either coming towards you or running away.

There is a part of Cheyenne Mountain which I and one other have come to call "our garden." The possessive pronoun has no legal title behind it; it is an audacious assumption not backed by any squatter sovereignty, nor even by any contribution towards the cultivation of the soil; but ever since we found out the place, it has been mysteriously worked "on shares" for our benefit; and as long as we live we shall call it our garden. It lies five or six hundred feet above the town, four miles away, and has several plateaus of pine groves from which we look off into eastern distances back of the sunrise; it holds two or three grand ravines, each with a brook at bottom; it is walled to the west by the jagged and precipitous side of the mountain itself. The best part of our "procession of flowers" is always here.

Here on the plateaus, under the shade of the pines, are the anemone in stintless numbers, daisies, and kinnikinnick. In June the kinnikinnick vines are full of little pinkish-white bells, shaped like the winter-green bell, and as fragrant as the linnæa blossom. Here are three low-growing varieties of the wild rose, none more than two or three inches from the ground: one pure white, one white with irregular red markings, and one deep pink. The petals are about one third larger than those of the common wild rose.

Here are blue violets, and in moist spots the white violet with a purple and yellow centre. Here is the common red field lily of New England, looking inexplicably away from home among pentstemons and gilias, as a country belle might in court circles. Here is the purple clematis; a half-parasitic plant this seems to be, for you find it wound up and up to the very top of an oak or cherry bush, great lengths of its stem looking as dead as old drift-wood, but whorls of lovely fringing green leaves and purple cup-shaped blossoms bursting out at intervals, sometimes a foot apart. How sap reaches them through the cracked and split stems it is hard to see, but it does, for you can carry one home, trellis and all, set it in water, and the clematis will live as long as the oak bush will.

Here is the purple pentstemon, never but a single row of blossoms on its stem, and the scarlet pentstemon, most gorgeous of its family; this, too, has but a single row of flowers on its stem; they are small, of the brightest scarlet, and the shape is somewhat different from the other pentstemons, longer, slenderer, and more complicated; they look like fairy gondolas hung by their prows. I have seen the stems as high as my shoulder, and the scarlet gondolas swinging all the way down to within a foot of the ground.

Here are great masses of a delicate flowering shrub, a rubus, I think I have heard it called. Its flower is like a tiny single-petaled rose of a snow-white color; on first looking at the bush you would think it a wild white rose, till you observed the leaf, which is more like a currant leaf. Here also are bushes of the Missouri currant, with its golden-yellow blossoms, exhaustless in perfume, and a low shrub maple which has a tiny apple-green flower set in a scarlet sheath close at the base of each leaf, so small that half the world never discovers that the bush is in flower at all. Here are blue harebells, and Solomon's-seal both low and high; and here is the yellow cinquefoil. In the moist spots with the white violets grows the shooting-star, finer and daintier than the Italian cyclamen: its sharp-pointed petals of bright pink fold back like rosy ears; in its centre is a dark-brown circle round a sharp needle point of yellow. There are many more, but of all the rest I will speak only of one, the great yellow columbine. This grows in the ravines. The flower is like our garden columbine, but larger, and of an exquisite yellow, sometimes with white in the centre. It grows here in such luxuriant tufts and clumps that you will often find thirty and forty flower stems

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springing up from one root. Of this plant I recollect the botanical name, which was told me only once, but I could no more forget it than, if I had once sat familiarly by a queen in her palace, I could forget the name of her kingdom. It is the golden columbine of New Mexico, the aquilegia chrysantha.

When we drive down from "our garden" there is seldom room for another flower in our carriage. The top thrown back is filled, the space in front of the driver is filled, and our laps and baskets are filled with the more delicate blossoms. We look as if we were on our way to the ceremonies of Decoration Day. So we are. All June days are Decoration Days in Colorado Springs, but it is the sacred joy of life that we decorate, not the sacred sadness of death. Going northwest from the town towards the *mesa* or table-land which lies in that direction between us and the foot-hills, we find still other blossoms, no less beautiful than those of which I have spoken: the wild morning-glory wreathes the willow bushes along the Fountain Creek which we must cross, and in the sandy spots between the bushes grow the wild heliotrope in masses, and the wild onion, whose delicate clustered umbels save for their odor would be priceless in bouquets. Yellow lupine, red gilias, wild roses, and white spiræas are here also; and waving by the roadsides, careless and common as burdocks in New England, grows the superb mentzelia. This is a regal plant; the leaves are of a bluish-green, long, jagged, shining, like the leaves of the great thistles which so adorn the Roman Campagna; the plant grows some two feet or two and a half feet high, and branches freely; each branch bears one or more blossoms; a white, many-pointed starry disk, in its centre a wide falling tuft of fine silky stamens. Here also we find a large white poppy whose leaves much resemble the leaves of the mentzelia; and in the open stretches beyond the creek, the ground is white and pink every afternoon with the blossoms of four-o'clocks. There must be several varieties of these, for some are large and some are small, and they have a wide range of color, white, pinkish-white, and clear pink. Higher up, on the top of the mesa, we come to great levels which are dotted with brilliant points of fiery scarlet everywhere; the first time one sees a scarlet "painter's brush" (castilleia) a few rods ahead of him in the grass is a moment he never forgets; it looks like a huge dropped jewel or a feather fallen from the plumage of some gorgeous bird. There are two colors of the castilleia here: one, of an orange shade of scarlet; and the other of the brightest cherry red. But, beautiful as is the castilleia, it is not the mesa's crowning glory: vivid as is its color, the pale creamy tints of the yucca blossoms eclipse it in splendor. This also is a thing a lover of flowers will never forget, — the first time he saw yuccas by the hundred in full flower out-of-doors. It grows in such abundance on this mesa that in winter the solid green of its leaves gives a tone of color to whole acres. Spanish bayonet is its common name here, and not an inappropriate one, for the long, blade-like leaves are stiff and pointed as rapiers. They grow in bristling bunches directly from the root; the outer ones spread wide, and sometimes lie on the ground; from the centre of this "chevaux de frise" rise the flower spikes, usually only one, sometimes two or three, from one to two and a half feet high, set thick with creamy white cups which look more like a magnolia flower than like anything else. I counted once seventy-two on a spike about two feet long. Profusely as the yucca grows on this mesa, we do not get so many of them as we would like, for the cows are fond of them and eat the blossoms as fast as they come out. What a picture it is, to be sure, — a vagrant cow rambling along mile after mile, munching the tops of spikes of yucca blossoms. There ought to be something transcendent in the quality of her milk after such a day as that.

Beside the castilleia and the yucca, there grow on this mesa many of the vetches, especially a large white variety, which I have a misgiving that I ought to call astragalus, and not vetch.

The mesa slopes away to the east and

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to the west; it is really a sort of causeway or flattened ridge; on its sides are innumerable small nooks and hollows which, catching and holding a little more moisture than the surface above, are full of oak bushes, little green oases on the bare slopes; in these grow several flowering shrubs, spiræas, and others whose names I know not.

Crossing the mesa and entering the foot-hills again, we come to little brook-fed glens and parks where grow all the flowers I have mentioned; yes, and more, for, I bethink me, I have not yet spoken of the white clematis, — virgin's bower, as it is called in New England. This runs riot along every brook-course in the region, — this and the wild hop, the white feathery clusters of the one and the swinging green tassels of the other twisting and intertwisting, and knitting everything into a tangle; and the blue iris, also, in great spaces in moist meadows, and the dainty nodding bells of the wild flax a little farther up on the hills, and the yellow lady's slipper, and the coreopsis, and the mertensia, which has drooping spikes of small blue bells that are pink on the outside when they are folded up. And I believe that there are yet others which I do not recollect, besides some which I remember too vaguely to describe, having seen them perhaps only once from a car window, as I saw a gorgeous plant on the Arkansas meadows, one day. It was a great sheaf of waving feathery spikes of yellow. It is true that a railroad train waited for me while I had this plant taken up and brought on board; I nursed it carefully with water and shade all the way from Pueblo to Colorado Springs, but it was dead when I reached home, and nobody could tell me its name. Afterwards a botanist told me that it must have been stanleya pinnatifida, but I liked my name for it better, — golden prince's feather.

If it were possible ever to weary of the flora in the vicinity of Colorado Springs, and to long for some new flowers, one need but go a few hours farther south to Canyon City, and he will strike an almost tropical flora. Here grow twelve different varieties of cactus either in the town itself or on the slopes of the hills around it; some of these varieties are very rare; all bear brilliant blossoms, yellow, scarlet, and bright purple. Here grow all the flowers which we have at Colorado Springs, with many others added. A short extract from a paper written by an enthusiastic Canyon City botanist will give to botanists a better idea of the flora of Colorado than they could get from volumes of my rambling enthusiasm.

"There is no pleasanter botanical trip in the vicinity of Canyon City than a walk beyond the bath-rooms of the hot springs to the gate of the mountains, up the canyon of the Arkansas, and to the top of the Grand Canyon, a distance of about four miles. The grandeur of the far mountain summits covered with eternal snow, the perpendicular cliffs over one thousand feet high, the great river boiling and dashing along its rocky channel, are sources of excitement nowhere else combined; but to any one interested in flowers, their beauty, their abundance, and the rare species that meet you at every step make the trip wonderfully interesting. Here among the rocks are the most northern known stations of the ferns pellæa wrightiana and cheilanthes eatoni, and on the walls of the Grand Canyon, more than a thousand feet above the river, grows the very rare asplenium septentrionale, which the wild bighorn or mountain sheep seem to appreciate so much that it is difficult to find a specimen not bitten by them. The syringa (philadelphus microphyllus) is growing wherever it can find a foot-hold, and here and there is a bunch of the rare western Emory's oak, that, like several other plants, seems to have wandered in from the half-explored region of the great Colorado River of Arizona. The lateral canyons are full of fallugia paradoxa, with its white flowers and plumed fruit, and where little streams of water come dashing over the rocks and losing themselves in mist, the golden columbine of New Mexico, aquilegia chrysantha, grows to perfection. The scarlet pentstemon, blue pentstemon, the brilliant gilia aggregata, spiræas, castilleias, and hosts of

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less showy but equally interesting plants occupy every available piece of soil. The beauty of the flora is as indescribable as the grandeur of the scenery.

"The abundance of the four-o'clock family is noticeable. All of the nyctaginaceæ of Colorado are found about Canyon City, and some of them as yet only in this part of the Territory. Most of them are very interesting, and their beauty forms a very prominent feature of our flora in June and July. Abronia fragrans whitens whole acres of land, and the large, conspicuous flowers of mirabilis multiflora are seen all over the town; opening their flowers late in the afternoon in company with the vespertine mentzelias, they are fresh and bright during the most pleasant part of the summer day. The Soda Spring Ledge, from which boils the cold mineral water, is a locality rich in rare plants. Here grow thamnosma texana, abutilon parvulum, allionia incarnata, tricuspis acuminata, mirabilis oxybaphoides, etc.

"The common flowers of Colorado are very abundant around Canyon City and in its vicinity. The monarda grows upon the mesas; exquisite pentstemons adorn the brooks; rosa blanda and the more beautiful rosa arkansana are found on the banks of the Arkansas; eriogonum and astragalus are numerous in species and numberless in specimens; the grass fields of Wet Mountain Valley are full of clovers and cypripedium, iris and lilies; the botanist wandering through the canyons of the Sangre di Cristo range tramples down whole fields of white and blue larkspur and delicate mertensia. The summits are covered with woolly-headed thistles, phlox, senecios, forget-me-nots, saxifraga, and the numberless beauties of the Alpine flora. And besides all this, perhaps no locality in the world affords better opportunities to the collector to fill his herbarium with beautiful and rare specimens easily and rapidly. The wealth of foliage found in moister climates does not obstruct the view and hide the more modest flowers, while the perpendicular range of nearly two thousand feet through which he may pass on his botanical rambles carries him from a climate as genial as that of Charleston to one as thoroughly boreal as that of the glaciers of Greenland."

Not the least of the delights of living in such a flower garden as Colorado in June and July is the delight of seeing the delight which little children take in the flowers. Whenever in winter I try to recall the face of our June, I think I recall the blossoms oftenest as they look in the hands of the school children. Morning, noon, and evening you see troops of children going to and fro, all carrying flowers; the babies on doorsteps are playing with them; and late in the afternoon, as you drive through the streets, you see many a little sand-heap in which are stuck wilted bunches of flowers, that have meant a play garden all day long to some baby who has gone to sleep now, only to wake up the next morning and pick more flowers to make another garden. And among all the sweet sayings which I have heard from the mouths of children, one of the very sweetest was that of a little girl not six years old, who has never known any summer less lavish than Colorado's. As soon as the flowers come she is impatient of every hour she is obliged to spend indoors. At earliest dawn she clamors to be taken up and dressed, exclaiming, "I must get up early, there is so much to do to-day; there are so many flowers to be picked." Coming in one day with her hands full of flowers which had grown near the house, she gave them one by one to her mother, gravely calling them by their names as she laid them in her mother's hand. Of the last one, a tiny blue flower, she did not know the name. Looking at it earnestly for a moment or two, she said hesitatingly, as she placed it with the rest, "And this one — this — is a kiss from the good God. He sends them so."

H. H.

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IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

FAREWELL, dear friend! For us the grief and pain,
Who shall not see thy living face again;
For us the sad yet noble memories
Of lofty thoughts, of upward-looking eyes,
Of warm affections, of a spirit bright
With glancing fancies and a radiant light,
That, flashing, threw around all common things
Heroic haloes and imaginings:
Nothing of this can fade while life shall last,
But brighten, with death's shadow o'er it cast.

For us the pain: for thee the larger life,
The higher being, freed from earthly strife:
Death hath but opened unto thee the door
Thy spirit knocked so strongly at before;
And as a falcon from its cage set free,
Where it has pined and fluttered helplessly,
Longing to soar, and gazing at the sky
Where its strong wings their utmost flight may try,
So has thy soul, from out life's broken bars,
Sprung in a moment up beyond the stars,
Where all thy powers unfettered, unconfined,
Their native way in loftier regions find.

Ah, better thus, in one swift moment freed,
Than wounded, stricken, here to drag and bleed!
This was the fate we feared, but happy Death
Has swept thee from us as a sudden breath
Wrings the ripe fruit from off the shaken bough, —
And ours the sorrow, thine the glory now!

How memory goes back and lingering dwells
On the lost past, and its fond story tells!
When glad ambition fired thy radiant face,
And youth was thine, and hope, and manly grace,
And Life stood panting to begin its race:
Thine eyes their summer lightning flashing out,
Thy brow with dark locks clustering thick about,
Thy sudden laugh from lips so sensitive,
Thy proud, quick gestures, all thy face alive, —
These like a vision of the morning rise
And brightly pass before my dreaming eyes.

And then again I see thee, when the breath
Of the great world's applause first stirred the wreath

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That Fame upon thy head ungrudging placed:
Modest and earnest, all thy spirit braced
To noble ends, and with a half excess
As of one running in great eagerness,
And leaning forward out beyond the poise
Of coward prudence, holding but as toys
The world's great favors, when it sought to stay
Thy impulsive spirit on its ardent way.

For thee no swerving to a private end;
Stern in thy faith, that naught could break or bend,
Loving thy country, pledged to Freedom's cause,
Disdaining wrong, abhorrent of the laws
Expedience prompted with the tyrant's plea,
Wielding thy sword for Justice fearlessly, —
So brave, so true, that nothing could deter,
Nor friend, nor foe, thy ready blow for her.

Ah, noble spirit, whither hast thou fled?
What doest thou amid the unnumbered dead?
Oh, say not 'mid the dead, for what hast thou
Among the dead to do? No! rather now,
If Faith and Hope are not a wild deceit,
The truly living thou hast gone to meet,
The noble spirits purged by death, whose eye
O'erpeers the brief bounds of mortality;
And they behold thee rising there afar,
Serenely clear above Time's cloudy bar,
And greet thee as we greet a rising star.

W. W. Story.

A NIGHT IN ST. PETER'S.

A CARNIVAL afternoon in St. Peter's, when I had the church all to myself, so far as not having to share it with any save the proper haunters and denizens thereof, inspired me with a bolder conception, that of having the mighty basilica absolutely and altogether my own for a while! This was not a difficult matter to accomplish. It was but to determine to "make a night of it," to borrow a phrase from the jolly-dog vocabulary, which its proper owners would be rather surprised to meet with in its present connection. It was only needed to decide, as I say, upon passing the night in the place, and the object was attained. To elude the observation of the vergers — or those, by whatsoever other name they may call themselves, who make a perfunctory perlustration of the building before closing the doors at night-fall — is the easiest thing in the world. It would be very far from an easy thing really to assure one's self that no living soul remained in the whole place, the facilities for concealment are so many, the space so vast, and so complete the impossibility of bringing the different

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parts of it under the observation of the eye at the same time.

No; *that* was not the difficult part of the matter. The difficulty was to make up one's own mind to the feat. My notion is that a man ought not to venture on printing a capital "I" unless he has made up his mind to be candid; and — candidly — I was very much afraid of the adventure I proposed to myself. What was I afraid of? Ay, that was just the rub! What *was* I afraid of? I certainly was not afraid of being discovered by the verger, and by him ignominiously handed over to the "secular arm" for punishment, or perhaps being excommunicated and cursed "with bell, book, and candle" by the "spiritual arm" acting in its own behoof. I certainly was not afraid that any sort of evil or harm would, might, or could happen to my person or its belongings from the hand of any human being. It was quite certain that in no spot of all Rome could one pass the night in such absolute immunity from any such danger as within the walls of St. Peter's. Did I believe that the spiritual arm would take the matter so immediately into its own hand as to punish the heretic intruder by some terrible buffet, inflicted after the fashion of that described in Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, or that perhaps a colossal Pope might stretch out, as the clock struck the witching hour of the night, a huge stone hand and arm, like those of the Commendatore in Don Giovanni, and thus wreak the vengeance of the church upon me? I cannot say that I had any decided belief that any such event was at all likely to happen; and yet these latter suppositions more nearly "harped my fear aright" than any others. In fact, I was afraid of the tricks my own imagination might play me. I knew that if it was once suffered to get the bit between its teeth, there was no saying what a night's dance it might not lead me. Yes, I confess I was afraid of those gigantic marble men who would share my vigil with me. The mosaic-work pictures, for some reason, gave me no alarm. There did not seem to be any greater probability of *their* moving or playing tricks by night than by day. But with that terrible population in bronze and marble the case appeared to be otherwise. Yes, honestly, I was afraid, and not a little afraid. Nevertheless, when the idea had once presented itself to my mind, the temptation to put it into execution was strong, and I determined to attempt the enterprise. It was far on in the spring, and I had nothing to fear from cold during the night's vigil I proposed to myself. Not, indeed, that there would be much to fear in that respect at any time of the year, for one of the remarkable specialties of the huge church is the singular equability of its temperature at all seasons. It is never much too cold or too hot in St. Peter's. It is too much a world by itself to take great heed of the alternations of the seasons that are going on on the outside of its enormously thick walls.

So the plan was conceived, and so it was executed, some five and thirty years ago, when Gregory XVI. was Pope, before the suicidal idea of a Vatican Council had been thought of, and before the snow had fallen on my beard; . . . also before that singular event, which happened a few years afterwards, the robbery of the jeweled head of St. Andrew from the church; which, when it did happen, caused me to reflect that had I been found lurking so unwarrantably in the church at undue hours, it was possible that I might have been supposed to be actuated by some more generally intelligible motive than a desire to pass an evening in the very select society to be found there.

I had taken care to have a pair of shoes on which rendered my footfall as noiseless as that of a cat; and sauntering down towards the western door, as the light was fading and the last straggling devotees seemed to be leaving the church, I placed myself in a dark corner of one of the colossal pilasters, and watched till the door should be shut, — not without some little palpitation of the heart, I confess. It seemed to me that I waited an interminable time, and I began to think that possibly the doors were left open all night. But at last an old sacristan, ac-

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companied by a boy, wandered down the nave very slowly, and went first to the door at the end of the north side aisle, whereas I had posted myself near to that on the southern side of the west front. I heard a grating sound and a dull bang that wakened very little echo. The echoes in this vast building seem to live all too far off to be easily disturbed. And then the old man and his boy lounged across and performed the same operation on my side. A score or a couple of scores of people might have remained in the church as easily as a single individual, for aught that the old sacristan did to prevent them. The depth of shadow was so profound, the jutting corners and receding nooks were so many and so dark, the distances so great, as to have made it the easiest thing in the world to have dodged round the huge pier unperceived, if the sacristan had made any demonstration of coming in that direction. But he did nothing of the sort. As soon as he had closed the doors, he wandered back towards the eastern end of the church, and when he came near the great faldstool, which stands in the centre of the nave, he turned towards the northern side. Then, cautiously advancing from one pier to another, I contrived to keep him in view till I saw him pass through the small door under the monument to Pius VII., in the northern transept, which leads to the sacristy. I thought that he did not close that door behind him; and possibly enough he or some other official may have been in the sacristy all night. But that apartment is at a considerable distance from the body of the church, being separated from it by a long corridor, — a distance quite sufficient to prevent any save a very great noise in the church from being heard there.

So here I was in the full enjoyment of having St. Peter's absolutely and entirely all to myself! All to myself! At any rate, I and a pretty considerable party of Popes, saints, and martyrs had it to ourselves amongst us. It was Leo XII. who had been looking down on me in my hiding-place, while I watched the old sacristan shutting the doors; Leo XII., an easy-going sort of Pope, and not far enough off from our own days to have much of romantic or mysterious interest attached to him. I was not afraid of *him!* Besides, he does not look awful, at all, but rather lumpy and sleepy as he sits up on his tomb there, much as he looked, I fancy, when sitting on a softer seat, before he "passed over to the majority." Christina, whilom queen of Sweden, lay in her carved marble sarcophagus, just over my head. And though her majesty might well be suspected of being fantastic enough to be up to any frisky doings during the small hours, there is not enough of the awful connected with her memory to render *her*, either, a very dread-inspiring neighbor. Besides, she and I and Leo XII. were all in a snug corner there by ourselves. I felt the solid marble behind me, as I stood, and was open to no surprises from the rear. It was the being out in the open space that was the awful thing, with your shoulders and blade-bones exposed to any mean advantage a ghost might be disposed to take of you behind your back. It seems to me that no part of one's organism is so sensitive to supernatural terrors as one's blade-bones. One feels a constant necessity of looking over one's shoulder to see that no awful presence is creeping upon one from behind.

In fact, I did not venture out into the vast empty spaces for a while, but remained, after I had watched the sacristan into his sacristy, near the great western door, gazing in a sort of dreamy reverie right up the nave to where the lamps around the shrine of St. Peter were burning brightly, — burning always, by night as well as by day. The twinkling and pulsing of the circular mass of light made it seem as if it were a living thing, the only thing that *moved* in all that world of stone. I waited there at the western door thus looking at the light in the far distance for a long time, I know not how long. I knew that I had many hours before me, and felt in no hurry to commence my wanderings over the great spaces that surely must be spirit-haunted if ever spot on earth were so.

There was a strange, weird sort of

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light in the church, and more of it than I should have expected. It was a perfectly clear night and the moon was at the full; and an abundant white flood of her pale beams streamed through the plain glass panes of the ugly rectangular windows high up aloft, — ugly enough to be an unfailing eye-sore in the day-time, but well adapted for the admission of all the light the heavens could give. I have seen many a glorious Gothic church on the northern side of the Alps darker at midday than this Roman building under a Roman sky was by the moonlight. Yet the light came from so far above and from so many windows that the effect was not that of the usual strongly marked white stripes of moonlight distinctly contrasting with black masses of shadow, though there were plenty of such in the remoter corners of the church, but rather that of a generally diffused, strange, unlife-like luminousness, the pale, dim ghost of a dead day rather than live moonlight. At last I determined to start on my long journey towards the pulsing lamps that looked so far — oh, so very far — away from me.

I do not expect anybody to believe in the exceeding awfulness of that walk up the seemingly interminable nave, amid the terrible weight of the silence that environed me; but let any reader make trial of the same experience, and he will, I am very sure, understand what I mean by the *awfulness* of it. And the vastness of the deadly silent spaces seemed to become more and more oppressive the farther I got out into the middle of the empty nave. Pausing every now and then to turn shrinkingly round and peer into the obscure shadows under the great arches on all sides, I got at last to the faldstool in the middle of the church. By that time the mass of light around the shrine of St. Peter had resolved itself into its component parts of individual lamps, each flickering and pulsing and being sociable with its neighbor, and wholly refusing to take any cognizance of the flesh-and-blood intruder who was spying on their hour of privacy.

I hardly know what motive induced me to kneel, as I did, at the great central faldstool, exactly in the middle of it. It certainly was done with no idea of prayer in my mind. I think I was actuated by a dreamy sort of notion of acting my part in the play; of taking possession of the marble world of which I was, for the nonce, sóle lord; of fancying how one of the real masters of the place, one of the Popes of the day when Popes were mighty, might have felt and acted. One! Ay, but which of the two hundred and sixty-two successors of St. Peter?

What a procession of figures, trooping with their triple crowns and trailing long garments of priestly magnificence across the wondrous stage of the ages, does the thought picture to the eye of the mind! Two hundred and sixty-three, from St. Peter, so ready to draw the sword, to the feeble old man still busy there in the Vatican with the long, never-accomplished, never-abandoned fight for the subjection of man — his mind, his body, his thought, his goods — to the power of the priesthood! In this, and in this alone, all the individuals of that far-stretching line have been alike consistent, persistent, unchanging. Their vaunted *semper et ubique* is at least so far true. Always in every age, universally in every clime, this object, the subjection of mankind, has been unceasingly pursued by this wondrous line of crowned priests: virtuously, and wickedly; with thoughts of the loftiest transcendental spiritualism, and with schemes of the lowest mundane cunning; by the means of asceticism and prayer, and by the unflinching ruthlessness of persecution; by noble appeals to all that is highest in human nature, and by corruptest connivance with and use of all that is basest in it; by skillful manipulation of the passions of the multitudes, and by crafty molding of the minds of kings; by awakening human hopes and ambitions, and by playing on human fears; by truth, and by falsehood; by humility, and by arrogance; by brazen-tongued assertion at one time, and by veiled reticences at another.

The power of the keys! Only think what it means! Think what the meaning of those keys in the hand of that grim

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old bronze idol who sits there a few yards from the spot where I am kneeling, and does duty for St. Peter, is to the minds of the simpletons who daily crowd to place their foreheads beneath his outstretched foot!

I rose from the faldstool, as the thought passed through my mind, and approached the stiff, stolidly sitting figure on its high pedestal. Artistic merit it has none, unless that peculiar expression of immense and changeless perdurance which this figure possesses in common with the well-known sitting statues of Egyptian idols be attributed as a merit to the artist. Then, standing with my back to the pedestal, and looking along the nave garrisoned by its colossal figures of saints and martyrs in their niches on either side, I gave the rein to my imagination, and pictured to myself this wondrous line of pontiffs passing up from the great western doors towards the dusky shadows at the eastern end of the church in long, silent procession.

Of the first thirty in the line, occupying the first three centuries and nine years more, all save two are recorded by the church to have died a martyr's death. They are still had in remembrance as mere names, and very shadowy names. Strange names, too, most of them! Not the well-known papal names with which we are all so familiar. There is a Clement I., a Sixtus I. and II., an Alexander I., a Pius I., and an Urban I., but all the rest are strange, unfamiliar names; dim figures, of whom little can be known or guessed, save that in those semi-barbarous and mostly fierce features the arrogant pride of the churchman may be traced, — the churchman who, though he was ready to die a martyr to his belief in his creed, was equally ready to make any dissident from it a martyr to his unbelief!

A hundred and sixty-one little known though all tiara-wearing ghosts have passed before there approaches one well known through every succeeding age, *servus servorum Dei*, but holding his proud head superbly aloft, while the intensest arrogance flashes from his eye and his every step is planted on the stones as if it trod the necks of prostrate princes: Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII. There is no mistaking him! One hundred and seventy-fourth in the line came Adrian IV the English Pope, peasant born and convent bred, who denied to Frederick Barbarossa the kiss of peace and the imperial crown, because the emperor refused (though he had kissed his foot) to perform the menial office of stirrup-holder for him, — denied, nor would abate one jot of his pretension till the proud emperor had bent his pride to the prouder Pope! One hundred and eighty-first in the mitred line there came a majestic figure, Innocent III., the great reformer and high-handed controller of princes. His conception of the nature of a papacy and of the duties and privileges of the Pope was a grand and noble one. He was a man better fitted to rule men than any other existing at that time on earth. And to be ruled by him was good, but woe to the human being, or king or bishop, peer or peasant, who opposed him!

Then with the two hundredth in the line, after a long alternation of Gregorys, Urbans, Innocents, and Alexanders, came the first of a band of seven, all Frenchmen, the Popes of the time of "the Babylonian captivity," semi-barbarian barons who carried away the Holy See to Avignon. It was easy, methought, to note the breach in the line caused by the appearance of these stranger Popes! With all the diversity visible among the individuals of the other parts of the procession, there was common to almost all of them a certain grace of carriage and majesty of demeanor. But these French Popes had nothing of the sort. They seemed to be strangers to the place, and walked with a self-conscious, aggressive, theatrical strut, that strove to compensate for the total absence of personal dignity. With the two hundred and seventh, Urban VI., the line resumed its previous Italian character, and more Innocents and Gregorys followed. Most of them were buried here, or rather in the old church which occupied this storied ground before Nicholas V., at the beginning of the second half of the fifteenth

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century, began the work of erecting the present fabric, which the menacing condition of the ancient basilica of Constantine, then in the eleventh century of its existence, rendered necessary. Most of them were buried in this their cathedral church; but in comparatively few cases were their mortal remains allowed to rest where they were at first placed. In most instances they were removed, after a longer or shorter interval, to other churches within the city. Nicholas was buried here, but the progress of the works he had himself commenced soon turned him out of his grave; and it seems rather hard that he is not one of the Popes who have been honored by a monument in St. Peter's.

Indeed, the blindest hap-hazard seems to have decided which individuals of the long line of pontiffs should be thus commemorated. The remains of several of them still rest in the crypt, or "grotte" of St. Peter's as they are usually called; and to some few of these there are monuments in those subterranean vaults. But putting these aside, the pontiffs who have monuments in St. Peter's are only twenty in number; and it cannot be said that they are in any point of view the greatest, or best, or most celebrated of the line. They are not even those whose pontificates were long ones.

Next to Nicholas V. walked the Spaniard, Calixtus III., who bore a name marked, perhaps, by more widely notorious infamy than that of any other on the roll of history: the *Borgia*, whose nepotism was responsible for eternally disgracing the papacy by the promotion of his nephew Roderick to the cardinalate, who afterwards became Pope, under the name of Alexander VI., by means of the purchased votes of a college of cardinals which must have been utterly and shamelessly corrupt. Between the Spanish uncle and nephew there come four Popes: Pius II., Paul II., Sixtus IV., and Innocent VIII. Of these the two last are the earliest of the series who have monuments in the existing church of St. Peter. Sixtus IV., one of the first of the pontiffs who carried the audacious and scandalous nepotism which has filled Rome with the palaces and names we now see there to a pitch of cynical church-pillage surpassing even that of his predecessor Calixtus, is the earliest Pope of the twenty whose monuments adorn the great basilica, and his tomb, in an artistic point, is perhaps the best in the whole church. It belongs to a period when the art of the architect and the sculptor had not yet prostituted themselves to mere flattery of the vulgar vanity and ostentation of the great, and it is the work of artists who belonged to a community not thus corrupted till a somewhat later age. This monument to Sixtus IV., which is also that of his nephew, Julius II., the warrior Pope, differs wholly in conception from every other in the church, and quite as markedly in style of art from every other except one, that of Innocent VIII., the next in succession of time, which is the work of the same great artist, the Florentine Antonio Pollajuolo. Both these monuments are of bronze; but that of Sixtus and his nephew is a low but very large altar tomb, standing isolated on the floor of the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament; while that of Innocent VIII. is, singularly enough, composed of two bronze figures of the Pope, very nearly identical, of which one is recumbent on an urn, while the other is seated, with a lance in his hand, in memory of the "Sacred Lance" — that is, the lance that pierced our Saviour's side on the cross — which was given to Innocent by Bajazet II. This repetition of the figure to be commemorated, one representation being that of the living man, and one that of the same man dead, is, as far as my recollection serves, unique. There is nothing very grand about the work, but it is at least free from the offensively bumptious glorification which marks so many of the series, and from the exceeding lumpishness which is the main characteristic of some of the more recent ones. The altar tomb of the Della Rovere uncle and nephew, Sixtus IV. and Julius II., is in truth a very fine work, simple and noble in conception, and very exquisite in skillful execution.

After Innocent VIII. there comes the

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portentous Borgia, Alexander VI.! Methought that the neighboring Popes in the ghostly procession along the aisle shrank from the man who had so indelibly and irretrievably disgraced their church and the dogmas of it. Irretrievably! Because it is to be remembered that this miserable, crapulous old man, branded with crime and stained by vices, was as personally infallible as any one of his predecessors or successors. Pius IX. cannot have *caused* to be true that which he has declared to be true. If it is true now that the pontiff is infallible, it cannot have begun to be true when Pius IX. so declared it. It must have been equally true before; and the wretched Borgia must have been as infallible as any of the line! But the infallibility is predicated only of the Pope's declarations of moral and religious truth. Be it so! Alexander VI.'s declarations and definitions of moral truth! Only those who have explored the darker recesses of ecclesiastical history can form any notion of what this "vicegerent of God upon earth" really was. He had committed again and again, while on the papal throne, crimes of the most detestable kind, such as consign felons who are not God's vicegerents upon earth to death on the gallows; and he was steeped to the eyes in vices to which no decent page can more than distantly allude. He died at last by poison, from having had served to him, by a servant's mistake, wine which had been drugged by his directions for the purpose of poisoning several cardinals invited to share his hospitality, the motive of the crime being to obtain the opportunity of making more cardinals and pocketing the price to be paid for their promotion! This felon Pope was duly buried in St. Peter's, in the tomb of his uncle, Calixtus III., but both were subsequently turned out, and found a definitive resting place in the Aragonese church of our Lady of Montserrat.

Julius II. there is no mistaking, as he marches on with martial stride, evidently finding his long pontifical mantle much in his way. He wears even the triregno with an air of *crânerie*, which tells plainly enough that casque and mail would be more congenial wear for him than priestly trappings.

He is followed by a man as great a contrast to him as one Pope can well offer to another, both being as little fitted to be priests — let alone Popes — as any mortal could well be. Thanks to Raffael's limning, there is no mistaking him either, — the fat, sensual-faced, heavy-jowled, thick-lipped Leo X., the jovial *bon-vivant*, whose words, when his election was made known to him, were, "Then, since God has given us the papacy, let us enjoy it!" which after his own fashion he proceeded to do, the *dilettante*, cultured, pagan-minded Medici! It was a cardinal friend of his who wrote to a literary bishop (one of the group of scholars who made that age famous) begging him for the love of heaven not to dream of reading the Vulgate Bible; for that, as sure as fate, if he did, the detestable latinity would spoil his Ciceronian style! And the anecdote is thoroughly illustrative of the spirit and complexion of the times in Italy among the hierarchy of the church under Leo X.

The next is a contrast to his predecessor again. As the jovial Medici rolls onward, with a twinkle in his eye, he is followed by a humble, meek-eyed, ascetic-looking figure, who moves wearily beneath the great pontifical mantle, evidently finding it much too heavy for him. This is poor Adrian IV., the Flemish professor, to whom Rome and its pagan papacy was so strange, while he, with his one crown a day for daily expenses was so very strange and unsatisfactory to it! Poor Flemish Adrian, with his notions of priestly duty, in Leo X.'s Rome! Less than two years of it was enough for him, and a great deal too much for the purple princes of the church, who have never since his day tried the experiment of electing a non-Italian Pope.

Then we get back to a Medici again, — Clement VII.; and again we know the handsome, bad — thoroughly bad — face well, Raffael having immortalized it also. A different man, this, from the

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other Medici, and probably a worse, though more of a decent Pope. Cruel, hypocritical, sly, faithless, and only in secret debauched, he has vices of a more ecclesiastical character than those of the first Medici Pope. He gathers up his long train cautiously as he walks in the line, allowing his footsteps to make no sound, glancing from under handsome brows to right and left, and tacking as he goes, to avoid the long trailing train of the orthodox ecclesiastical vestments of his predecessor in the procession.

Next to him comes one of the most remarkable — at least remarkable-*looking* — men in the whole line, Paul III., the Farnese, the handsome, majestic, venerable-looking old man, to all outward seeming the very ideal model of a Pope, decent in life, with a very good notion, too, of the duties of a sovereign. Nobody ever heard of the Farnesi before him; but the world will never cease hearing of them any more now, since that masterful old man used the whole power of the papacy for the placing of his family among the princes of the earth. Truly a superb old man, admirably got up for his part! But God's vicar upon earth! At all events he confined his views and thoughts very strictly to the limits of his vicariate!

He is the fourth of the twenty who have monuments in the church as it stands at the present day; and that which has been erected to him is, as becomes him, one of the most remarkable in the building, and occupies one of the most prominent sites in it, — on the right hand of the altar at the east end of the church, thus commanding the whole of the great nave. The monument is by Guglielmo della Porta, and consists of a very majestic colossal figure of the Pope, in bronze, sitting on an urn, with two not badly-conceived female figures in reclining attitudes beneath. One, under the character of Prudence, represents Giovanella Caetani, the mother of the pontiff; and the other, a figure of great beauty, under the name of Justice, immortalizes the celebrated loveliness of his daughter, Costanza Farnese. Justice was nude; and in those highly artistic-minded and very little ecclesiastically-minded days, nobody dreamed of objecting to this; but in later days, when the spirit of the times had become changed, it was found that this undraped figure was "not congruous with the sanctity of the place," and Bernini received and executed an order to drape — and artistically destroy — the statue by a superimposed drapery of bronze painted, as near as possible, stone-color.

Paul III. may be considered as marking a turning-point in the spirit of the times, and, consequently, of the church. If not the last Pope who made the foundation of a princely family the main object of his papacy, he was the last who aimed at using his power for the establishment of his kin in the position of sovereigns. The history of the church, especially since the commencement of the fifteenth century, may be divided off into periods, notably under the influence of different tendencies. But the differences have always been at bottom dependent on the one great difference between a church triumphant and a church militant, between a church in prosperity and a church in adversity, between a church feeling itself safe and a church in danger. To the old cynical proverb which places spaniels, wives, and walnut-trees in the same category, as objects always improved by castigation, a church may unquestionably be added: "the more you beat it, the better it will be!" After Paul III. the church began to be "beaten," and a marked improvement was the result. Sixtus, the ambitious and greedy monk; Alexander, the infamous, crime-stained Borgia; Julius, the mailed man of violence, masquerading in priestly vestments; Leo, the pagan-minded voluptuary; Clement, the shuffling, faithless, trimming politician; and Paul, the carver of principalities from out of the patrimony of the church, had sown the whirlwind, and their successors had to reap the storm. And accordingly they were better, or at least more popely Popes.

There walks, two hundred and thirty-first of the line, the tall, slender figure

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of Paul IV., the Neapolitan Caraffa, every inch a priest, every inch a Pope, and every inch a bigot. Who can doubt it to look at the man, and the gait and carriage of him! Upright as a lance, and with his fast-extenuated body not upheld by bodily strength but sustained by intensity of will and boundless pride of place; with deep-set fiery eye, looking not so much upwards as anxiously, eagerly, pressingly forwards; with hollow cheeks, the evidence of his macerations, he walks with firm and haughty step, a man merciless to himself and to all others "for the glory of God," a Christian priest with the principles and passions and methods of a fanatic follower of the prophet striding over infidel hosts with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other.

The stout large man with florid face and light-blue eye who follows him is Pius IV., a Medici, not of the Florentine stock, but belonging to a Milanese family, very distantly, if at all, connected with it. A decent Pope, who thought a good deal more of this world than of the next, and of his city of Rome than of the universal church, he looks around him, as he walks, with lively interest at the completion and beautification of the great church, accomplished since his day.

He is followed by a more remarkable man, — one indeed of the noticeable figures in the long, long line, — another of the Caraffa sort, such a Pope as the church produces in times of difficulty and danger, the stern Dominican monk and proud inquisitor, Ghislieri, Pope Pius V., the only pontiff of modern times whom the church has canonized. To find another saint among the successors of St. Peter, the seeker must go back to the thirteenth century. To the ruthless, indefatigable, searching persecution of this Dominican monk-Pope was due the total extinction of the last glimmer of the Reformation in Italy. The work was so thoroughly and completely done that of large and numerous editions of certain books, known to have been extensively circulated among all classes of the people, not one copy can now be found in existence. From all sorts of obscure hiding-places, from the corner of the merchant's private desk, from beneath the linen store in his wife's cupboard, they were all successfully hunted out and burned.

Ghislieri is in turn followed by a very grand-looking old figure of a man, carrying an hour-glass in his hand, Gregory XIII., the reformer of the calendar. The Romans loved him as much as they had hated his fierce predecessor. He was an open-handed, liberal man, and showed himself much to his subjects, riding frequently about the city and its neighborhood; being "of such extraordinary agility that he used to mount his horse without assistance." He made a league with Philip II. of Spain against Elizabeth of England, which there could be no objection to his doing, seeing it probably amused him, and certainly could not hurt her. He is the fifth Pope who has a monument in the present church.

This Gregory was succeeded by one of the really most remarkable men in the whole series, Sixtus V., the peasant's son. This was the Pope who astonished the cardinals who had elected him, under the impression that he was a tottering, bent old man, by throwing away his crutch, raising himself to his full height, and "intoning" a hymn in a strong bass voice as soon as he was elected. His reply to some one who ventured to speak to him of his greatly changed appearance from the days when he was a cardinal is well known: "Ay! Then I was looking for the keys of Paradise, and sought them with bent back and downward look. But now that I have found them I look heavenwards, and have no more need of anything on earth." And on that same day of his elevation, when it had been the habit of previous Popes to throw open the prisons, he refused to do so, saying that there were more than enough malefactors at large, and caused two brothers, caught in doing a little highway robbery as they returned from Rome, where they had been to see the ceremony of his installation, to be forthwith hung. In a very short time he made it safe to walk the streets

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of Rome with a pocket full of gold at any hour, whereas the city and the environs had been before so overrun by bandits of every sort that robbery in the streets of the city was a daily occurrence. He made himself respected, if not loved, by the Romans and the sacred college, and must always be reckoned as one of the great Popes.

After him come three mere names of Popes: Urban VII., who reigned only thirteen days; Gregory XIV., who reigned a little over ten months (but who, nevertheless, has a monument in St. Peter's, being the sixth of the twenty Popes so honored); and Innocent IX., who reigned only two months.

Then came Aldobrandini, the Florentine, who, though he reigned over thirteen years, has left no great mark. The history of his pontificate is an indication that a gradual change was coming over Europe and over the church, the result of which was to confine the doings of the Popes to the proper care of their ecclesiastical office and the rule of their own little principality, to a much greater degree than had heretofore been the case.

Next to him came Leo XI., a third Medicean Pope, who, though he reigned over the church only twenty-seven days, yet has one of the most sumptuous monuments in St. Peter's, the result of Florentine wealth. He had been sent, when cardinal, to France by Clement VIII., to impart the solemn papal absolution to Henry IV., when that "vert galant" had discovered that Paris was well worth a mass. And a large bas-relief on the urn, on which the figure of the Pope is seated, represents this ceremony. Two statues of Fortitude and Abundance, the first by Ferrata and the second by Peroni, are one on either side of the urn. The bases of these are adorned with groups of roses, with the legend "Sic florui," in reference to the very transitory nature of his greatness.

Paul V., the Borghese Pope, follows, whose name is mainly remembered from the still extant results of the immense riches which he heaped on his family. Then, after the short and unimportant reign of Gregory XV., comes another of the great family-founding Popes: Barberini, or Urban VIII. The enormous and magnificent bronze erection over the great central altar of the church is one monument to this Pope; and he has another opposite to that of Paul III., at the east end of the building, this and that to Paul the Farnese occupying the two most commanding positions in the church. But the principal monument by which this Barberini Pope is remembered and will be remembered is the well-known pasquinade, "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, id fecere Barberini," — that which the barbarians abstained from doing, the Barberini did; that is, the monuments of ancient Rome which the hand of the barbarian invader had spared, the greed of the Barberini destroyed; pillaging bronze from the Parthenon, and marbles from the Coliseum, for the erection of their boastful edifices to their own vainglory. All over Rome may be seen the bees of the Barberini arms, marking the enormous greed with which, like some all devouring Marquis of Carabas, they put their paw upon everything they could clutch! The father of Urban VIII. was a well-to-do peasant in Tuscany, not far from the pleasant little town of Colle, between Siena and Florence. The name of his small possession — still held by his descendants — is La Tafania, not very flatteringly named from *tafana*, a horse-fly. But as three horse-flies were not an agreeable suggestion, they were changed into three bees. How the Popes of that age had learned, in the words of Leo X., to "enjoy the papacy" may be seen to the present day by whoso views the enormous pile of the Barberini palace, looking over Rome from its pleasant hill. Urban VIII. is the eighth of the twenty Popes whose monuments are now in St. Peter's.

The others are, Alexander VII., Chigi, ob. 1667; Clement X., Altieri, ob. 1676; Innocent XI., Odescalchi, ob. 1689; Alexander VIII., Ottoboni, ob. 1691; Innocent XII., Pignatelli, ob. 1700; Clement XI., Albani, ob. 1721; Benedict XIV., Lambertini, ob. 1758, the correspondent of Voltaire; Clement XIII., Rezzonico, ob. 1769, whose mon-

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ument by Canova is the finest in the church; Pius VI., Braschi, ob. 1799, the victim of Napoleon, whose kneeling statue, also by Canova, is one of the best pieces of sculpture in St. Peter's; Pius VII., Chiaramonti, ob. 1823, whose monument by Thorwaldsen is not a favorable specimen of that great sculptor's genius; Leo XII., Della Genga, ob. 1829; and lastly Pius VIII., Saverio, ob. 1830.

It was curious to observe, as the latter part of this long procession followed the steps of its predecessors into the darkness beyond the altar at the east end of the church, how accurately the appearance of the seventeenth and eighteenth century Popes corresponded to the history of their times. They were no longer the martyr Popes of the first part of the vast line; no longer the mailed baron Popes who succeeded to them; no longer the monstrously profligate, criminal, or voluptuary Popes of the Renaissance; no longer the fanatic bigot Popes who followed when the time of struggle came to the church, but quiet, easy-going, old-gentleman Popes, whose main care was handsomely to feather their own nests and those of their kin. If you could look to the bottom of their hearts, you would probably find that they did really, truly, and practically believe that a Pope at Rome was a necessary, most important, and God-ordained portion of the cosmogony; that this was somehow clearly shown to be so from the venerable antiquity of the institution; and that they, each man of them, were performing a lofty and virtuous duty in dragging that long tail of a mantle decorously behind him, and making at due intervals certain signs and movements with their fingers. As for all the rest, for all the mass of "doctrines," you would find that they really and truly did believe that it was good and useful that they should be believed. Upon the whole, though the unity of the general aim of these two hundred and sixty men through nearly nineteen centuries is a wonderful phenomenon to contemplate, yet the differences, not between man and man but between different parts of the processional line, were perhaps yet more striking. Truly the church is *semper et ubique* the same as regards what it wants of mankind and of the world; but it is truly Protean as regards the means and methods by which it seeks to obtain this, in the characters of the instruments it employs, and in the words and professions it addresses *urbi et orbi.*

The line my "thick-coming fancies" had thus taken had not been of a nature to fool the imagination with vain affright. The historical phantasmagory which my mind, quite as much willingly active as passively acted on by the *genius loci*, had conjured up was of too concrete, real, and genuine a sort to ally itself with the "airy voices" and vague terrors which often make such situations terrible to persons, who are none the less utterly ashamed of their terrors. And when I pictured to myself the last of the procession, poor old good-natured, bottle-nosed Gregory, the worst scandal against whom consisted of somewhat spiteful hints of an overfondness for a glass of champagne, bringing up the rear with shambling gait, — a rather "lame and impotent conclusion" of such a mighty line, — and vanishing in his turn into the darkness, I sat myself down very tranquilly at the base of the bronze old idol, a Jupiter turned into a St. Peter, and fell to meditating on the probabilities of future extension of the line I had been mentally looking at.

No, it is not over yet. The vain, weak man whom the strange circumstances of his time were leading to play such fantastic tricks as would make the gravest of those predecessors of his assuredly laugh, this poor Pio Nono, would not be the last of the wonderful series. The church, in whatever strangely changed circumstances, would still be semper et ubique the same, in the essential of a never-wavering determination to dominate mankind by virtue of man's, and yet more of woman's, ignorance and superstitious fears, — his spiritual ignorance and its necessary resulting spiritual fear. And it may be feared that the world has yet some way to make before these materials of church domination will be found wanting to priestly hands.

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Thus meditating tranquilly enough, I fell into a sound sleep, sitting at the foot of St. Peter's pedestal, till I was startled into sudden wakefulness and no little alarm by a loud bang in a distant part of the edifice. It was occasioned by the opening of the great door at the west end of the church. The sacristan had fortunately, in coming from the sacristy for the purpose, passed down the northern aisle of the church, without observing in the faint morning light the figure crouched at the foot of the pedestal on the other side of the huge nave, scarcely more than a speck amid the immensities around; and I had no difficulty in dodging behind the immense piers on my way to the western door, whence I escaped into the piazza none the worse for my night in St. Peter's.

T. Adolphus Trollope.

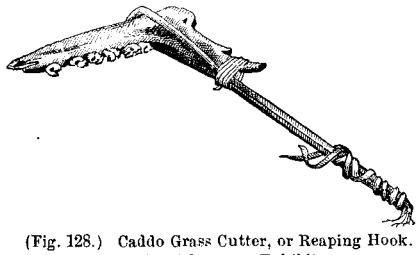
CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VI.

(2.) *Reaping, Thrashing, Grinding.* — Having considered, in the previous article, implements for the cultivation of the soil, we now come to those for gathering the crop of grain, and for preparing it for domestic use. A subsequent article will treat of implements used in the care and treatment of special crops.

In Africa and Asia inventive ambition seems to have been dead, or asleep, for two or three thousand years past. Similar tools to those which reaped the wheat in the time of Joseph are still used in the valley of the Nile; the culture of rice, which is the great food staple of tropical and semi-tropical Asia, is pursued in the same way that it was at the earliest historic period; the mode of thrashing in Syria is like that practiced when Ornan the Jebusite had his thrashing-floor on the hill, and sold it to David for six hundred shekels of gold; the hand-mill used in Africa and Asia is like that with which Samson ground in the prison-house; the implement used for preparing food in Arabia is the same as that with which the tribes in the wilderness beat the manna in mortars, treating it as customary with grain to prepare it for baking in pans or in the ashes; the olive presses yet in vogue in Judea are unchanged since the time when Solomon agreed to give Hiram twenty thousand baths of oil in exchange for skilled labor upon his temple and palaces. The list might be readily extended.

The reaping tools we have to offer are but few. First, we may show an outlandish contrivance for cutting grass, though it looks much like what Samson might have wielded when he smote "heaps upon heaps" at Lehi. Figure 128 is a grass cutter, or reaping hook,



(Fig. 128.) Caddo Grass Cutter, or Reaping Hook. National Museum Exhibit.

made by a Caddo Indian from the lower jaw of an antelope (*Antilocapra Americana*). It is lashed to a bent sapling, and would make a reasonably good club after the harvest.

A still more primitive and much more agreeable mode of harvesting is pursued in Araucania, where the grain is gathered by hand, a young man and woman carrying a basket between them, pluck-

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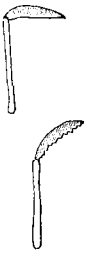
ing the ripe ears, and rubbing out the grains on the backs of the young man's hands.

Taking Fiji on our way to Japan, we may state that the knife used in that country is a plate of tortoise-shell tied on to the end of a pole. The island yields no metal.

The rice sickles of Japan are shown in Figure 129, the blade of one being set at a smaller angle with the handle than the other; one has a smooth edge, the other is a true sickle. They appear rather awkward to us, and less resemble our own sickle than the Angola tool (Figure 132). The Japanese sickle is grasped with the blade below the hand, just as represented on the Egyptian monuments; so also was the Roman *falx denticulata*. A Hainault tool, used in Holland and Belgium at the present time, has a nearly rectangular presentation of the blade to the handle, as in the upper illustration of Figure 129. So the shape is both ancient and modern, was long ago used in Egypt, and is yet in Europe and Asia.



(Fig. 129.) Rice Cutters Japanese Exhibit.

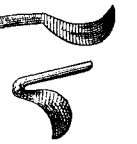
Figure 130 is a long-handled knife for cutting reeds which have their roots deep beneath the surface of the water. This enables the man to reach down and cut the stalks near the crown of the root. The Japanese exhibit showed the manner of weaving the reeds into matting.

(Fig. 130.) Rush Cutter. Japanese Exhibit.

Before leaving Japan we may mention — simply as a matter of curiosity, not for its crudeness — that the Japanese have a reaper, like what is known in this country as a "header," which sweeps along and gathers the heads of the grain, leaving the straw. A similar instrument, with a comb (*vallum*) in front of a cart (*vehiculum*), is described in Pliny's Natural History, and by Palladius in his De Re Rustica, in the first and fourth centuries Anno Domini, respectively.

The Chinese use a crooked knife in the reaping of rice, which they dibble, six grains in each hole, and cultivate in stools that are cut singly.

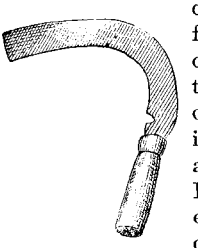
Figure 131 is the Javanese reaping knife (*ani-ani*), a small instrument of peculiar shape, held in a particular manner. With it each individual ear of rice is cropped off separately. It is a slow operation, but the natives persist in it for superstitious reasons. They told Sir Stamford Raffles that future crops would otherwise be blasted.



(Fig. 131.) Javanese Reaping Knife. Ani-Ani. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

The Singhalese reaping knife (*guygou-kopana-dakat*) is a curved serrated sickle, straighter in the blade than our own, but immeasurably superior to the Javanese implement.

The grass cutter or sickle of Angola is shown in Figure 132, which represents one of a set of tools found in a miner's camp when the Portuguese invaded the country; it is of steel, in a wooden handle, and was shown in the Portuguese colonies exhibit in the Agricultural Building.



(Fig. 132.) Sickle of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

The Roman *stramentaria* or *falx messoria* was nearly the shape of the modern reaping hook.

There are several crude modes of thrashing grain, and most of them were exhibited at the Centennial. We have illustrations from Japan, Tunis, Java, and China. The modes are the *flail*, the *tramping of cattle*, the *sled*, and the *comb;* the beating with a rod, the rubbing with the hands, and the flogging of handfuls of the cut grain against a post are primitive enough and crude enough, but not sufficiently ingenious to merit or require illustrations.

The description in Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28, will apply just about as well to modern Syrian methods as to those of the

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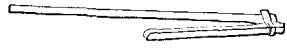
time when the prophet wrote. Though the knowledge of the translators in respect to Eastern bread grain and methods was a little at fault, we can discover in the description the flail, the drag (*traha, tribulum*), the roller sled (*plostellum Punicum*), and the tramping by cattle.

Japan showed the flail: like the European and American instrument it consists of the hand-staff and the souple, connected by a piece of whang. The



(Fig. 133.) Japanese Flail.

English implement, however, has one feature that neither the American nor the Japanese possesses: the souple of the English flail is connected to a swivel piece, called a *hooding*, on the end of the staff, and the thong is of eel-skin. The Romans used a rod or flail (*pertica, fustis*). Figure 133 shows the Japanese flail, and Figure 134 the mode of using it. A man is shown carrying the grain in baskets suspended from the neck-yoke which is so common all over Southern Asia for carrying burdens; to speak correctly, he is just about to raise it to carry it in that manner.

The Wanyamuezi of Central Africa use for thrashing *doura* an implement

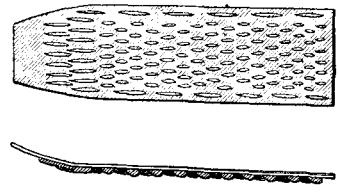
(Fig. 134.) Group of Thrashers. Japanese Exhibit.

made like the racket used in ball games in England and by the North American Indians.

The greater portion of the grain of the world is, however, tramped out by cattle. This is perhaps correct even of wheat; but the truth of the statement becomes very evident when we consider that rice is the food staple of nearly half the inhabitants of the world, and that it is more exclusively the food of its consumers than is wheat with those who use the latter. We have no room for a recapitulation of the names of the countries where the wheat and the rice are thrashed out by the tramping of cattle. The process is shown on the Egyptian monuments, is referred to in numerous places in the Hebrew law and history, and is almost universal throughout Asia.

The Malagasy thrash their rice by beating handfuls of the sheaves against a little mound of hard clay until the grain is broken from the straw.

The exhibit from Tunis showed an implement (Figure 135) which we might



(Fig. 135.) Thrashing Sled. Tunisian Exhibit.

consider a remnant of the ages but that it is so common in Mediterranean countries, and has never been superseded there. It does not seem to have been changed in twenty-five hundred years. It is made of wooden boards turned up in front, and with spalls of flint set into the under surface. The sheaves of grain are opened and spread upon the floor, and the implement — the *mowrej* of the Arabs, the *tribulum* of the ancient Romans — is dragged over the flooring of grain. Sharp pieces of lava are used instead of flint in Palestine. The effect is to grind the straw up into chaff, which is preserved for the forage of the animals; there is no hay in Syria. Isaiah refers to the implement in a graphic metaphor: —

"I will make thee a new sharp thrashing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thrash the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff."

The implement was purchased for our National Museum, and may be seen in Washington.

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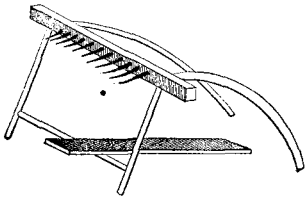
Great care is exercised in the selection of a place for thrashing, and also in preparing the floor: the first object is to find a windy place, so as to winnow the grain readily; the second is to make a hard floor, which will neither become dusty nor break under the feet of the cattle. This was attained by mixing clay with other materials, and then ramming them hard. Virgil recommends that the floors be spaded up and then mixed with chalk and cow-dung and beaten down. Pliny advises that lime slacked with the *amurca* of the olive be made up into a cement with the clay, and rammed down. Cow-dung and the *marc* of olives are still used in Southeastern France, the old Provence.

As the sheaves are thrashed, the grain and chaff are heaped in the middle of the floor to await a favorable day for winnowing.

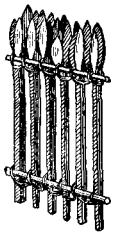
Figure 136 is a ripple shown in the Japanese exhibit. It is employed in



(Fig. 136.) Rice Ripple. Japanese Exhibit.

Japan in thrashing rice and flax, and in the United States for stripping seed from broom-corn. Three thousand years ago the instrument was employed in Egypt in thrashing doura, a kind of millet, closely allied to the sorghum. This grain is the food of the poorer class throughout the Upper Nile Valley, and is said to yield two hundred and forty for one, — a rate of increase superior to rice. Travelers tell us that doura is worth in Egypt only about ninety cents the *ardeb*, which is scarcely six cents per bushel. As long ago as the time of Diodorus Siculus, who traveled in Egypt nineteen centuries since, the great increase of population in the Nile regions was attributed to the abundance and cheapness of food. He states that to bring up a child to maturity did not cost over twenty drachmas, — about three dollars. It must be recollected, however, that the relative values of money and food have materially changed since then.

Figure 137 is from the Netherlands colonies exhibit; it is either a hatchel or a ripple, — for splitting and cleaning coarse fibre, such as hemp or *cochorus*, from the latter of which jute is made; or for beating and dragging the seeds out of sheaf rice (*paddy*) or millet. In either case a handful of the sheaf or stalk is dashed down upon it and dragged through, the blades, which are set up in ranks in a frame, straightening and splitting the fibre, or removing the seeds, as the case may be.



(Fig. 137.) Hatchel from Java. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

The winnowing of grain in the crude way is by throwing up in the air the grain and chaff, in order that the wind may drive the latter away, or by raising the wind by a fan of some kind. The *vannus* of the Romans is still used in Italy for winnowing grain: it is a shallow wicker basket having two handles, by which the grain is thrown into the air and caught again, the chaff being blown over the sides of the basket. The *pala lignea* was the wooden winnowing shovel for throwing up the grain; the *ventilabrum*, the three or four pronged winnowing fork.

In Egypt there are no barns, next to no rain, and the wind blows up the valley all the year round. Very even conditions! The ancient monuments indicate that the winnowing was done by throwing the chaff and grain into the air, higher than the head of the man. Trays and scoops, used then as now in Asia, were made of osiers, palm-leaves, rushes, and the like, which were much more abundant in Egypt than timber.

Figure 138 is a rice scoop, shown in the Chinese exhibit in the Annex to the Main Building. It is made of osiers and thread closely interplaited, and has a frame and front bar of wood. It is, in fact, an Oriental shovel; the Chinese have great limberness of back and legs,

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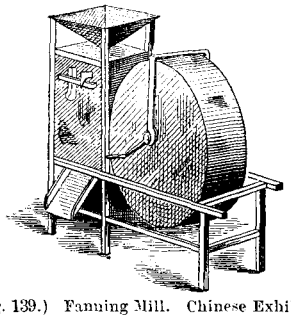
and stoop or squat with great facility; we insist upon shovels with handles. Other

(Fig. 138.) Rice Scoop. Chinese Exhibit.

scoop shovels are made of split bamboo, which is an elegant material. The Singhalese make their winnowing basket of strong matting, with a frame of tough twigs; their thrashing floor is of beaten clay.

We now come to three illustrations of implements not at all "crude" but highly "curious." Europe and America are distinctly indebted to China for the fanning mill or winnowing machine, as it is variously called. Its peculiarity consists in the combination of a hopper with sieves, and an artificial blast of air from a revolving fan to drive the chaff away from the grain as it falls from the hopper and the sieves consecutively. The winnowing machine was carried by the Dutch from Canton to Holland, taken thence to Leith, in Scotland, then to England and America. The machine in Figure 139 is a "rice cleaner," but

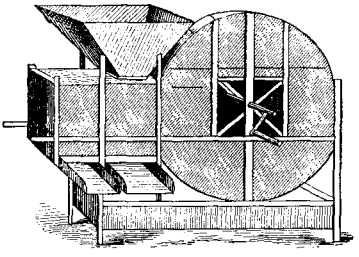


(Fig. 139.) Fanning Mill. Chinese Exhibit.

it has the essentials of all grain cleaners and is the original fanning mill.

Figure 140 is a somewhat modified form from Japan. The grain is sorted into two sizes, the full and the broken grains.

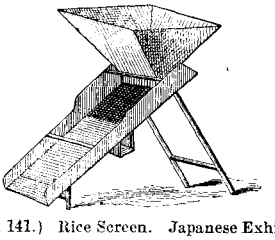
Figure 141 is a rice cleaner from Japan, to remove dirt, dust, and imperfect grains. It is the typical form of grain cleaner, the first of which we have any account, being an old form in China and Japan. Not that sieves are a new thing, but it is comparatively new to place a sieve in a standing frame, at such a slant as shall produce the proper



(Fig. 140.) Fanning Mill. Japanese Exhibit.

rate of motion of the descending grain, which is automatically fed from a hopper above.

The Chinese also use a small winnowing machine to ascertain the proportion



(Fig. 141.) Rice Screen. Japanese Exhibit.

of dust in tea; they call it a "wind-devil."

There are three simple modes of grinding grain for bread: the mortar, muller, and mill. The first has the pounding action of a pestle in a deep vessel; the second has the rolling and rubbing action of a stone in a trough; the third has the grinding action of one flat stone moving circularly over the surface of another. Instances of each of these were afforded at the Centennial, and we will consider them in the sequence stated, which is probably that of the order of invention.

The mortar is the simplest of the stat-

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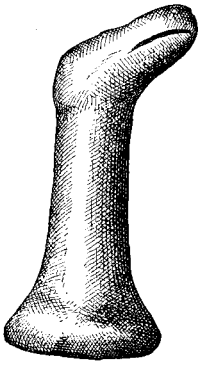
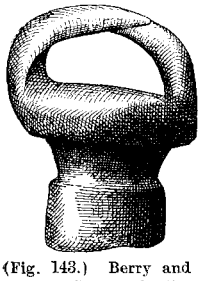
ed forms, and in its crudest condition may consist merely of a naturally hollowed stone and a round pebble which is used as a pestle or hammer to crack nuts, acorns, or grain. Figure 142 is an instrument of this kind: a stone pestle of the Alaska Indians, used indifferently for crushing food, pounding spruce roots for lashing and sewing fibre, and for driving wedges. It is also employed by these northern Indians to rub together the berries and oil which constitutes a large part of their winter store.



(Fig. 142.) Pestle of Alaska Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

Strabo records that the fish-eating population of the present Beloochistan, on the Arabian Sea, used the vertebræ of whales for mortars.

Figure 143 is another berry and fish-grease pounder of the Alaska natives. It is of stone, and its form shows a large amount of patient work. It is singular in having the peculiar handle which is characteristic of the Poi pestles of the Sandwich Islands.



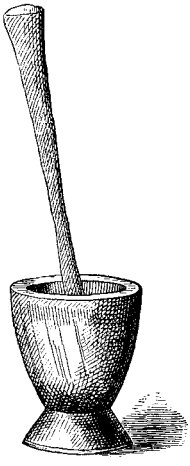
(Fig. 143.) Berry and Fish Grease Pestle. National Museum Exhibit.

These purposes are representative of a cold and sea-coast clime, but in the larger portions of the vast continent of Africa the whole of the grain food is thus bruised in mortars in order to make cakes. This is true of tribes on the three great water-sheds of the Nile, Zambesi, and Congo.

The Dyoor and Dinka tribes of the Upper Nile have sunken mortars of hard wood, in which the grain, after having been pounded by pestles, is rubbed to a fine meal by the hands. The mortar of the Bongos is shaped like a drinking goblet with a cut stem. In this they bruise their grain before it is ground into flour upon the flat stones with a muller. The height of their mortars is thirty inches, and two pestles are worked alternately by two women.

The enterprising Makololo of the Zambesi plant maize, and the women pound it in wooden mortars into fine meal.

Figure 144 shows the mortar and pestle of Angola in the Portuguese colonies exhibit. The mortar is made from a solid block of some light-colored wood, and will hold about six gallons. The pestle of logwood is very heavy and is four and a half feet long. It is for bruising the sago of that species of palm.



(Fig. 144.) Angola Mortar. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

Recurring now to Asia, we find the same prevalence in the use of this instrument in both ancient and modern times. A group of women at their domestic employments is shown in a kitchen scene in the bas-reliefs of the Sanchi tope at Bhilsi, in Central India (date, A. D. 17). One woman is hulling grain in a large wooden mortar with a two-handled pestle; another is separating the flour from the husk in a flat, shovel-shaped basket like that shown in Figure 138; a third is standing at a four-legged table rolling out *chapatties*, or unleavened cakes; a fourth is grinding condiments on the *sil* with a *bant*, or round muller.

The Egyptian monuments show that the use of the mortar and pestle was habitual in the Nile land in ancient times, and the work was performed for hire in public places.

The mortar (*pila*) of the Romans and its heavy pestle (*pilum*) were used for braying when force was required; the smaller pestle (*pistillum*), with the *morta-*

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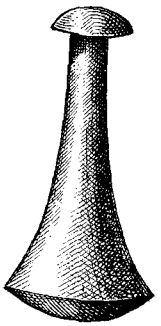
rium, for lighter work; a rolling motion was given to the pestle in the latter case.

Figure 145 is a pestle from Hawaii, shown in the exhibit from that island. It is of stone, eight inches high.



(Fig. 145.) Hawaiian Pestle.

Rice requires a different treatment from that usual with wheat. In its raw state it is known as paddy, and has a thick hull; inside of this is a red skin around the white kernel. The problem is to remove the hull and the skin without breaking the kernel, for rice is used whole and not in the form of flour.

The process is so well described in the quaint language of a Scotch sailor of two centuries since that it is worth quoting:

"They [the Singhalese] unshale their Rice from its outward husk by beating it in a Mortar or on the ground; more often some sorts must be boiled in the husk, otherwise in beating it will break to powder. This they beat a second time to take off a Bran from it; and after that it becomes white.

"Their *Coracan* is a small seed like *Mustard-seed* [millet?]. This they grind to a meal or beat in a Mortar, and so make Cakes of it, baking it upon the Coals in a potsherd, or dress it otherwise.

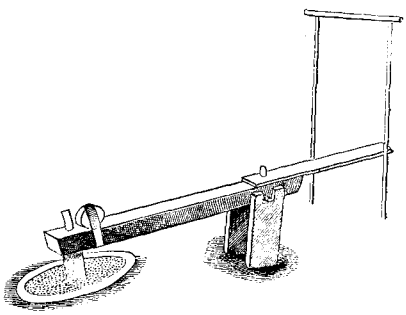
"They beat [the pith of the tallipot] in Mortars to Flower and bake Cakes of it which tast much like to white bread."

The paddy mortar of Japan, shown in Figure 146, is worked by the foot in the manner of a trip-hammer, the laborer having his hand upon the rail and working the lever with his foot. This form is also common in Bengal, at Ronggopur in Eastern India, and in many other parts of Hindostan.

The paddy mortars of Japan may be classed under four heads: driven by the foot, as in Figure 146; driven by water-mill; used with a pestle, as in Figure 144; and with a maul, as in Figure 147.

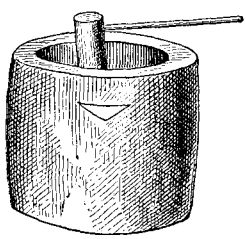
The Chinese also use a stone mortar and cone-shaped pestle for hulling rice. The pestle is moved by levers which are tripped by cogs on a cylinder moved by a water-wheel or by the feet.

Madagascar, like its African neighbors, and like Malaysia, with which its methods seem more particularly allied, also uses a paddy mortar. The paddy is stored in circular earthen towers, and



(Fig. 146.) Paddy Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

is prepared in quantities as required daily. This grinding of the grain for every meal is always performed by the women, and is the practice throughout Africa as well as in the adjacent island of Madagascar, where the paddy is pounded in a wooden mortar about two feet deep, with a large wooden pestle about five feet long. Then the rice is winnowed and put into the mortar a second time in order to take off the yellow skin and make "clean rice," — a process called *whitening* with us. We have machines for both hulling and whitening. There are a score or more of different varieties of cultivated rices.



(Fig. 147.) Paddy Mortar. Japanese Exhibit.

Another mode of grinding grain is common among semi-savages who cultivate it. It is by means of a *muller and slab*, the latter being known technically by its Indian name of *metaté*, a word derived from the Mexican *metatl*.

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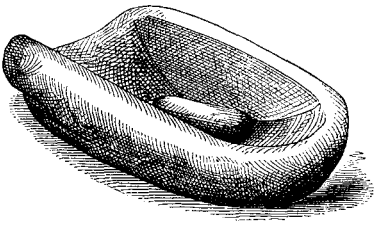
A fair specimen of this is shown in the grinding trough and muller of the Pueblo Indians of California (Figure 148).



(Fig. 148.) Metaté or Grinding Slab. Pueblo Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

It is made of fine sandstone in the present instance, but several of different materials and grades of fineness are found in each household of these Indians, and for the finer meals the grain is ground in each in succession.

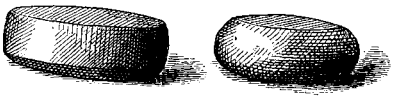
The Mexican metatl is a much more elaborate affair, being hewn with immense trouble from a block of granite, legs of from three to ten inches high being left in one piece with the slab.

The mill of the Zambesi tribes in South Africa is a block of granite (syenite), or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square and five or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock about the size of half a brick, and having a convex surface of somewhat less radius than the concavity of the larger stone, so as to have a combined rolling and rubbing action in grinding. A kneeling woman grasps the upper stone with both hands and works it backward and forward, continually supplying a little grain with one hand, the meal when ground falling on to a mat or skin beneath the lower stone.

Sorghum, maize, and wheat are cultivated by the Basutos of South Africa; their grinding slab is about twenty-four by twelve inches, and is somewhat inclined; the muller is oval-shaped. The Wanyamuezi of Central Africa hull and crack their grain in the mortar, and grind it fine with the metaté.

The use of the implement is ancient and wide-spread. Schliemann found grinding slabs in the excavations at Hissarlik; the metaté is the grinding mill of Araucania.

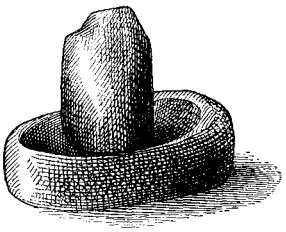
Besides the daily recurring domestic use for grinding grain for bread, smaller metatés or mullers are used for preparing condiments, paint, and what not. Figure 149 shows two specimens of a very common form of muller, found throughout the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and used for careful grinding, as fine meal or paint. The mullers are of



(Fig. 147.) Mullers for grinding Paint and Fine Meal.

various kinds of hard stone, and as symmetrical as if turned.

Figure 150 is a stone muller and mor-



(Fig. 150.) Paint Muller. Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.

tar of the Pi-Ute Indians for grinding paint.

The Singhalese grind their pepper and turmeric with a muller upon a flat stone.

The industrious Pliny suggests that the course of invention in grinding mills was from the mortar to the mill, from the *mortarium* to the *mola*. The pestle was originally simply raised, and struck vertically upon the material in the mortar; then a change occurred and it was rolled around; this is the present form of the sugar-cane mills of India and the snuff mills of Europe. By grooving the pestle it acquired a grinding action and the mortar was shallowed; when the surfaces of the two stones were made of corresponding shape, the change was complete.

The mola of the Romans was the usual grinding mill, the upper stone revolving on the lower one; the grain was fed in at a hole in the middle of the runner

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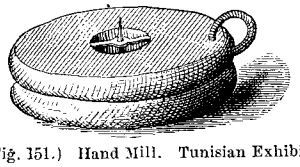
escaping at the circumference, — what is known as the *skirt*. The machine is very ancient: two have been recovered by Dr. Schliemann, thirty-three feet deep in the excavations at Hissarlik in Asia Minor. The flatter one is of lava, the other of granite; and though they may not be fellows they represent respectively the upper and lower stones of the hand-mill. Many have been obtained in Italy; such were used in Britain during the Roman occupation, and the name *quern*, by which the implement is known, is almost uniform in nearly all the languages of Europe. The quern was not abandoned in Scotland until the commencement of the present century.

The Roman *cribrium* was a sieve of perforated parchment or of plaited horse-hair, thread, papyrus, or rushes, having interstices of the size required for the special work. Their flour sieves were *excussoria* and *pollinaria;* the latter gave only fine flour called *pollen*. The sifting of flour was a daily work to prepare the meal for cooking; the manufacturing on an extended scale of bolted flour for sale was unknown. As a general thing, each family ground, sifted, and made up into bread its own supply. There were no professional bakers in Rome until after the war with King Perseus, about 580 A. U. C. The horse-hair sieve is attributed to the Gauls; linen, to the Spaniards; papyrus and rushes, to the Egyptians.

The hand-mill of Tunis (Figure 151), shown in the Main Building at the Centennial, is a fair specimen of the grain mill of the north of Africa, Syria, Asia Minor, and the Greek Archipelago. The stones are rough hammer-dressed; the upper is moved by a grass-rope handle, being centred on an iron pintle rising from the nether stone. The grain is fed in at the central opening of the upper stone and issues at the skirt; the motion is reciprocating. The Roman mola was continuously revolving.

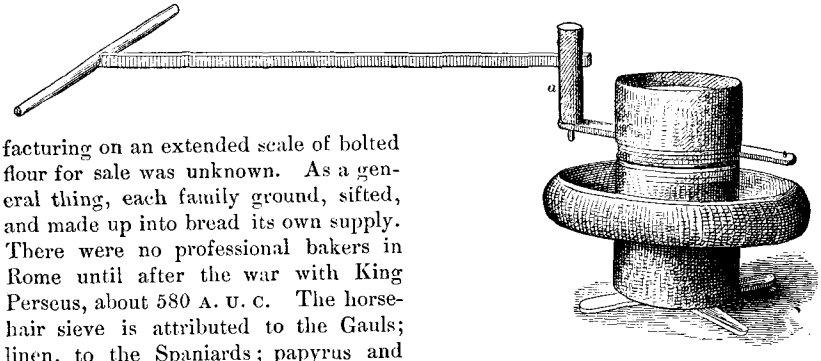
The quern is also used in India; and in Ceylon a mill (*galle*) resembling the quern is employed for grinding rice, *corrocan* (millet), and other grain. It is turned by a stick planted in the upper stone.

The Siamese paddy mill follows the quern instead of the mola method, being moved by two persons at the handle on



(Fig. 151.) Hand Mill. Tunisian Exhibit.

the end of the long bar, who alternately push and draw it; the post *a* turns on a pivot in the horizontal arm attached to the runner. The mill is a curious blending of ingenuity and clumsiness. The grinders, both upper and lower, are not stones but hard clay, *adobe* seemingly, with sharp wooden slats inserted obliquely on their faces, so that as one moves horizontally upon the other a shearing



(Fig. 152.) Paddy Mill. Sée-K'ow. Siamese Exhibit.

action takes place between the two, which cuts the husk from the grain. The paddy is put into the hopper in the middle of the upper stone and works its way between the two, coming out hulled, along with the chaff, and falls into the trough of plaited cane strips, whence it issues and is caught in a basket. The clay grinders are both covered with basket work.

Another mill has also the two circular grinders in bamboo basket work, which

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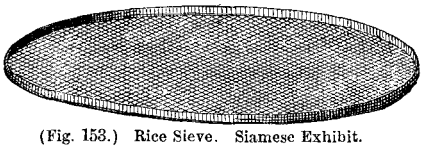
is wrought around the upper one so as to form a hopper. A peg is set in the top of the runner; a stick extending horizontally and radially from the peg is attached to a bar pendent from the roof of the shed, and the stone moved thereby.

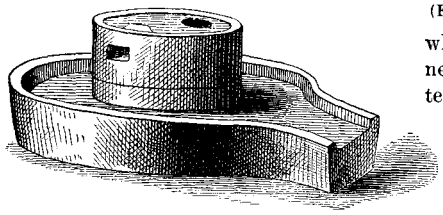
The rice is separated from the chaff by putting them together into a tray of



(Fig. 153.) Rice Sieve. Siamese Exhibit.

rattan splits and throwing them into the air, when the wind soon blows away the light, dusty hull.

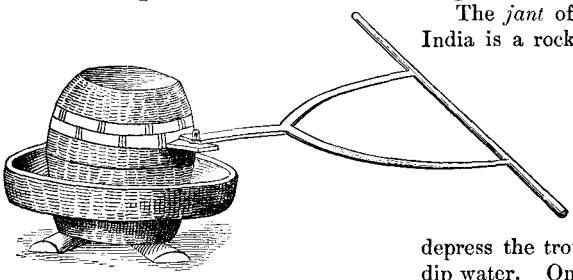
The Chinese mill (Figure 154) is used for grinding rice, wheat, or other grains, or for disintegrating copper ores. The



(Fig. 154.) Chinese Mill.

hole above is for the grain; that on the side for the lever by which the runner is moved.

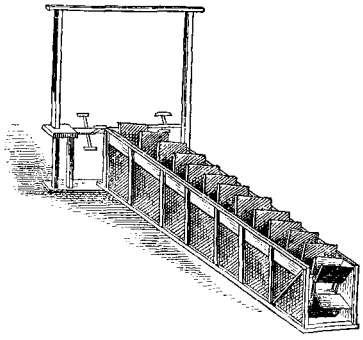
The Japanese paddy mill resembles that of Siam, and a similar mill is used in China, though not shown at the Cen-



(Fig. 155.) Paddy Huller. Japanese Exhibit.

tennial. As with the Siamese, just described, the motion is reciprocating: the grain fed in at the top escapes at the skirt into the basket trough. The face of the runner is furrowed in bands. The machine has a quaint look, and is very light, ingenious, and graceful, — an instance of the aptitude of the Orientals in the working of a different set of materials from those commonly used among ourselves.

Perhaps no better place will occur to notice the Chinese irrigating machine



(Fig 156.) Irrigating Machine. Chinese Exhibit.

which was exhibited in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building at the Centennial. The buckets are on an endless chain, and carry the water up an inclined chute. The chain is made of wooden links pinned together, and is worked by men who tread upon the arms on the crosses of the upper shaft, holding on with their hands to the upper bar.

The Chinese pump is also used in Bengal, the buckets on an endless chain moved in an ascending chute by the weight of men on a tread-wheel.

The *jant* of Dinajpoora in Eastern India is a rocking canoe, so to call it, poised on a frame, and worked by a man and counter-weight. The man standing on the trough will put his foot on one side of the centre of vibration, and depress the trough so that one end will dip water. On removing his foot, the weight on the other end of the trough will cause that end to descend and tip the trough so as to discharge the water into the irrigation canal. The machine is available only in about eighteen inches of elevation.

Irrigation in Egypt, now as of old, is

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performed by the *chutweh*, or bucket swung by cords in the hands of two men; by the *shadûf*, or bucket swung from the end of a weighted poised pole, the *tolleno* of the Romans, operating by a beam (*antlia curva*) and a bucket (*situla*); by the *sakiyen*, the wheel and a chain of pots, also known as the Persian wheel; by the *taboot*, in which the pots are on the wheel (the *rota aquaria* of the Romans), or the wheel has chambers within it (the *tympanum* of the Romans). The chain of pots is the *noria* of the Spanish, the *chapelet* of the French, adopted by the distinguished engineer, Perronet, in pumping out the coffer-dams of the bridge of Orleans; the wheel with pots attached was the antlia of the Romans, and is common yet in Palestine and in China. The rope and pulley are shown as a well-bucket elevator on a bas-relief in the most ancient palace of Nimrod, and one from Egypt, in a museum at Leyden in Holland, is made of tamarisk wood on a roller of fir; the rope is of *leef*, the fibre of the date-palm. The well-bucket, rope, and windlass are also shown on Roman bas-reliefs.

These citations serve to show the persistence of simple methods, and they have not alone been the means of furnishing subsistence to hundreds of millions in all ages, but from their familiarity have afforded subjects for metaphorical allusion in the poetry of all the lands where they are used.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern," — the means for the support of life being made to stand metaphorically for the life itself.

Edward H. Knight.

TEN YEARS IN EARLY ENGLISH.

THE Early English Text Society is well known to all who have pursued investigations in the philology and literature of the English language. Founded in 1864, it has fully established its position as a trusty helper to students and an honor to the scholarship of both England and America. Like the Chaucer Society, it derives a large share of its support from our side of the Atlantic, a share out of proportion to the number of American scholars, or to the antiquity of the institutions of learning with which they are connected. The class of studies which these societies represent has, however, not been pursued even in England many years, and soon after it began to attract attention there it came into notice here, American students being found ready to take it up with avidity and to carry it forward with characteristic enthusiasm.

The idea of using philosophy in philological studies was, it is true, suggested by Bacon in the reign of James I., and put into practice by Leibnitz a little over a hundred years afterwards; but until the foundation of the Asiatic Society by Sir William Jones, in 1784, very little progress was made. It was not until the discovery of Grimm's Law, almost within the present generation, that the historical investigation of language and the science of comparative philology were established on a sure foundation. The brotherhoods of languages were then marked out, and their connections indicated so clearly that research was encouraged and progress became rapid. The earliest laurels were won by Germany, and to that country we still look, not only for the most thorough scholarship in comparative philology, but even for many careful investigations into the language and literature of England and America.

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The Philological Society of London was not organized until 1842, and its operations, so far as they related to the English language, were hindered for nearly a quarter of a century by the want of good texts of the earliest specimens of our literature. This want led first to the spasmodic publication by the society of a few texts, and next, in 1864, to the formation of the Early English Text Society. The members of the new society purposed to issue for their own use correct texts of those works of great philological and literary value which were very difficult of access, and, in many instances, in danger of being permanently lost. They defined their field of labor so that it should include but three general classes of publications: I. Writings illustrating romances connected with King Arthur and the other mediæval heroes. II. Early dictionaries and other works bearing upon the history of the English language and its dialects. III. Versions of the Bible and religious treatises, and such other remarkable texts as might prove useful to philological and literary students. These divisions were evidently not intended to limit the operations of the society very materially; but the establishment of other working bodies, such as the Chaucer Society, the Ballad Society, the Spencer Society, and the Roxburghe Library, in 1868; the Hunterian Club, in 1871; the Palæographical Society, the English Dialect Society, and the Shakspere Society, in 1873, has given the Early English Text Society more definite work than it at first had. These organizations are, to a certain extent at least, fruits of the interest awakened by the transactions of the one we have under consideration, an interest that seems to have been shared by German scholars as well as by those of America. We are indebted to Dr. Edward Mätzner for a valuable work entitled Altenglische Sprachproben, the publication of which was begun in Berlin in 1867, and is not yet completed. This important work was preceded by an English grammar that has since been republished in English in London and Boston. While we cannot here refer with more detail to the influence that the Early English Text Society has exerted, it must not be forgotten that, to use the words of another, it "has stirred up the study of English historically; it makes possible a knowledge of the language; it makes accessible the most valuable documents of that history; and it shows how, in the teeth of ignorance, civil war, and obstacles of all kinds, literature, that is, the power of expression, went on growing, now slowly, now quickly, putting forth in this direction and that tiny tendrils that were destined to grow in time into great branches laden with the fruits of labor and genius."

The society comprises five hundred and forty-two members, and, during the first decade of its existence expended nearly fifty thousand dollars in printing texts that occupy over seventeen thousand pages. It has had the services of the best scholars as editors, and their works are the highest authorities in their special line of study. Among them are Frederic J. Furnivall, H. B. Wheatley, J. S. Stuart Glennie, the Rev. Richard Morris, LL. D., the Rev. G. G. Perry, the Rev. W. W. Skeat, Thomas Wright, W. Aldis Wright, Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, William Michael Rossetti, and that voluminous writer, the Rev. J. H. Blunt, author of The Annotated Book of Common Prayer. It is invidious to make such a selection from the long list of editors who have labored with such diligence and efficiency for the mere love of the work, and with the laudable desire to make the publications of the society creditable alike to the first authors of England and to the scholarship of the nineteenth century.

The society issued, during its first ten years, seventy-four volumes, which comprise a much larger number of publications, for many of them contain a number of tracts or books that were originally separate. Of these, twenty-two may be classed as legends and moral and theological treatises; nineteen relate to history, political affairs, and social life; sixteen are romances; eight describe manners and customs; six refer to gram-

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mar and criticism; and three are works on philosophy and science. This enumeration will show the student what an interesting range of subjects is opened to him by the society. He is in fact given opportunities for culture that were almost entirely lacking to the adult of to-day in his younger years. Then the teacher pointed to the genial poet of the Canterbury pilgrimage as the *ne plus ultra*, and gave his pupil no reason to suspect that a whole ocean of literature lay hidden beyond old Dan Geoffrey. We were not told then, as we are told now, that "our Chaucer was only a middle link in a long chain. Before his birth the literature of our country [England] had maintained, for a longer time than has passed since his birth, a prominent place in the intellectual history of Europe. To say nothing of the yet earlier Beowulf, English Cædmon poured the soul of a Christian poet into noble song six hundred and fifty years before Chaucer was born. Six centuries before Chaucer, Bede, foremost of Christian scholars, was the historian of England, and Chaucer wrote his Canterbury Tales not quite five centuries ago. . . . In prose and verse, for century after century before the time of Chaucer, there was a literature here of home-speaking earnestness; practical wit and humor that attacked substantial ills of life; sturdy resistance against tyrannies in church and state; and, as the root of all its strength, a faithful reverence for God." [1]

The publications of the Early English Text Society thus far are specimens of the literature of our language from the tenth to the seventeenth century, about one half of them dating earlier than the works of Chaucer, who himself lived midway between the extremes of the period they cover. The tenth century is represented by King Alfred's version of Gregory's Pastoral Care. The reprints of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are homilies, as are also those of the first half of the thirteenth century; but the last half of the thirteenth century gives us the stories of Havelok the Dane and of King Horn, which, though not wanting in exhibitions of the influence of religion on literature, show also the workings of the English mind and imagination in the line of romance. The lay of Havelok the Dane and the story of King Horn belong to what is called the Dano-Saxon cycle of romances, in which that of Guy of Warwick has also been included. They all show the influence of the Crusades, which give their chivalric flavor to each European literature and lend a charm to the stories of Scott. It is not our purpose to give in detail the character of the books that are presented by the society as specimens of the taste and style of the centuries treated, but to turn to a consideration of the various classes of books on the list.

Forgetting for the present the vague divisions of its work which the founders laid down at the outset for their general guidance, we purpose looking at the publications in a slightly different classification. They present a history of the language that is beyond price, and the numerous glossaries, prefaces, and notes furnish the student of language very efficient guidance. In addition to these helps, however, one class of the books is composed of such works as Thynne's Animadversions on Speght's Chaucer (1599); Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue (1617), Mr. A. J. Ellis's exhaustive treatises on Early English Pronunciation, and Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum of 1570. The last mentioned is an interesting rhyming dictionary of nine thousand words, and is not only the first of its class, but also one of the earliest efforts to popularize learning and create a supply of cheap books. Levins says there was another similar work in existence, but it was great and costly, fit only for "them y^t are richable to haue it," while his book is a "handful" of words, of "light price," for "them y^t are pooreable to haue no better." He argues in favor of cheap books (hear, O ye authors and publishers!) that if they be not furnished it would be "like as if no man should worke in the Mint but such as brought with them golden hammers," in which

[1] Morley's English Writers, vol. ii., pt. i., chap. i.

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case we should have little work done, and poor men would be discouraged. Levins made an avowed and earnest effort to cheapen the tools of the literary worker, not for his own praise or profit, "but for the prospering and good proceeding of *our poore youth* in good learning and knowledge." He says his little book is "necessary not onely for Scholers that want varietie of words, but also for such as use to write in English Meetre." It is, therefore, a thesaurus. The author tells us that even in his day it was the manner of some writers, in publishing their works, "to excuse the rashnesse of the edition thereof, as being by their friends counsell," that they print what was only intended as "a priuat exercise to them selues." He avers that when he began his "long trauaile" he "thought and always did entend, with so much speed as he could, to publishe and set abroade the same."

Hume's Orthographie is an English grammar written in racy style by the sometime head-master of the high-school, Edinburgh. Writing of Sum Idiomes in our Orthographie, he longs for a reform in spelling, specifying, among others words, "peple," which he says some write "people," and then asks why they do not also pronounce it so. He objects to the "idle e" which many put at the end of every word, a practice that he follows himself, however. How much trouble would have been saved to Mr. A. J. Ellis and Professor Francis J. Child, not to mention others, if Chaucer had dropped his "idle e," or had at least given some explanation of his manner of using it. Hume owns that we have "the exemple of france to speak ane way and wryte an-other," but that it is a bad example, for "all exemples are not imitable." On the subject Of our Abusing Sum Consonantes, he writes, "Now I am cum to a knot that I have noe wedg to cleave," and pleads for phonographic spelling, or the giving of but one sound to a letter, and urges that reason and nature crave this reform. Again he says, "I wald have them name w, not duble u, nor v, single u, as now they doe; but the last vau or ve, and the first wau or we; and j, for difference of the voual i, written with a long tail, I wald wish to be called jod, or je." The treatise is very sensible and very short, many of the definitions being the same that we learned in our own school-days. The author concludes with a definition of the parenthesis, giving the following example: —

> "Bless, guyd, advance, preserve, prolong Lord (if thy pleasure be)
> Our King and Queen; and keep their seed thy name to magnifie."

He says his treatise is no shorter than necessary for the schools, which is a way of putting it that must have been approved by the pupils, at least, who were not likely to complain of brevity in text-books of grammar.

The only other volume, in the class which treats of language specifically, that needs mention here is Ellis's Early English Pronunciation. It is a work of most thorough research, and, though it has special reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer, it comprises an investigation of the correspondence of writing with speech in England, from the earliest times when English can be said to have been spoken to the present day, and a new system for the expression of all spoken sounds by means of ordinary printing types. There is also a rearrangement of Professor Child's Memoirs on the Language of Chaucer and Gower, published by the American Academy in 1862 and 1866. Mr. Ellis makes prominent mention of other American scholars, and gives an interesting examination of Pennsylvania German, which he considers exactly analogous to Chaucer's English. These inquiries into pronunciation are as useful and as scholarly as any of the publications of the society, and they enable those not conversant with early English to enunciate it correctly.

Turning now to the class of books treating religious themes, we find that it includes those of the greatest antiquity, King Alfred's version of Gregory's Pastoral Care being the only representative of the tenth century, and collections of homilies forming the staple literary pro-

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ductions until we reach the second half of the thirteenth century. Before that time the churchmen had been almost the only professional authors, but under the Angevin kings a purely literary class grew up outside of the church. Geoffrey of Monmouth laid the foundation, in his History of the Britons, for the romances of the Round Table, and Walter Map wove the legends of Arthur and his knights, of Tristram and Gawain and Launcelot, with those of Galahad and the Sangreal and Merlin so successfully that Arthur's tomb became a reality, Merlin's prowess was proved by the stones on Salisbury Plain, and the entire cycle of romances was fixed forever in the literature of the nation.

King Alfred was undoubtedly wise to give his people a translation of the message brought, as he says, by Augustine, over the salt sea, from Gregorius, "best of Romans, wisest of men, most gloriously famous." The king's preface is worthy of reproduction, although we have no room for it here. He bewails the decline of the learning that formerly brought foreigners to England in search of wisdom and instruction, and hopes a time of tranquillity will come when young men of riches will devote themselves to study, "as long as they are not fit for any other occupation [!], until that they are well able to read English writing." Anticipating the approach of that golden age, and while few could read English because still fewer could read Latin, Alfred made this translation, and sent a copy to every bishop in the kingdom, not to be lent or taken from the minster, but to be read by the learned bishops to the people.

The homilies republished by the society are dissertations upon the Seven Deadly Sins, or on the Creed, or meditations appropriate for days of feasting or fasting. From the dryest and dullest of them it is possible to extract some sort of grim humor, while they all give an insight of the times and the habits of the people, and are extremely valuable in a philological or dialectical aspect.

Among the religious publications of the society is one edited by Dr. Richard Morris, containing Legends of the Holy Rood, dating from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. The feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross (May 3), which commemorates the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, furnishes the *motif* of the legends. When Adam died, as is related, Seth, directed by an angel, put three "kernels" of an apple under his tongue, from which grew three wands, of cedar, cypress, and pine, respectively, and they stood in Adam's mouth until the time of Moses. They represented the trinity. Moses found them one evening after he had crossed the Red Sea, preserved them until near his death, and then planted them under Mount Tabor. The wands, an ell in length, were undisturbed until the time of David. He found them again, set them out one evening, and, lo, the next morning they had become a single tree with three branches. The tree grew for thirty years, and then stopped. Under it David did penance for his sins and composed the Psalter. When Solomon had nearly completed the temple he found that he needed a large beam, and ordered the tree cut down that David had planted. The beam could not be used, for it miraculously extended or shortened itself whenever the carpenters thought they had it of the proper length. It was, therefore, made to serve as a bridge over Kedron. There the Queen of Sheba found it, and advised Solomon to hide it, for she prophesied a man should die on it who should destroy the law of Moses. However, it came to light just in time, and was actually used at the crucifixion. It was afterwards hidden by the Jews, to be found by the Empress Helena. These incredible stories are supplemented by accounts of a series of legends and miracles and a list of symbolisms connected with the Holy Rood which are familiar to readers of works on the prolific theme, — a theme which appealed at once to mediæval superstition and love of the wonderful.

Another of the publications relating to religious themes is Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, a production begotten of the popularity that was attained by the

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well-known Vision concerning Piers the Plowman, though not composed until nearly forty years later. It takes a more commonplace view of Piers, or Pierce, than the earlier and much abler poem took, but is evidently suggested by it. Pope made an epitome of the argument of the poem as follows: "An ignorant, plain man, having learned his Paternoster and Avemary, wants to learn his creed. He asks several religious men of the several orders to teach it him. First, of a friar Minor, who bids him beware of the Carmelites, and assures him that they can teach him nothing, describing their faults, etc., but that the friars Minors shall save him, whether he learns his creed or not. He goes next to the friars Preachers, whose magnificent monastery he describes; there he meets a fat friar who declaims against the Augustines. He is shocked at his pride, and goes to the Augustines. They rail at the Minorites. He goes to the Carmes [Carmelites]; they abuse the Dominicans, but promise him salvation without the creed, for money. He leaves them with indignation, and finds an honest, poor Plowman in the field, and tells him how he was disappointed by the four orders. The Plowman answers with a long invective against them."

The Crede is edited by the Rev. Mr. Skeat, who is one of the most careful of the workers for the society. He says that the poem has always been a favorite, and it improves on acquaintance. He points out its celebrated and wholly admirable description of a Dominican convent. It was rich with painted, polished, and quaintly carved pillars; brilliant with broad and lofty windows; and secure with strong walls that had privy passages into orchards and gardens that surrounded it. Its minster was well built and boasted gilded arches, painted windows, and tombs adorned with curiously carved statues. Its pillared and painted cloisters were covered with lead and paved with tiles; its chapter-house was a great church with a seemly ceiling; its refectory was like a king's hall, and glazed like a church; while there were, beside houses with chimneys, other gay chapels, kitchens, dormitories, an infirmary, and all the conveniences known to luxurious livers of the period. In this establishment he found the Dominican, "a greet cherl & a grym, growen as a tonne," with cheeks like bags, with a fat double chin as great as a goose egg, and bearing a mountain of flesh that "wagged as a quyk mire"! This the man who would beg a bagful of wheat of a poor fellow with half his rent in arrears! It is easy to see what opportunities such a theme presents to the satirist, and how entertaining its lively descriptions must be; but the Crede is of much value also to the lexicographers, who have used it freely.

Among the most valuable romances preserved by the society in very early forms are the following: King Horn (1250); Havelok the Dane (1280); Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troye (1360); Morte Arthure (1360); Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight (1360); William of Palerne (1360); Barbour's Bruce (1375); Joseph of Arimathie, or the Holy Grail (1390); Merlin (1440); Lancelot of the Laik (1500); and Partenay or Lusignen (1500). These dates are mainly conjectural, but there is little doubt that the series exhibit the romance literature enjoyed by our fathers for two centuries and a half before the death of Henry VIII., in the very words that they read. These romances present a most interesting phase of the English mind, — a mind that delighted in the exhibition of prowess, that admired a gentleness of its own sort, and that mixed superstition and religion, deeds of righteousness and shame and blood, in a style past the comprehension of our times.

We have reserved for final consideration those volumes which have the most direct bearing upon the modes of living in England during the period covered by the investigations of the Early English Text Society. In some respects they are the most interesting of the entire series, if any can be said to excel in a collection each one of which has

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an unique importance and a particular charm. The topics treated in this class may be described as more human, as enabling us to obtain an intimate knowledge of old English households, as admitting us to the home, the festive group, and even to the shop of the artisan and the herd-yard of the yeoman. To a certain extent this is done by some of the books already mentioned, but none of them do it of set purpose and with the directness that we shall find in those we are about to consider.

Eight principal books may be enumerated: —

I. That ever fresh and always charming allegory in which Piers Plowman is the humble hero (1362).

II. Toulmin Smith's exhaustive account of the origin, ordinances, and history of more than one hundred early English guilds, — guilds originated nearly twelve hundred years ago, being mentioned in the laws of Ina of Northumbria.

III. The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry, compiled for the instruction of his daughters, which was translated into English in the reign of Henry VI., though written in French in 1372.

IV. Caxton's Book of Curtesye, printed by him at Westminster about 1477.

V. A volume comprising three important books, namely: The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, made by Andrew Boorde, of Physycke Doctor; A Compendius Regyment, or A Dyetary of Helth, compiled by the same; and The Treatyse Answerynge the Boke of Berdes, being a defense of the beard against some arguments of Boorde in favor of shaving. The editor of this volume is Mr. Furnivall, one of the most enthusiastic and persistent of the many students of early English. While his work is invaluable, his style of writing modern English, although sometimes piquant, is too frequently flippant and undignified.

VI. A Supplycacyon for the Beggers, and three other supplications made to Henry VIII., whom the petitioners call the "Moste ernest Defender of Christes Gospell; Supreme Heade under God here in Erthe, next and immedyatly of his Churches of Englande and Irelande.

VII. A volume comprising Queene Elizabethes Achademy, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert; A Booke of Precedence; The Ordering of a Funerall; Lydgate's Order of Fools; and a variety of brief tracts on cognate subjects.

VIII. The last volume to be mentioned is called The Babees Book, and contains a vast collection of items descriptive of meals, manners, and customs of early times. Among the specific tracts are Aristotle's A, B, C; The Lytille Childrenes Lytil Boke; The Boke of Nurture of Hugh Rhodes, and that of John Russell; Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Keruynge (Carving); and Latin and French poems on the same subjects.

The first-mentioned work in this class — The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman — was perhaps the most popular literary production of the second half of the fourteenth century (it was first published in 1362), and it has never lost its charm for those who have been acquainted with it. Until this society undertook to edit it, however, no accurate text was available by students. Taking the form of an allegory, and of a series of dreams, it displays the difficulties and the events of a pilgrimage through life, in a manner not very dissimilar to that afterwards adopted by Bunyan, but its author fails to give to the characters in his lively scenes the human interest that characterizes those of the Pilgrim's Progress. He indulges in satire, too, much more freely than Bunyan does, for the reason that his object is different. In the Vision it is the old story of priestly corruption and ill-doing which we are told over and over again by earlier and later writers. The author is anonymous, but we can hardly think of him as unknown as we smile at his garrulous genial humor and his audacious satire of the follies and sins of his times. Students have been unwilling to own that they do not know him, and indeed it would be much more convenient if we could safely call his work Langland's or Langley's Vision, instead

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of being obliged to use the equivocal periphrase, The Vision of Piers Plowman. Three valuable texts are given us by the society, all edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, who has also done a similar service for the Clarendon Press, which presents the more important portion of the Vision in a small volume at a moderate price.

The History and Development of Gilds and the Origin of Trade-Unions is one of the most bulky volumes issued by the society, and it possesses a peculiar interest at a time like the present, when those ancient organizations seem to be rising to a new importance, and to be exerting a vast influence upon manufactures and commerce. The word gild meant "a ratable payment," and as compounded in "dane-geld" is familiar to students of history. The essence of the regulations of the earliest gilds is stated to be the brotherly banding together into close unions between man and man (sometimes even established on and fortified by oath) for the purpose of mutual help and support.

Tracing the history of gilds from the beginning to the time of the "Knights of St. Crispin in Massachusetts," the author points out the common characteristics they have all borne: he shows their utility, their dangers, and their influence upon society. We believe that only men enjoy membership in modern trades-unions, though "systeren" [1] are constantly mentioned in the gilds of olden time. In one case, at least, it is required that on the reception of a new brother or sister he or she shall in token of love, charity, and peace kiss every other member then present, a custom that has probably fallen into desuetude in the lapse of time.

The Supplicacyon for the Beggers, written at about the year 1529, set forth the fact that the lepers, the impotent, blind, lame, and sick of the realm, who could only live by charity, were dying of hunger, because a set of strong and able beggars had crept into the kingdom, who counterfeited "holy and idle beggars and vagabonds," and took the alms from them. These counterfeiters were "bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners, and summoners." This is a long list, truly, and the supplicant adds that there were fifty-two thousand parish churches with innumerable begging friars, who made grievous and plentiful exactions, from which, he asserts, the ancient Briton was free. The Danes and the Saxons would never have been able to bring their armies so far and to conquer the land, if they had been cursed by such an idle class at home. Noble King Arthur would never have been able to resist Lucius the emperor, if he had been troubled by them. The Greeks would never have continued so long at the siege of Troy, if they "had had at home suche an idell sort of cormorauntes to finde." The ancient Romans would never have been able to put the whole world under their control, nor would the Turks have been able to get so much ground in Christendom, if such locusts had devoured their substance. Thus the author argues with gentle King Henry, growing more energetic and lively as he proceeds, until at last he urges that "these sturdy lobies" be made to get their living with their labor in the sweat of their faces; and that if they refuse to labor they be tied to the carts, to be whipped naked about every market town until they listen to reason. The people were in earnest, and no half-way measures would please them. It was only seven years later that Henry began the destruction of the monasteries, which gave England the picturesque ruins that are exhibited to tourists nowadays. It was also just before the divorce of Catherine, the death of More, and before those days of terror and distress when all but men of the stoutest hearts held their breaths in astonishment at the royal assumption and outlawry.

The second supplication pleads for a reform of the clergy in accordance with scriptural standards, which are freely

[1] This plural was accepted as a good and original joke when uttered by Artemas Ward, but as in many another similar case our forefathers used the word in all soberness.

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quoted. It contains an interesting passage in regard to the "costliness of apparel and the diversity and change of fashions," a theme that is still a fresh one to the reformer. This touches men, but specially women, who must wear "sometime cap, sometime hood; now the French fashion, now the Spanish fashion; then the Italian fashion, and then the Milan fashion; so that there is no end of consuming of substance, and that vainly, and all to please the proud and foolish man and woman's fantasy." The petition ends with a very fervent prayer for the king.

The third supplication is very like the first, but the fourth is much more interesting. It is an argument against the inclosing of vast tracts for sheep pastures, which has led, the petitioners say, to the decay of England, a dearth of corn, and other notable "discommodityes." They support their argument by the following proverbs: —

"The more sheep, the dearer the wool. The more sheep, the dearer the mutton. The more sheep, the dearer the beef. The more sheep, the dearer the corn. The more sheep, the scantier the white meat. The more sheep, the fewer eggs for a penny."

The truth of these proverbial statements is established to the satisfaction of the petitioners, who then enter upon a calculation of the loss to the realm by sheep husbandry. Beginning with the fact that there were upwards of fifty thousand towns and villages in England, they asserted that one plow less was used in each for the reason stated; that every plow was able to maintain six persons; and that, consequently, three hundred thousand persons were deprived of their subsistence who had previously been "wont to have meat, drink, and raiment, uprising and down-lying, paying scot and lot to God and to the king." Now they could only go about to beg, steal, and be hanged. An investigation of the premises was asked. This was before the passage of the Act for the Punishment of Vagabonds, in 1547, which provided for the branding and enslaving of idle persons, but it was not before much more cruel punishments had been established in vain. Few subjects connected with English history are more important than those relating to the momentous changes of this remarkable period of transition.

The Knight of La Tour-Landry (a feudal castle in the old province of Anjou), whose book has been mentioned, had three daughters. His wife had been dead twenty years, and remembering, as he says, how his fellows used to behave towards women, and doubting not that there were "such fellows now, or worse," he determined to make a little book about good and evil women, to the intent that his daughters should take pattern of the good ones. He directed two priests and two clerks to extract from the Bible and from the chronicles of France, Greece, and England examples of good and bad women. These the knight arranged and recorded in prose rather than in verse, for he wished to study brevity and to be more plainly understood. The morality inculcated by the stories is often questionable, but there is an unequivocal utterance on the subordination of the woman to the man in matrimony. The case of Vashti, who refused to exhibit herself to the "barons" of Ahasuerus, is made much of to show that wives ought to do worship to their husbands and "show a semblance of love," though the knight would permit them when alone to "more largely say" their own will. The whole of this little book is entertaining, and it shows that the relations of knights and ladies remained in the fourteenth century in very much the state in which they are pictured in the Romances of the Round Table.

The remaining volumes to be considered in this class refer to a later period, — the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are remarkable for their repetition and redundancy. Caxton's Book of Curtesye (1477) contains the same directions that we find again and again in the Booke of Precedence and in the Babees Book. One suggestion of Caxton must not be forgotten. He urges the young to exercise themselves in read-

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ing books adorned with eloquence, especially Gower's Confessio Amantis, and the work of the "founder of ornate eloquence that illumined all Britain, father Chaucer," whose words, he says, seem not words, but the things themselves. He also recommends Occleve and Lydgate, but mentions no others.

Andrew Boorde's two books, The Introduction of Knowledge, and Dyetary of Helth, are second to none in interest. The writer was a genius in his way. In the first-mentioned treatise he attempts to give directions how to speak all manner of languages, and to describe the habits and customs of men of all countries. A few quotations from Andrew Boorde will establish his place as the father of the writers of travelers' word-books.

French. — Of whens be you? *Unde eta vou?*

I am of England. *Ie sues de Angliater.*

I fare wel. *Ie porta bene.*

There is ryght good lodgyng. *Il i en ya ung tresbon logis.*

Geve me bred. *Done moy de pane.*

German. — God morow, my master! *Goed morgen, myh hern!*

Hostess, have you good meate? *Wertyn, hab ye god eften?*

Boorde's delineation of the various countries and their people is much better than his vocabularies. He begins his itinerary with England; one of the first traits which he mentions is the profanity of the people, — a trait that still gives them notoriety. "In all the world," he says, "there is no region nor country that doth use more swearing than is used in England; for a child that scarce can speak, a boy, a girl, a wench, nowadays will swear as great oaths as an old knave and an old drab." Still, he says the Italian proverb, "England, good land, bad people," is not true, for there is no land equal to England in manners and manhood. "Englishmen be bold and strong and mighty; the women be full of beauty, and they be decked gayly. They fare sumptuously, and God is served in their churches devoutly." It were vain, however, to attempt to follow our author in his praises of his native land. Let us see what he says of other countries.

He next travels into Wales, where the people are prone to steal, though boasting very ancient pedigrees. They love toasted cheese and metheglin, and are hardy, strong men, whose voices and harps are like the buzzing of a bumble-bee. Ireland he finds a country inhabited by one set of people like the English, but naturally testy, and by another, called the Wild Irish, who are slothful, ill-mannered, rude, untaught, and uncivilized. The Scotch are boastful, and not to be trusted. They drink bad ale, eat oaten cakes, and hate Englishmen. The Flemmings and the Dutch are great drinkers; they eat toad-stools and the hinder loins of frogs, and have fine church spires and meat shambles, at least in Antwerp. The High Germans are rude, badly dressed, and loud in their talk. Denmark and Saxony Boorde finds small and bare countries, which leads him to express his astonishment that they ever conquered England, and his confidence that they and all the world beside can never do it again. Thus this sagacious and gossipy author rattles away with his hurried delineation of the countries of Europe. We shall follow him only far enough to learn what he discovered in two or three other countries.

Greece was under the Turks then. In its capital, Constantinople, he found the fairest cathedral church in the world, with a "wonderful sight" of priests and a remarkable collection of relics. Venice was a noble city, full of beauty and riches, standing seven miles within the sea, having water running in its streets, on which the merchants were rowed in fair little barges. There was no poverty in Venice. The merchants wore long gowns with close sleeves; they polled their heads and let their beards grow. Lombardy was a "champion" country. The people "set much" on their beards, and were scornful of speech, giving answers to questions by "wrying the head at the one side, displaying the hands abroad, and shrugging up the shoulders! They ate snails and frogs,

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and kept very vicious cur dogs. The French had "no great fantasy" to Englishmen, though their country was full of goodly towns, where a man could get good cheese for his money. The people delighted in gorgeous apparel, and gave the fashions to all nations. Spain was a very poor country, except on the seaboard, and the men wore Spanish cloaks to hide their old coats and other worn-out clothes. Finally, Boorde came back to his island home through France, which he declares belongs to England "by right many ways," or "why should Henry VI. have been crowned King of France at Paris? and has not royal King Henry VIII. conquered Boulogne?"

If we turn to Boorde's Dyetary we shall learn much more of the mode of living in England, as well as of the general information of the period in medical and sanitary matters. His Dyetary begins with a description of a home, and tells the reader how to make it healthful and convenient. The singular habit of the time of distorting Scripture, with good intent, is shown in the directions how to situate the house for the health of the body. He says the builder must take heed to the counsel of God to Abraham to find a country abounding with milk and honey. It is to be noted that where there is plenty of milk there is plenty of pasture, and where there is much honey there is no scarcity of wood; and that, therefore, to follow the divine directions, a man must situate his house where he is sure to have both water and wood! Boorde adds that the house ought to be built where there is plenty of "elbow room" and a fair prospect, to satisfy the eye and to content the mind. Explicit directions are then given on sanitary matters: so thorough are they, indeed, that an English health officer says they comprehend all that reformers have been teaching for the past twenty years, and that it is difficult to say that any advance has been made upon them!

After instructing the reader on these points, Boorde gives advice about the management of one's income, and about clothing, eating, drinking, and caring for the sick, closing with the details of arrangements of a sick-room and the care of the dying, to the end that the sick man "may finish his life catholickly, in the faith of Jesu Christ, and so depart out of this miserable world."

There remains of the books we have purposed to discuss only that one which Mr. Furnivall has named, from the first chapter of its varied contents, The Babees Book. The volume comprises also the Books of Nurture, of Hugh Rhodes and John Russell; Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Keruynge (Carving); the Book of Demeanor; the Book of Courtesy; the School of Virtue; and a number of other small works on the general subject of manners and meals. Like the volume of Boorde that we have just laid down, The Babees Book is almost priceless on account of its pictures of the manners and customs of mediæval England, while it is of nearly equal value as a philological study.

The sub-title of The Babees Book proper is A Little Report of how Young People should Behave. Taking us back three quarters of a century before the accession of Elizabeth, it brings before us the author praying for divine direction as he translates from the Latin. He then appeals directly to his readers in terms that prove his book to be intended for children of high rank: —

> "But, O young Babees, whom blood royal
> With grace, feature and high hability
> Hath adorned, on you it is I call
> To know this book; for it were great pity,
> Since in you is set sovereign beauty,
> If virtue and nurture were not with all;
> To you, therefore, I speak in special."

Only eight pages are occupied by this portion of the volume. The children are exhorted to speak when they are spoken to, to be courteous, to answer briefly, to stand until told to sit, to thank one who praises them, and to be very careful about manners at meals.

In other places in the volume the good youth are directed to take their broth with spoons, and not directly from the dish without an intermediate agent; they are counseled not to cut their meat like field laborers, who have appetites so ravenous that they do not care for

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the rules of good manners; they are encouraged not to carry food to the mouth with the knife, nor to hold it in the hand. This was two hundred years after Chaucer, whose nun proved her dainty breeding by the skill with which she fed herself with her fingers. There had been, no doubt, much progress in indoor civilization in the interim, more progress indeed, than has been made since, — in the theory, at least. As we find in Boorde that the principles of ventilation, drainage, and good living were well understood in his day, so we learn from The Babees Book rules of good table-manners that still hold sway, and would do good service if inculcated in hundreds of public houses and families of Europe and America, in the present year of grace.

Much of the advice is as elementary as that found in the Guides to Good Manners of 1877, but no more. In the Book of Courtesy, for example, we are warned never to speak "unhonestly" of womankind, nor even to harbor thoughts derogatory to them, for, it argues axiomatically, we are all of woman born, as our fathers were before us. At meals we are admonished not to quarrel nor to make grimaces; not to come with unwashed hands or with filthy nails; not to cram, nor to laugh with the mouth full, nor to "sup soup with great sounding," all of which practices, like evil communications, tend undoubtedly to corrupt good manners. But this is not all. We are told not to spit on the table nor to fondle the dog; not to use a knife, a straw, or a stick as a tooth-pick; not to drink with food in the mouth nor to blow the food, either to warm or to cool it; not to wipe the teeth or the eyes with the table-cloth, nor to lean on the elbow, nor to put the thumb into the drinking-cup, nor the food into the salt-cellar.

Some of the advice is whimsical or superstitious, as when we are urged by no means to put up at a house where there is a man or a woman with red hair, for such are to be dreaded! We are told to chew two or three drams of mastic before retiring, to guard the body from bad humors, and to have a hole in the top of the night-cap (which should be of scarlet stuff), to permit the vapor of the head to pass off at night.

Nothing is more marked in mediæval manners than the attention given to personal cleanliness and to regular devotions. The veriest Pharisee would have been satisfied with the frequent washings prescribed, and the devoutest saint could find little to object to in the prayers. Over and over again it is urged, "Say your morning prayers, and desire God to bless you, to preserve you from all dangers, and to direct you in all your actions. . . . Therefore see that you be mindful of him, and remember that to that intent were you born, to wit, to set forth his glory, and most holy name." "Pray fervently to God before you sleep, to inspire you with his grace, to defend you from all perils and subtleties of wicked fiends, and to prosper you in all your affairs; and then lay aside your cares and business, as well public as private, for that night; in so doing you shall sleep more quietly."

Two very interesting documents are entitled, How the Goodwife taught her Daughter, and How the Wise Man taught his Son, the former being so *naïve* and suggestive that it repays careful perusal. It opens with this advice:

"Daughter, if thou wilt be a wife
Go to church when thou may,
Look thou spare for no rain,
For thou farest the best that ilk day
When thou hast God y-seyn [seen].
He must needs well thrive
That liveth well all his life,
My leef child."

In church she is to give alms; she must not chatter nor gossip, but be courteous to all. Having given good counsel on the subject of devotion, the good-wife turns to matrimony, which was in those antiquated times, apparently, the chief end of woman, and directs her daughter to scorn the worship of no man whosoever he be, but to beware of man, however, in a general way: —

"For a slander raised ill
Is evil for to still,
My leef child."

Once wedded "before God with a ring," she must love, honor, and obey

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with the meekest old-fashioned submission, and become a mild, circumspect matron, never laughing loudly, nor walking fast, nor talking much, nor swearing much, nor haunting the tavern, nor drinking too much, even in private, nor being often drunken: —

> "For they that be oft drunk,
> Thrift is from them sunk,
> My leef child."

Next, the young wife is instructed in detail about household economy, the management of servants, and in regard to dealings with neighbors, with the poor, the rich, the sick, and the distressed. These portions are replete with practical wisdom. As regards her children, if they rebel and will not behave, she is not to "curse" them nor "blow" them, but to take a smart rod and beat them until they cry mercy and acknowledge their guilt. As soon as daughters are born she is to gather goods in view of their marriage, and to wed them as promptly as possible, for, says the good-wife, —

> "Maidens be fair and amiable,
> But of their love full unstable,
> My leef child."

In conclusion, the daughter is assured that she had better never have been born than to have been untaught of this lore, and the mother calls down upon her blessings numberless from all the patriarchs, from God himself, from Mary, and all angels, and all archangels; in brief, she adds "from all holy wights" whatsoever!

If time and space sufficed it would be entertaining to consider in detail all the divisions of The Babees Book. It must suffice, however, to say in conclusion that in it we learn what food our forefathers ate, and how they cooked it; how they laid their tables, cut their bread, and folded their napkins; how they dressed, washed, slept, and cared for their bodies in sickness and health; how they prayed in public and private; how they nurtured their children, and how they buried their dead. To Americans it is comforting to find that habits and customs which have been attributed to them as their originators were long, long ago bred in the English bone. There is a grim consolation in learning that oft-repeated rules against expectoration in public were needed in England four hundred years gone by. The exhortation contained in the following lines is frequently given: —

> "If spitting chance to move thee so
> Thou canst it not forbear,
> Remember do it modestly,
> Consider who is there."

Without pursuing our fruitful theme at greater length, it remains to be said that the valuable series of volumes, the contents of which it has been our object to sketch, is available for the use of American students on the shelves of many public and private libraries. In some cases the volumes may be found, as in the library of Mr. Mendlicott, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, in the large-paper edition. The ordinary edition is in the library of Amherst College; the Mercantile Library, Baltimore; the Boston Athenæum; the Mercantile Library, Brooklyn; the Public Library, Cincinnati; the library of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois; Harvard College Library; the library of the college of New Jersey, Princeton; the library of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; the Public Library, Philadelphia; the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia; the Library of Congress, Washington; at the University of Wisconsin; and at Yale College.

Arthur Gilman.

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SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

I.

ALL the journeyings I had ever done had been purely in the way of business. The pleasant May weather suggested a novelty, namely, a trip for pure recreation, the bread-and-butter element left out. The Reverend said he would go, too: a good man, one of the best of men, although a clergyman. By eleven at night we were in New Haven and on board the New York boat. We bought our tickets, and then went wandering around, here and there, in the solid comfort of being free and idle, and of putting distance between ourselves and the mails and telegraphs.

After a while I went to my state-room and undressed, but the night was too enticing for bed. We were moving down the bay now, and it was pleasant to stand at the window and take the cool night-breeze and watch the gliding lights on shore. Presently, two elderly men sat down under that window and began a conversation. Their talk was properly no business of mine, yet I was feeling friendly toward the world and willing to be entertained. I soon gathered that they were brothers, that they were from a small Connecticut village, and that the matter in hand concerned the cemetery. Said one, —

"Now, John, we talked it all over amongst ourselves, and this is what we 've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin' ground, and our folks was most about left to theirselves, as you may say. They was crowded, too, as you know; lot wa' n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we could n't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a lay-out in the new simitery on the hill. They wa' n't unwilling, if it was cheap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9, — both of a size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six, — twenty-six full-growns, that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an everage, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty-two or three, pretty gentcel, — no crowdin' to signify."

"That 's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?"

"Well, I 'm a-coming to that, John. You see, No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen" —

"I see. So 's 't you took No. 8."

"You wait. I took No. 9. And I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he 'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ses, I 'd 'a' beat him out of that No. 9 if I 'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That 's the way I felt about it. Says I, what 's a dollar, any way? Life 's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and cal'latin' to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. Then there was another reason, John. No. 9 's a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lays right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin' ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's, and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms, and so on. There ain't no better outlook from a buryin' plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa' n't no help for 't. Now, No. 8 jines on to No. 9, but it 's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it 'll soak right down on to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says 't when the deacon's time comes, he better take out fire and marine insurance both on his remains."

Here there was the sound of a low,

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placid, duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

"Now, John, here 's a little rough draft of the ground, that I 've made on a piece of paper. Up here in the left-hand corner we 've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one along side o' t'other, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter, on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay-out, may be, but we reckoned 't wa' n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it 's marked A, we 're go-in' to put Mariar and her family, when they 're called; B, that 's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What 's left is these two lots here, — just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; they 're for me and my folks, and you and yourn. Which of them would you ruther be buried in?"

"I swan you 've took me mighty unexpected, William! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I had n't thought about being buried myself."

"Life 's on'y a fleetin' show, John, as the sayin' is. We 've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record 's the main thing. Fact is, it 's the on'y thing worth strivin' for, John."

"Yes, that 's so, William, that 's so; there ain't no getting around it. Which of these lots would you recommend?"

"Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook?"

"I don't say I am, William; I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I 'd set store by a south-exposure."

"That 's easy fixed, John. They 're both south exposure. They take the sun and the Shorbs get the shade."

"How about sile, William?"

"D 's a sandy sile, E 's mostly loom."

"You may gimme E, then, William; a sandy sile caves in, more or less, and costs for repairs."

"All right; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we 're on the business, everything 's fixed."

After some higgling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was silence for some moments; then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William, and he muttered: "I declare for 't, if I have n't made a mistake! It 's D that 's mostly loom, not E. And John 's booked for a sandy sile after all."

There was another soft chuckle, and William departed to his rest, also.

The next day, in New York, was a hot one. Still we managed to get more or less entertainment out of it. Toward the middle of the afternoon we arrived on board the staunch steamship Bermuda, with bag and baggage, and hunted for a shady place. It was blazing summer weather, until we were half way down the harbor. Then I buttoned my coat closely; half an hour later I put on a spring overcoat and buttoned that. As we passed the light-ship I added an ulster and tied a handkerchief around the collar to hold it snug to my neck. So rapidly had the summer gone and winter come again!

By nightfall we were far out at sea, with no land in sight. No telegrams could come here, no letters, no news. This was an uplifting thought. It was still more uplifting to reflect that the millions of harassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual.

The next day brought us into the midst of the Atlantic solitudes, — out of smoke-colored soundings into fathomless deep blue; no ships visible anywhere over the wide ocean; no company but Mother Cary's chickens wheeling, darting, skimming the waves in the sun. There were some sea-faring men among the passengers, and conversation drifted into matters concerning ships and sailors. One said that "true as the needle to the pole" was a bad figure, since the needle seldom pointed to the pole. He said a ship's compass was not faithful to any particular point, but was the most

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fickle and treacherous of the servants of man. It was forever changing. It changed every day in the year; consequently the amount of the daily variation had to be ciphered out and allowance made for it, else the mariner would go utterly astray. Another said there was a vast fortune waiting for the genius who should invent a compass that would not be affected by the local influences of an iron ship. He said there was only one creature more fickle than a wooden ship's compass, and that was the compass of an iron ship. Then came reference to the well-known fact that an experienced mariner can look at the compass of a new iron vessel, thousands of miles from her birthplace, and tell which way her head was pointing when she was in process of building.

Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in his early days. Said he, —

"Sometimes we 'd have a batch of college students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they did n't know the cat-heads from the main brace. But if you took them for fools you 'd get bit, sure. They 'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one, once, in the Mary Ann, that came aboard with gold spectacles on. And besides, he was rigged out from main truck to keelson in the nobbiest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too: cloaks, and broadcloth coats, and velvet vests; everything swell, you know; and did n't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'gallants'l. Up he shins to the foretop, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate, 'What did you come down for?' Says the chap, 'P'raps you did n't notice that there ain't any ladders above there.' You see we had n't any shrouds above the foretop. The men bursted out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to go aloft about something, and I 'm dummed if he did n't start up with an umbrella and a lantern! But no matter; he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Years afterwards, when I had forgot all about him, I comes into Boston, mate of a ship, and was loafing around town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking may be we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says, 'Yonder 's the new governor of Massachusetts, — at that table over there, with the ladies.' We took a good look, my mate and I, for we had n't either of us ever seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me! But I did n't give any sign. Says I, 'Mate, I've a notion to go over and shake hands with him.' Says he, 'I think I see you doing it, Tom.' Says I, 'Mate, I 'm a-going to do it.' Says he, 'Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom?' Says I, 'I don't mind going a V on it, mate.' Says he, 'Put it up.' 'Up she goes,' says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says, pretty sarcastic, 'Had n't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?' Says I, 'Upon second thoughts, I will.' Says he, 'Well, Tom, you *are* a dum fool.' Says I, 'May be I am, may be I ain't; but the main question is, Do you want to risk two and a half that I won't do it?' 'Make it a V,' says he. 'Done,' says I. I started, him a-giggling and slapping his hand on his thigh, he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and says I, 'Mister Gardner, don't you know me?' He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, 'Tom Bowling, by the holy poker! Ladies, it 's old Tom Bowling, that you 've heard me talk about, — shipmate of mine in the Mary Ann.' He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty — I sort of glanced around and

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took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes, — and then says the governor, 'Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cat your anchor again till you 've had a feed with me and the ladies!' I planted myself alongside the governor, and canted my eye around towards my mate. Well, sir, his dead-lights were bugged out like tompions; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without him noticing it."

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then, after a moment's silence, a grave, pale young man said, —

"Had you ever met the governor before?"

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer a while, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk-machinery to running smoothly again after this derangement; but at length a conversation sprang up about that important and jealously guarded instrument, a ship's time-keeper, its exceeding delicate accuracy, and the wreck and destruction that have sometimes resulted from its varying a few seemingly trifling moments from the true time; then, in due course, my comrade, the Reverend, got off on a yarn, with a fair wind and everything drawing. It was a true story, too, — about Captain Rounceville's shipwreck, — true in every detail. It was to this effect: —

Captain Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic, and likewise his wife and his two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small, rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. This coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became exhausted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed life into him again. Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day, he would look his dumb compassion in the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness and the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day, when hunger and thirst were making their sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great find, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia! On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger, he brought it in its integrity and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea teaches that among starving, shipwrecked men, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings. On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar, with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. The ship faded out of sight and left despair behind her. By and by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day, still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent; their lips and tongues were

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swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose. For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, "Let us pray." The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder in sign of deep approval. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal-coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disk, on the sea-line in the west. When the men presently raised their heads they would have roared a hallelujah if they had had a voice: the ship's sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts, she was going about! Here was rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue yet, — only the imminent prospect of it. The red disk sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By and by came a pleasant sound, — oars moving in a boat's rowlocks. Nearer it came, and nearer, — within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: "Hol-*lo!*" The castaways could not answer; their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted round and round the raft, started away — the agony of it! — returned, rested the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: "Hol-*lo!* Where are ye, shipmates?" Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: "Whisper your best, boys! now — all at once!" So they sent out an eightfold whisper in hoarse concert: "Here!" There was life in it if it succeeded; death if it failed. After that supreme moment Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board the saving ship. Said the Reverend, concluding, —

"There was one little moment of time in which that raft could be visible from that ship, and only one. If that one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men's doom was sealed. As close as that does God shave events forcordained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of that ship was sitting on deck reading his prayer-book. The book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disk, its needle-like oar and diminutive signal cut sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time and could not fail of the performance. The chronometer of God never errs!"

There was deep, thoughtful silence for some moments. Then the grave, pale young man said, —

"What is the chronometer of God?"

Mark Twain.

A WILLOW-TREE.

PALE sorrower, in whose listless grace one sees
  Not any shadow of joy while summer beams,
  Looking, as all your foliage earthward streams,
The inconsolable Niobe of trees,
For me, if some appropriate mood shall please
  To have led me where your leafy languor gleams,
  Then through my heart, a band of glimmering dreams,
Float these, or lovelier memories than these:

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A white shape, framed in jealous passion's gloom,
  Meek Desdemona doth her sad song raise;
Or mad Ophelia, just before her doom,
  Hangs on your treacherous branch her wildwood sprays;
Or by the Arcadian brooks, whose banks you plume,
  The dead Greek shepherds flute mellifluous lays!

Edgar Fawcett.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THIRD.

I.

BARTLETT *and* CUMMINGS.

Bartlett: "Six weeks since you were here? I should n't have thought that." Bartlett's easel stands before the window, in the hotel parlor; he has laid a tint upon the canvas, and has retired a few paces for the effect, his palette and mahl-stick in hand, and his head carried at a critical angle. Cummings, who has been doing the duty of art-culture by the picture, regards it with renewed interest. Bartlett resumes his work: "Pretty good, Cummings?"

Cummings: "Capital! The blue of that distance" —

Bartlett, with a burlesque sigh: "Ah, I looked into my heart and painted, for *that!* Well, you find me still here, Cummings, and apparently more at home than ever. The landlord has devoted this parlor to the cause of art, — makes the transients use the lower parlor, now, — and we have this all to ourselves: Miss Wyatt sketches, you know. Her mother brings her sewing, and the general his bruises; he has n't quite scrambled up, yet, from that little knock-down of his; a man does n't, at his time of life, I believe; and we make this our family-room; and a very queer family we are! Fine old fellow, the general; he 's behaved himself since his accident like a disabled angel, and has n't sworn — well, anything worth speaking of. Yes, here I am. I suppose it 's all right, but for all I know it may be all wrong." Bartlett sighs in unguarded sincerity. "*I* don't know what I 'm here for. Nature began shutting up shop a fortnight ago at a pretty lively rate, and edging loafers to the door with every sign of impatience; and yet, here I am, hanging round still. I suppose this glimpse of Indian summer is some excuse just now; it 's a perfect blessing to the landlord, and he 's making hay — rowen crop — while the sun shines; I 've been with him so long, now, I take quite an interest in his prosperity, if eight dollars a week of it *do* come out of me! What is talked of in 'art-circles' down in Boston, brother Cummings?"

Cummings: "Your picture."

Bartlett, inattentively, while he comes up to his easel, and bestows an infinitesimal portion of paint upon a destitute spot in the canvas: "Don't be sarcastic, Cummings."

Cummings: "I 'm not, I assure you."

Bartlett, turning toward him incredulously: "Do you mean to say that The First Gray Hair is liked?"

Cummings: "I do. There has n't been any picture so much talked of this season."

Bartlett: "Then it 's the shameless slop of the name. I should think you 'd

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blush for your part in that swindle. But clergymen have *no* conscience, where they 've a chance to do a fellow a kindness, I 've observed." He goes up to Cummings with his brush in his mouth, his palette on one hand, and his mahl-stick in the other, and contrives to lay hold of his shoulders with a few disengaged fingers. As Cummings shrinks a little from his embrace: "Oh, don't be afraid; I shan't get any paint on you. You need a whole coat of whitewash, though, you unscrupulous saint!" He returns to his easel. "So The Old Girl — that 's what I shall call the picture — is a success, is she? The admiring public ought to see the original elm-tree now: she has n't got a hair, gray or green, on her head; she 's perfectly bald. I say, Cummings, how would it do for me to paint a pendant, *The Last Gray Hair?* I might look up a leaf or two on the elm, somewhere, — stick it on to the point of a twig; they would n't know any better."

Cummings:, "The leafless elm would make a good picture, whatever you called it." Bartlett throws back his shaggy head and laughs up at the ceiling. "The fact is, Bartlett, I 've got a little surprise for you."

Bartlett, looking at him askance: "Somebody wanting to chromo The Old Girl? No, no; it is n't quite so bad as that!"

Cummings, in a burst: "They *did* want to chromo it. But it 's sold. They 've got you two hundred dollars for it." Bartlett lays down his brush, palette, and mahl-stick, dusts his fingers, puts them in his pockets, and comes and stands before Cummings, on whom, seated, he bends a curious look.

Bartlett: "And do you mean to tell me, you hardened atheist, that you don't believe in the doctrine of future punishments? What are they going to do with *you* in the next world? And that picture dealer? And *me?* Two hund— It 's an outrage! It 's — The picture was n't worth fifty, by a stretch of the most charitable imagination! Two hundred d— Why, Cummings, I 'll paint no end of Old Girls, First and Last Gray Hairs — I 'll flood the market! Two — Good Lord!" Bartlett goes back to his easel and silently resumes his work. After a while: "Who 's been offered up?"

Cummings: "What?"

Bartlett: "Who 's the victim? My patron? The noble and discriminating and munificent purchaser of The Old Girl?"

Cummings: "Oh! Mrs. Bellingham. She 's going to send it out to her daughter in Omaha."

Bartlett: "Ah! Mrs. Blake wishes to found an art-museum with that curiosity out there? Sorry for the Omaha-has." Cummings makes a gesture of impatience. "Well, well; I won't, then, old fellow! I 'm truly obliged to you. I accept my good fortune with compunction, but with all the gratitude imaginable. I say, Cummings!"

Cummings: "Well?"

Bartlett: "What do you think of my taking to high art, — mountains twelve hundred feet above the sea, like this portrait of Ponkwasset?"

Cummings: "I 've always told you that you had only to give yourself scope, — attempt something worthy of your powers" —

Bartlett: "Ah, I thought so. Then you believe that a good big canvas and a good big subject would be the making of me? Well, I 've come round to that idea myself. I used to think that if there was any greatness in me, I could get it into a small picture, like Meissonier or Corot. But I can't. I must have room, like the Yellowstone and Yo-Semite fellows. Don't you think Miss Wyatt is looking wonderfully improved?"

Cummings: "Wonderfully! And how beautiful she is! She looked lovely that first day, in spite of her ghostliness; but now" —

Bartlett: "Yes; a *phantom* of delight is good enough in its way, but a *well woman* is the prettiest, after all. Miss Wyatt sketches, I think I told you."

Cummings: "Yes, you mentioned it."

Bartlett: "Of course. Otherwise, I could n't possibly have thought of her while I was at work on a great picture

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like this. She sketches" — Bartlett puts his nose almost on the canvas in the process of bestowing a delicate touch — "she sketches about as badly as any woman I ever saw, and *that's* saying a good deal. But she looks uncommonly well while she's at it. The fact is, Cummings," — Bartlett retires some feet from the canvas and squints at it, — "this very picture which you approve of so highly is — Miss Wyatt's. *I* could n't attempt anything of the size of Ponkwasset! But she allows me to paint at it a little when she's away." Bartlett steals a look of joy at his friend's vexation, and then continues seriously: "I've been having a curious time, Cummings." The other remains silent. "Don't you want to ask me about it?"

Cummings: "I don't know that I do."

Bartlett: "Why, my dear old fellow, you're hurt! It *was* a silly joke, and I honestly ask your pardon." He lays down his brush and palette, and leaves the easel. "Cummings, I don't know what to do. I'm in a perfect deuce of a state. I'm hit — awfully hard; and I don't know what to do about it. I wish I had gone at once — the first day. But I had to stay — I had to stay." He turns and walks away from Cummings, whose eyes follow him with pardon and sympathy.

Cummings: "Do you really mean it, Bartlett? I did n't dream of such a thing. I thought you were still brooding over that affair with Miss Harlan."

Bartlett: "Oh, child's play! A prehistoric illusion! A solar myth! The thing never was." He rejects the obsolete superstition with a wave of his left hand. "I'm in love with this girl, and I feel like a sneak and a brute about it. At the very best it would be preposterous. Who am I, a poor devil of a painter, the particular pet of Poverty, to think of a young lady whose family and position could command her the best? But putting that aside, — putting that insuperable obstacle lightly aside, as a mere trifle, — the thing remains an atrocity. It's enormously indelicate to think of loving a woman who would never have looked twice at me if I had n't resembled an infernal scoundrel who tried to break her heart; and I've nothing else to commend me. I've the perfect certainty that she does n't and can't care anything for me in myself; and it grinds me into the dust to realize on what terms she tolerates me. I could carry it off as a joke, at first; but when it became serious, I had to look it in the face; and that's what it amounts to, and if you know of any more hopeless and humiliating tangle, *I* don't." Bartlett, who has approached his friend during this speech, walks away again; and there is an interval of silence.

Cummings, at last, musingly: "*You* in love with Miss Wyatt? I can't imagine it!"

Bartlett, fiercely: "You can't imagine it? What's the reason you can't imagine it? Don't be offensive, Cummings!" He stops in his walk and lowers upon his friend. "Why should n't I be in love with Miss Wyatt?"

Cummings: "Oh, nothing. Only you were saying" —

Bartlett: "I was saying! Don't tell me what *I* was saying. Say something yourself."

Cummings: "Really, Bartlett, you can't expect me to stand this sort of thing. You're preposterous."

Bartlett: "I know it! But don't blame me. I beg your pardon. Is it because of the circumstances that you can't imagine my being in love with her?"

Cummings: "Oh, no; I was n't thinking of the circumstances; but it seemed so out of character for you" —

Bartlett, impatiently: "Oh, love's always out of character, just as it's always out of reason. I admit freely that I'm an ass. And then?"

Cummings: "Well, then, I don't believe you have any more reason to be in despair than you have to be in love. If she tolerates you, as you say, it *can't* be because you look like the man who jilted her."

Bartlett: "Ah! But if she still loves *him?*"

Cummings: "You don't know that. That strikes me as a craze of jealousy.

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What makes you think she tolerates you for that reason or no-reason?"

Bartlett: "What makes me think it? From the very first she interpreted *me* by what she knew of *him*. She expected me to be this and not to be that; to have one habit and not another; and I could see that every time the fact was different, it was a miserable disappointment to her, a sort of shock. Every little difference between me and that other rascal gave her a start; and whenever I looked up I found her wistful eyes on me as if they were trying to puzzle me out; they used to follow me round the room like the eyes of a family portrait. You would n't have liked it yourself, Cummings. For the first three weeks I simply existed on false pretenses, — involuntary false pretenses, at that. I wanted to explode; I wanted to roar out, 'If you think I 'm at all like that abandoned scoundrel of yours in anything but looks, I 'm *not!*' But I was bound by everything that was sacred, by everything that was decent, to hold my tongue, and let my soul be rasped out of me in silence and apparent unconsciousness. That was *your* fault. If you had n't told me all about the thing I could have done something outrageous and stopped it. But I was tied hand and foot by what I knew. I had to let it go on."

Cummings: "I 'm very sorry, Bartlett; but" —

Bartlett: "Oh, I dare say you would n't have done it if you had n't had a wild ass of the desert to deal with. Well, the old people got used to some little individuality in me, by and by, and beyond a suppressed whoop or two from the mother when I came suddenly into the room, they did n't do anything to annoy me directly. But they were anxious every minute for the effect on *her;* and it worried me as much to have them watching her as to have *her* watching *me.* Of course I knew that she talked this confounded resemblance over with her mother every time I left them, and avoided talking it over with her father."

Cummings: "But you say the trouble 's over, now."

Bartlett: "Oh — *over!* No; it is n't over. When she 's with me a while she comes to see that I 'm not a mere *doppelgänger.* She respites me to that extent. But I have still some small rags of self-esteem dangling about me; and now suppose I should presume to set up for somebody on my own account; the first hint of my caring for her as I do, if she could conceive of anything so atrocious, would tear open all the old sorrows — Ah! I can't think of it. Besides, I tell you, it is n't all over. It 's only not so bad as it was. She 's subject to relapses, when it 's much worse than ever. Why" — Bartlett stands facing his friend, with a half-whimsical, half-desperate smile, as if about to illustrate his point, when Constance and her mother enter the parlor.

II.

CONSTANCE, MRS. WYATT, BARTLETT, *and* CUMMINGS.

Constance, with a quick, violent arrest: "Ah! Oh!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Constance, Constance, darling! What 's the matter?"

Constance: "Oh, nothing, — nothing!" She laughs, nervously. "I thought there was nobody — here; and it — startled me. How do you do, Mr. Cummings?" She goes quickly up to that gentleman, and gives him her hand. "Don't you think it wonderful to find such a day as this, up here, at this time of year?" She struggles to control the panting breath in which she speaks.

Cummings: "Yes; I supposed I had come quite too late for anything of the sort. You must make haste with your Ponkwasset, Miss Wyatt, or you 'll have to paint him with his winter cap on."

Constance: "Ah, yes! My picture. Mr. Bartlett has been telling you." Her eyes have already wandered away from Cummings, and they now dwell, with a furtive light of reparation and imploring upon Bartlett's disheartened patience: "Good *morning.*" It is a delicately tentative salutation, in a low voice, still fluttered by her nervous agitation.

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Bartlett, in a dull despair: "*Good* morning."

Constance: "How is the light on the mountain this morning?" She drifts deprecatingly up to the picture, near which Bartlett has stolidly kept his place.

Bartlett, in apathetic inattention: "Oh, very well, very well indeed, thank you."

Constance, after a hesitating glance at him: "Did you like what I had done on it yesterday?"

Bartlett, very much as before: "Oh, yes; why not?"

Constance, with meek subtlety: "I was afraid I had vexed you — by it." She bends an appealing glance upon him, to which Bartlett remains impervious, and she drops her eyes with a faint sigh. Then she lifts them again: "I was afraid I had — made the distance too blue."

Bartlett: "Oh, no; not at all."

Constance: "Do you think I had better try to finish it?"

Bartlett: "Oh, certainly. Why not? If it amuses you!"

Constance, perplexedly: "Of course." Then with a sad significance: "But I know I am trying your patience too far. You have been so kind, so good, I can't forgive myself for annoying you."

Bartlett: "It does n't annoy me. I 'm very glad to be useful to you."

Constance, demurely: "I did n't mean painting; I meant — screaming." She lifts her eyes to Bartlett's face, with a pathetic, inquiring attempt at lightness, the slightest imaginable experimental archness in her self-reproach, which dies out as Bartlett frowns and bites the corner of his mustache in unresponsive silence. "I ought to be well enough now to stop it; I 'm quite well enough to be ashamed of it." She breaks off a miserable little laugh.

Bartlett, with cold indifference: "There 's no reason why you should stop it — if it amuses you." She looks at him in surprise at this rudeness. "Do you wish to try your hand at Ponkwasset this morning?"

Constance, with a flash of resentment: "No; thanks." Then with a lapse into her morbid self-abasement: "I shall not touch it again. Mamma!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, Constance." Mrs. Wyatt and Cummings, both intent on Bartlett and Constance, have been heroically feigning a polite interest in each other, from which pretense they now eagerly release themselves.

Constance: "Oh — nothing. I can get it of Mary. I won't trouble you." She goes toward the door.

Mrs. Wyatt: "Mary is n't up from her breakfast, yet. If you want anything, let me go with you, dear." She turns to follow Constance. "Good morning, Mr. Cummings; we shall see you at dinner. Good morning," — with an inquiring glance at Bartlett. Constance slightly inclines towards the two gentlemen without looking at them, in going out with her mother; and Cummings moves away to the piano, and affects to examine the sheet-music scattered over it. Bartlett remains in his place near the easel.

III.

Bartlett *and* Cummings.

Bartlett, harshly, after a certain silence which his friend is apparently resolved not to break: "Sail in, Cummings!"

Cummings: "Oh, I 've got nothing to say."

Bartlett: "Yes, you have. You think I 'm a greater fool and a greater brute than you ever supposed in your most sanguine moments. Well, I am! What then?"

Cummings, turning about from the music at which he has been pretending to look, and facing Bartlett, with a slight shrug: "If you choose to characterize your own behavior in that way, I shall not dispute you, at any rate."

Bartlett: "Go on!"

Cummings: "Go on? You saw yourself, I suppose, how she hung upon every syllable you spoke, every look, every gesture?"

Bartlett: "Yes, I saw it."

Cummings: "You saw how completely crushed she was by your tone and manner. You 're not blind. Upon my

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word, Bartlett, if I did n't know what a good, kind-hearted fellow you are, I should say you were the greatest ruffian alive."

Bartlett, with a groan: "Go on! That is something like."

Cummings: "I could n't hear what was going on — I 'll own I tried — but I could see; and to see the delicate *amende* she was trying to offer you, in such a way that it should not seem an amende, — a perfect study of a woman's gracious, unconscious art, — and then to see your sour refusal of it all, it made me sick."

Bartlett, with a desperate clutch at his face, like a man oppressed by some stifling vapor: "Yes, yes! I saw it all, too! And if it had been for *me*, I would have given anything for such happiness. Oh, gracious powers! How dear she is! I would rather have suffered any anguish than give her pain, and yet I gave her pain! I knew how it entered her heart: I felt it in my own. But what could I do? If I am to be myself, if I am not to steal the tenderness meant for another man, the *love* she shows to me because I 'm like somebody else, I *must* play the brute. But have a little mercy on me. At least, I 'm a *baited* brute. I don't know which way to turn, I don't know what to do. She 's so dear to me, — so dear in every tone of her voice, every look of her eyes, every aspiration or desire of her transparent soul, — that it seems to me my whole being is nothing but a thought of her. I loved her helplessness, her pallor, her sorrow; judge how I adore her return to something like life! Oh, you blame me! You simplify this infernal perplexity of mine and label it brutality, and scold me for it. Great Heaven! And yet you saw, you heard how she entered this room. In that instant the old illusion was back on her, and *I* was nothing. All that I had been striving and longing to be to her, and hoping and despairing to seem, was swept out of existence; I was reduced to a body without a soul, to a shadow, a counterfeit! You think I resented it? Poor girl, I *pitied* her so; and my own heart all the time like lead in my breast, — a dull lump of ache! I swear, I wonder I don't go mad. I suppose — why, I suppose I *am* insane. No man in his senses was ever bedeviled by such a maniacal hallucination. Look here, Cummings: tell me that this damnable coil is n't simply a matter of my own fancy. It 'll be some little relief to know that it 's *real*."

Cummings: "It 's real enough, my dear fellow. And it *is* a trial, — more than I could have believed such a fantastic thing could be."

Bartlett: "Trial? Ordeal by fire! Torment! I can't stand it any longer."

Cummings, musingly: "She *is* beautiful, is n't she, with that faint dawn of red in her cheeks, — not a color, but a colored light like the light that hangs round a rose-tree's boughs in the early spring! And what a magnificent movement, what a stately grace! The girl must have been a goddess!"

Bartlett: "And now she 's a saint for sweetness and patience! You think she 's had nothing to bear before from me? You know me better! Well, I 'm going away."

Cummings: "Perhaps it will be the best. You can go back with me to-morrow."

Bartlett: "To-morrow? Go back with you to-morrow? What are you talking about, man?" Cummings smiles. "I can't go to-morrow. I can't leave her hating me."

Cummings: "I knew you never meant to go. Well, what will you do?"

Bartlett: "Don't be so cold-blooded! What would *you* do?"

Cummings: "I would have it out, somehow."

Bartlett: "Oh, you talk! How?"

Cummings: "I am not in love with Miss Wyatt."

Bartlett: "Oh, don't try to play the cynic with me! It does n't become you. I know I 've used you badly at times, Cummings. I behaved abominably in leaving you to take the brunt of meeting General Wyatt that first day; I said so then, and I shall always say it. But I thought you had forgiven that."

Cummings, with a laugh: "You make

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it hard to treat you seriously, Bartlett. What do you want me to do? Do you want me to go to Miss Wyatt, and explain your case to her?"

Bartlett, angrily: "No!"

Cummings: "Perhaps to Mrs. Wyatt?"

Bartlett, infuriate: "No!"

Cummings: "To the general?"

Bartlett, with sudden quiet: "You had better go away from here, Cummings — while you can."

Cummings: "I see you don't wish me to do anything, and you 're quite right. Nobody *can* do anything but yourself."

Bartlett: "And what would you advise me to do?"

Cummings: "I 've told you that I would have it out. You can't make matters worse. You can't go on in this way indefinitely. It 's just possible you might find yourself mistaken, — that Miss Wyatt cared for you in your own proper identity."

Bartlett: "For shame!"

Cummings: "Oh, if you like!"

Bartlett, after a pause: "Would you — would you see the general?"

Cummings: "If I wanted to marry the general. Come, Bartlett; don't be ridiculous. You know you don't want my advice, and I have n't any to give. I must go to my room a moment."

Bartlett: "Well, go! You 're of no advantage here. You 'd have it out, would you? Well, then, *I* would n't. I 'm a brute, I know, and a fool, but I 'm not such a brute and fool as that!" Cummings listens with smiling patience, and then goes without reply, while Bartlett drops into the chair near the easel, and sulkily glares at the picture. Through the window at his back shows the mellow Indian summer landscape. The trees have all dropped their leaves, save the oaks, which show their dark crimson banners among the deep green of the pines and hemlocks on the hills; the meadows, verdant as in June, slope away toward the fringe of birches and young maples along the borders of the pond; the low-blackberry trails like a running fire over the long grass limp from the first frosts, which have silenced all the insect voices. No sound of sylvan life is heard but the harsh challenge of a jay, answered from many trees of the nearest wood-lot. The far-off hill-tops are molten in the soft azure haze of the season; the nearer slopes and crests sleep under a grayer and thinner veil. It is to this scene that the painter turns from the easel, with the sullen unconsciousness in which he has dwelt upon the picture. Its beauty seems at last to penetrate his mood; he rises and looks upon it; then he goes out on the gallery, and, hidden by the fall of one of the curtains, stands leaning upon the rail and rapt in the common revery of the dreaming world. While he lingers there, Cummings appears at the door, and looks in; then with an air of some surprise, as if wondering not to see Bartlett, vanishes again, to give place to General Wyatt, who after a like research retires silently and apparently disconcerted. A few moments later Mrs. Wyatt comes to the threshold, and calling gently into the room, "Constance!" waits briefly and goes away. At last, the young girl herself appears, and falters in the doorway an instant, but finally comes forward and drifts softly and indirectly up to the picture, at which she glances with a little sigh. At the same moment Bartlett's voice, trolling a snatch of song, comes from the gallery without: —

ROMANCE.

I.

HERE apart our paths, then, lie:
This way you wend, that way I;
Speak one word before you go:
Do not, do not leave me so!

II.

What is it that I should say?
Tell me quick; I cannot stay;
Quick! I am not good at guessing:
Night is near, and time is pressing.

III.

Nay, then, go! But were I you,
I will tell you what I 'd do:
Rather than be baffled so,
I would never, never go!"

As the song ends, Bartlett reappears at the gallery door giving into the parlor, and encounters Constance turning at his tread from the picture on which she

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has been pensively gazing while he sang. He puts up a hand on either side of the door.

IV.

BARTLETT *and* CONSTANCE.

Bartlett: "I did n't know you were here."

Constance: "Neither did I — know you were, till I heard you singing."

Bartlett, smiling ironically: "Oh, you did n't suppose I sang!"

Constance, confusedly: "I — I don't know" —

Bartlett: "Ah, you thought I did! I don't. I was indulging in a sort of modulated howling which I flatter myself is at least one peculiarity that 's entirely my own. I was baying the landscape merely for my private amusement, and I 'd not have done it, if I 'd known you were in hearing. However, if it 's helped to settle the fact one way or other, concerning any little idiosyncrasy of mine, I shan't regret it. I hope not to disappoint you in anything, by and by." He drops his hands from the door-posts and steps into the room, while Constance, in shrinking abeyance, stands trembling at his harshness.

Constance, in faltering reproach: "Mr. Bartlett!"

Bartlett: "Constance!"

Constance, struggling to assert herself, but breaking feebly in her attempt at hauteur: "Constance? What does this mean, Mr. Bartlett?"

Bartlett, with a sudden burst: "What does it mean? It means that I 'm sick of this nightmare masquerade! It means that I want to be something to you — all the world to you — in and for myself. It means that I can't play another man's part any longer and live. It means that I love you, love you, love you, Constance!" He starts involuntarily toward her with outstretched arms, from which she recoils with a convulsive cry.

Constance: "You love me? *Me?* Oh, no, no! How can you be so merciless as to talk to me of love?" She drops her glowing face into her hands.

Bartlett: "Because I 'm a man. Because love is more than mercy, — better, higher, wiser. Listen to me, Constance! — yes, I will call you so now, if never again: you are so dear to me that I must say it at last if it killed you. If loving you is cruel, I 'm pitiless! Give me some hope, tell me to breathe, my girl!"

Constance: "Oh go, while I can still forgive you."

Bartlett: "I won't go; I won't have your forgiveness; I will have all or nothing; I want your love!"

Constance, uncovering her face and turning its desolation upon him: "My love? I have no love to give. My heart is dead."

Bartlett: "No, no! That 's part of the ugly trance that we 've both been living in so long. Look! You 're better now than when you came here; you 're stronger, braver, more beautiful. My angel, you 're turned a woman again! Oh, you can love me if you will; and you will! Look at me, darling!" He takes her listless right hand in his left, and gently draws her toward him.

Constance, starting away: "You 're wrong, you 're all wrong! You don't understand; you don't know — Oh, listen to me!"

Bartlett, still holding her cold hand fast: "Yes, a thousand years. But you must tell me first that I may love you. That first!"

Constance: "No! That never! And since you speak to me of love, listen to what it 's my right you should hear."

Bartlett, releasing her: "I don't care to hear. Nothing can ever change me. But if you bid me, I will go!"

Constance: "You shall not go now till you know what despised and hated and forsaken thing you 've offered your love to."

Bartlett, beseechingly: "Constance, let me go while I can forgive myself. Nothing you can say will make me love you less; remember that; but I implore you to spare yourself. Don't speak, my love."

Constance: "Spare myself? Not speak? Not speak what has been on my tongue and heart and brain, a burn-

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ing fire, so long? — Oh, I was a happy girl once! The days were not long enough for my happiness, — I woke at night to think of it. I was proud in my happiness and believed myself, poor fool, one to favor those I smiled on; and I had my vain and crazy dreams of being the happiness of some one who should come to ask for — what you ask now. Some one came. At first I didn't care for him, but he knew how to make me. He knew how to make my thoughts of him part of my happiness and pride and vanity till he was all in all, and I had no wish, no hope, no life but him; and then he — left me!" She buries her face in her hands again, and breaks into a low, piteous sobbing.

Bartlett, with a groan of helpless fury and compassion: "The fool, the sot, the slave! Constance, I knew all this, — I knew it from the first."

Constance, recoiling in wild reproach: "You *knew* it?"

Bartlett, desperately: "Yes, I knew it — in spite of myself, through my own stubborn fury I knew it, that first day, when I had obliged my friend to tell me what your father had told him, before I would hear reason. I would have given anything not to have known it then, when it was too late, for I had at least the grace to feel the wrong, the outrage of my knowing it. You can never pardon it, I see; but you must feel what a hateful burden I had to bear, when I found that I had somehow purloined the presence, the looks, the voice of another man — a man whom I would have joyfully changed myself to any monstrous shape *not* to resemble, though I knew that my likeness to him, bewildering you in a continual dream of him, was all that ever made you look at me or think of me. I lived in the hope — Heaven only knows why I should have had the hope! — that I might yet be myself to you; that you might wake from your dream of him and look on me in the daylight, and see that I was at least an honest man, and pity me and may be love me at last, as I loved you at first, from the moment I saw your dear, pale face, and heard your dear, sad voice." He follows up her slow retreat, and again possesses himself of her hand: "Don't cast me off! It was monstrous, out of all decency, to know your sorrow; but I never tried to know it; I tried *not* to know it." He keeps fast hold of her hand, while she remains with averted head. "I love you, Constance; I loved you; and when once you had bidden me stay, I was helpless to go away, or I would never be here now to offend you with the confession of that shameful knowledge. Do you think it was no trial to me? It gave me the conscience of an eavesdropper and a spy; but all I knew was sacred to me."

Constance, turning and looking steadfastly into his face: "And you could care for so poor a creature as I — so abject, so obtuse as never to know what had made her intolerable to the man that cast her off?"

Bartlett: "Man? He was *no* man! He" —

Constance, suddenly: "Oh, wait! I — I love him yet."

Bartlett, dropping her hand: "You" —

Constance: "Yes, yes! As much as I live, I love him! But when he left me, I seemed to die; and now it's as if I were some wretched ghost clinging for all existence to the thought of my lost happiness. If that slips from me, then I cease to be."

Bartlett: "Why, this is still your dream. But I won't despair. You'll wake yet, and care for me; I know you will."

Constance, tenderly: "Oh, poor soul, I'm not dreaming now. I know that you are not he. You are everything that is kind and good, and some day you will be very happy."

Bartlett, desolately: "I shall never be happy without your love." After a pause: "It will be a barren, bitter comfort, but let me have it if you can: if *I* had met you first, could you have loved *me?*"

Constance: "I might have loved you if — I had — lived." She turns from him again, and moves softly toward the door; his hollow voice arrests her.

Bartlett: "If you are dead, then I have lived too long. Your loss takes the

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smile out of life for me." A moment later: "You are cruel, Constance."

Constance, abruptly facing him: "I cruel? To *you?*"

Bartlett: "Yes; you have put me to shame before myself. You might have spared me! A treacherous villain is false in time to save you from a life of betrayal, and you say your heart is dead. But that is n't enough. You tell me that you cannot care for me because you love that treacherous villain still. That's my disgrace, that's my humiliation, that's my killing shame. I could have borne all else. You might have cast me off however you would, driven me away with any scorn, whipped me from you with the sharpest rebuke that such presumption as mine could merit; but to drag a decent man's self-respect through such mire as that poor rascal's memory for six long weeks, and then tell him that you prefer the mire" —

Constance: "Oh, hush! I can't let you reproach him! He was pitilessly false to me, but I will be true to him forever. How do I know — I *must* find some reason for that, or there is no reason in anything! — how do I know that he did not break his word to me at my father's bidding? My father never liked him."

Bartlett, shaking his head with a melancholy smile: "Ah, Constance, do you think *I* would break my word to you at your father's bidding?"

Constance, in abject despair: "Well, then I go back to what I always knew: I was too slight, too foolish, too tiresome for his life-long love. He saw it in time. I don't blame him. You would see it, too."

Bartlett: "What devil's vantage enabled that infernal scoundrel to blight your spirit with his treason? Constance, is this my last answer?"

Constance: "Yes, go! I am so sorry for you, — sorrier than I ever thought I could be for anything again."

Bartlett: "Then if you pity me, give me a little hope that sometime, somehow" —

Constance: "Oh, I have no hope, for you, for me, for any one. Good-by, good, kind friend! Try — you won't have to try hard — to forget me. Unless some miracle should happen to show me that it was all his fault and none of mine, we are parting now forever. It has been a strange dream, and nothing is so strange as that it should be ending so. Are you the ghost, or I, I wonder! It confuses me as it did at first; but if you are he, or only you — Ah, don't look at me so, or I must believe he has never left me, and implore you to stay!"

Bartlett, quietly: "Thanks. I would not stay a moment longer in his disguise, if you begged me on your knees. I shall always love you, Constance, but if the world is wide enough, please Heaven, I will never see you again. There are some things dearer to me than your presence. No, I won't take your hand; it can't heal the hurt your words have made, and nothing can help me, now I know from your own lips that but for my likeness to *him* I would never have been anything to you. Good-by!"

Constance: "Oh!" She sinks with a long cry into the arm-chair beside the table, and drops her head into her arms upon it. At the door towards which he turns Bartlett meets General Wyatt, and a moment later Mrs. Wyatt enters by the other. Bartlett recoils under the concentrated reproach and inquiry of their gaze.

V.

General Wyatt, Mrs. Wyatt, Constance, *and* Bartlett.

Mrs. Wyatt, hastening to bow herself over Constance's fallen head: "Oh, what is it, Constance?" As Constance makes no reply, she lifts her eyes again to Bartlett's face.

General Wyatt, peremptorily: "Well, sir!"

Bartlett, with bitter desperation: "Oh, you shall know!"

Constance, interposing: "I will tell! You shall be spared that at least." She has risen, and with her face still hidden in her handkerchief she seeks her father with an outstretched hand. He

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tenderly gathers her to his arms, and she droops a moment upon his shoulder; then with an electrical revolt against her own weakness she lifts her head and dries her tears with a passionate energy. "He — Oh, speak *for* me!" Her head falls again on her father's shoulder.

Bartlett, with grave irony and self-scorn: "It's a simple matter, sir. I have been telling Miss Wyatt that I love her, and offering to share with her my obscurity and poverty. I" —

General Wyatt, impatiently: "Curse your poverty, sir! I'm poor myself. Well!"

Bartlett: "Oh, that's merely the beginning; I have had the indecency to do this, knowing that what alone rendered me sufferable to her it was a cruel shame for me to know, and an atrocity for me to presume upon. I" —

General Wyatt: "I authorized this knowledge on your part when I spoke to your friend, and before he went away he told me all he had said to you."

Bartlett, in the first stages of petrifaction: "Cummings?"

General Wyatt: "Yes."

Bartlett: "Told you that I knew whom I was like?"

General Wyatt: "Yes."

Bartlett, very gently: "Then I think that man will be lost for keeping his conscience *too* clean. Cummings has invented a new sin."

Mrs. Wyatt: "James, James! You told me that Mr. Bartlett did n't know."

General Wyatt, contritely: "I did, Margaret; I did n't know what else to do."

Mrs. Wyatt: "Oh, James!"

Constance: "Oh, papa!" She turns with bowed head from her father's arms, and takes refuge in her mother's embrace. General Wyatt, released, fetches a compass round about the parlor, with a face of intense dismay. He pauses in front of his wife.

General Wyatt: "Margaret, you must know the worst, now."

Mrs. Wyatt, in gentle reproach, while she softly caresses Constance's hair: "Oh, is there anything *worse*, James?"

General Wyatt, hopelessly: "Yes; I'm afraid I have been to blame."

Bartlett: "General Wyatt, let me retire. I" —

General Wyatt: "No, sir. This concerns you, too, now. Your destiny has entangled you with our sad fortunes, and now you must know them all."

Constance, from her mother's shoulder: "Yes, stay, — whatever it is. If you care for me, nothing can hurt you any more, now."

General Wyatt: "Margaret, — Constance! If I have been mistaken in what I have done, you must try somehow to forgive me; it was my tenderness for you both misled me, if I erred. Sir, let me address my defense to you. You can see the whole matter with clearer eyes than we." At an imploring gesture from Bartlett, he turns again to Mrs. Wyatt. "Perhaps you are right, sir. Margaret, when I had made up my mind that the wretch who had stolen our child's heart was utterly unfit and unworthy" —

Constance, starting away from her mother with a cry: "Ah, you *did* drive him from me, then! I knew, I knew it! And after all these days and weeks and months that seem years and centuries of agony, you tell me that it was *you* broke my heart! No, no, I never *will* forgive you, father! Where is he? Tell me that! Where is my husband — the husband you robbed me of? Did you kill him, when you chose to crush my life? Is he dead? If he's living I will find him wherever he is. No distance and no danger shall keep me from him. I'll find him and fall down before him, and implore *him* to forgive you, for I never can! Was this your tenderness for me — to drive him away, and leave me to the pitiless confusion and humiliation of believing myself deserted? Oh, great tenderness!"

General Wyatt, confronting her storm with perfect quiet: "No. I will give you better proof of my tenderness than that." He takes from his pocket-book a folded paper which he hands to his wife: "Margaret, do you know that writing?"

Mrs. Wyatt, glancing at the superscription: "Oh, too well! This is to you, James."

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General Wyatt: "It 's for you, now. Read it."

Mrs. Wyatt, wonderingly unfolding the paper and then reading: "'*I confess myself guilty of forging Major Cummings's signature, and in consideration of his and your own forbearance I promise never to see Miss Wyatt again. I shall always be grateful for your mercy; and'* — James, James! It is n't possible!"

Constance, who has crept nearer and nearer while her mother has been reading, as if drawn by a resistless fascination: "No, it is n't possible! It 's false; it 's a fraud! I *will* see it!" She swiftly possesses herself of the paper and scans it with a fierce intentness. Then she flings it wildly away. "Yes, yes, it 's true! It 's his hand. It 's true; it 's the only true thing in this world of lies!" She totters away toward the sofa. Bartlett makes a movement to support her, but she repulses him and throws herself upon the cushions.

General Wyatt: "Sir, I am sorry to make you the victim of a scene. It has been your fate, and no part of my intention. Will you look at this paper? You don't know all that is in it yet." He touches it with his foot.

Bartlett, in dull dejection: "No, I won't look at it. If it were a radiant message from heaven, I don't see how it could help me now."

Mrs. Wyatt: "I 'm afraid you 've made a terrible mistake, James."

General Wyatt: "Margaret! Don't say that!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "Yes, it would have been better to show us this paper at once, — better than to keep us all these days in this terrible suffering."

General Wyatt: "I was afraid of greater suffering for you both. I chose sorrow for Constance rather than the ignominy of knowing that she had set her heart on so base a scoundrel. When he crawled in the dust there before me, and whined for pity, I revolted from telling you or her how vile he was; the thought of it seemed to dishonor you; and I had hoped something, everything, from my girl's self-respect, her obedience, her faith in me. I never dreamed that it must come to this."

Mrs. Wyatt, sadly shaking her head: "I know how well you meant; but oh, it was a fatal mistake!"

Constance, abandoning her refuge among the cushions, and coming forward to her father: "No, mamma, it was no mistake! I see now how wise and kind and merciful you have been, papa. You can never love me again, I've behaved so badly, but if you 'll let me, I will try to live my gratitude for your mercy at a time when the whole truth would have killed me. Oh, papa! What shall I say, what shall I do, to show how sorry and ashamed I am? Let me go down on my knees to thank you." Her father catches her to his heart, and fondly kisses her again and again. "I don't deserve it, papa! You ought to hate me, and drive me from you, and never let me see your dear face again." She starts away from him as if to execute upon herself this terrible doom, when her eye falls upon the letter where she had thrown it on the floor. "To think how long I have been the fool, the slave, of that felon!" She stoops upon the paper with a hawk-like fierceness; she tears it into shreds, and strews the fragments about the room. "Oh, if I could only tear out of my heart all thoughts of him, all memory, all likeness!" In her wild scorn she has whirled unheedingly away toward Bartlett, whom, suddenly confronting, she apparently addresses in this aspiration; he opens wide his folded arms.

Bartlett: "And what would you do, then, with this extraordinary resemblance?" The closing circle of his arms involves her and clasps her to his heart, from which beneficent shelter she presently exiles herself a pace or two and stands with either hand pressed against his breast, while her eyes dwell with rapture on his face.

Constance: "Oh, *you're* not like him, and you *never* were!"

Bartlett, with light irony: "Ah!"

Constance: "If I had not been blind, blind, blind, I never could have seen the slightest similarity. Like *him?* Never!'

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Bartlett: "Ah! Then perhaps the resemblance which we have noticed from time to time, and which has been the cause of some annoyance and embarrassment all round, was simply a disguise which I had assumed for the time being to accomplish a purpose of my own?"

Constance: "Oh, don't jest it away! It 's your soul that I see now, your true and brave and generous heart; and if you pardoned me for mistaking you a single moment for one who had neither soul nor heart, I could never look you in the face again!"

Bartlett: "You seem to be taking a good provisional glare at me beforehand, then, Miss Wyatt; I 've never been so nearly looked out of countenance in my life. But you need n't be afraid; I shall not pardon your crime." Constance abruptly drops her head upon his breast, and again instantly repels herself.

Constance: "No, you must not if you could. But you can't — you can't care for me after hearing what I could say to my father" —

Bartlett: "That was in a moment of great excitement."

Constance: "After hearing me rave about a man so unworthy of — any one — you cared for. No, your self-respect — everything — demands that you should cast me off."

Bartlett: "It does. But I am inexorable, — you must have observed the trait before. In this case I will not yield even to my own colossal self-respect." Earnestly: "Ah, Constance, do you think I could love you the less because your heart was too true to swerve even from a traitor till he was proved as false to honor as to you?" Lightly again: "Come, I like your fidelity to worthless people; I 'm rather a deep and darkling villain myself."

Constance, devoutly: "You? Oh, you are as nobly frank and open as — as — as papa!"

Bartlett: "No, Constance, you are wrong, for once. Hear my dreadful secret: I 'm not what I seem, — the light and joyous creature I look, — I 'm an emotional wreck. Three short years ago I was frightfully jilted" — they all turn upon him in surprise — "by a young person who, I 'm sorry to say, has n't yet consoled me by turning out a scamp."

Constance, drifting to his side with a radiant smile: "Oh, I 'm *so* glad."

Bartlett, with affected dryness: "Are you? I did n't know it was such a laughing matter. I was always disposed to take those things seriously."

Constance: "Yes, yes! But don't you see? It places us on more of an equality." She looks at him with a smile of rapture and logic exquisitely compact.

Bartlett: "Does it? But you 're not half as happy as I am."

Constance: "Oh, yes, I am! Twice."

Bartlett: "Then that makes us just even, for so am I." They stand ridiculously blest, holding each other's hand a moment, and then Constance, still clinging to one of his hands, goes and rests her other arm upon her mother's shoulder.

Constance: "Mamma, how wretched I have made you, all these months!"

Mrs. Wyatt: "If your trouble 's over now, my child," — she tenderly kisses her cheek, — "there 's no trouble for your mother in the world."

Constance: "But I 'm not happy, mamma. I can't be happy, thinking how wickedly unhappy I 've been. No, no! I had better go back to the old wretched state again; it 's all I 'm fit for. I 'm *so* ashamed of myself. Send him away!" She renews her hold upon his hand.

Bartlett: "Nothing of the kind. I was requested to remain here six weeks ago, by a young lady. Besides, this is a public house. Come, I have n't finished the catalogue of my disagreeable qualities yet: I 'm jealous. I want you to put that arm on *my* shoulder." He gently effects the desired transfer, and then, chancing to look up, he discovers the Rev. Arthur Cummings on the threshold in the act of modestly retreating. He detains him with a great melodramatic start. "Hah! A clergyman! This is indeed ominous!"

W. D. Howells.

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OLD-FASHIONED GHOST STORIES.

In that far-off time which I have long been accustomed to designate as my "young days," I heard very little about ghosts. At that period they were decidedly unfashionable, were rarely mentioned in polite circles, and the slightest credence in them was considered a debasing superstition fit only for the vulgar. Now, however, that the subject of spiritual appearances is constantly brought forward in mixed society and argued *pro* and *con* with more or less warmth, it is easy to perceive that a strong current of belief underlies all the skepticism manifested by strong-minded unbelievers. The *banshee* of Ireland, the *fetch* of Scotland, the *doppelgänger* of Germany are but the expressions of deep-rooted national belief; and though, undoubtedly, spurious ghosts, unreal visitations, and mock warnings have imposed from time to time on the credulity of the public, yet a vast number of well-authenticated facts, in many cases from personal experience or from the lips of people of unimpeachable veracity, may enable us to say with the poet, —

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!"

Dr. Bushnell, in his grand work, Nature and the Supernatural, lays it down as an axiom that there is *nothing* beyond the reach of Almighty direction, and that those deviations from the received laws of nature which we are too apt presumptuously to pronounce impossibilities are simply matters which our finite comprehension cannot fathom.

It is interesting to notice how generally unimpressionable children and very young people are with regard to supernatural appearances, and though in this very paper I mention a few anecdotes of a contrary tendency, yet I have every reason to think they are exceptions to a general rule, and not evidences against it.

I have myself known children of susceptible and nervous temperament, who could be worked up into paroxysms of terror by nursery tales of thieves and robbers, listen quite unconcernedly to the most thrilling stories of ghostly appearances. Who has not read with some amusement of the children at Epworth Rectory, whose marvelous coolness under the visitations of the family ghost is recorded by Abel Stevens in his Life of Wesley? These children, when interrupted in their play by the noisy rappings of the ghost, would simply say to each other, "Oh, it is only the ghost!" and continue their game.

It is mostly in maturer years that our restless yearnings to discover the mysteries of the unseen world, or at least to account for the few glimpses we may have had of it, become most intense, especially when the angel of death has torn from our arms some cherished member of our little circle. We may go hand in hand with our loved ones to the very brink of the dark river, but there we must leave them; and oh, how we struggle and agonize, and passionately pray — alas, how fruitlessly! — for but one glimpse beyond the veil, for but one brief message of comfort or of warning from the shadowy land into which our cherished ones have vanished!

It is strange, too, that while the veil which parts the visible from the invisible world is thick and impervious to the more delicate, fragile, and susceptible children of clay, it seems at times perfectly diaphanous to some of the hard-working, practical children of toil whose spiritual sensibilities might be supposed to be of the dullest and most obtuse kind. The events which I record in this paper have taken place either in my own family or in the families of intimate friends, or are from the narration of persons of strict veracity. I begin with one told me very lately by a pious and useful minister of the Church of England. I give this anecdote of his boyish days as much as possible in his own words.

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"I was brought up by my grandfather and grandmother, who resided in the old family mansion on the banks of the Derwent, in Derbyshire. This venerable place, which had belonged to our family from the time of the Norman Conquest, had a wide reputation for being haunted, and indeed the strange noises which were heard and the strange tricks which were played, for which nothing rational could account, made the belief of general acceptance. From generation to generation no death occurred in our family without some supernatural warning being given, and in what I am about to tell you I was the person visited for this purpose.

"When I was about seventeen years of age, it was rather suddenly agreed that I should go with 'granny,' as I called her, to pay a visit of a few days to my parents, who lived in the suburbs of Manchester. During the past summer my youngest sister, Lizzie, with whom I had been very little acquainted before, had paid us a visit at the time of hay-making, and I remember thinking that she was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. Always in white, with lovely auburn hair floating in long curls over her shoulders, and playfully darting in and out among the hay-makers, she appeared to me something angelic, and when her visit was ended I quite grieved over her departure. I was therefore much pleased when granny asked me to accompany her to Manchester, as I should see my dear little sister again. A year before, we had lost an aunt to whom we were deeply attached, and her bereaved husband was at the present time inhabiting one wing of our old family mansion. It was the 19th of December, 185–, that after carefully packing my box for the journey and laying quite at the bottom of the box, as it stood in a corner of my room, some articles of black crape which I had worn at my aunt's funeral, I went to pay a farewell visit to my uncle in his part of the house. After I had sat with him some time the hall clock struck four, and just at that moment I felt a deadly chill and shivering all over me, exactly as if I had been suddenly plunged into cold water. I became deadly pale, and my uncle in an alarmed tone asked what was the matter with me. I said I did not know, but that I had never felt such a strange sensation before. My uncle imagined I must have taken cold and recommended my going early to bed, as I was to travel the following day.

"Having quite recovered from my unpleasant feelings, I spent the evening as usual and retired to bed at the accustomed time. Now, my bed-room was at the end of a long, narrow corridor, and exactly opposite the door by which I entered was the door of a room said to be haunted, which was always kept closed, and which no servant in the house could be persuaded to enter; indeed, they very unanimously avoided going into the corridor itself after dark, though it opened into many bedrooms besides my own. I had two or three times, while a boy, been in the haunted room with my grandfather; I saw nothing remarkable about it but a good deal of moldy, old-fashioned furniture, and an immense, funereal-looking bed at one end, with hangings which had once been splendid but were now dropping to pieces from age and neglect. The bed in my room stood exactly facing the door by which I entered and the door of the haunted room across the passage. Another door on the same side of the room was blocked up by my box, which stood against it. I cannot distinctly remember whether or not in entering for the night I closed my bedroom door, but think it almost certain that I did so, for it was December and the weather very cold. I went to bed full of my to-morrow's journey, and not giving a single thought to either ghosts or haunted rooms went fast to sleep. How long I slept I cannot guess, but I found myself sitting up in bed intently watching the door of my room, which was wide open, and the door of the haunted room, which was also open, and which I could see distinctly across the corridor as the moonlight fell upon it. From this room came a figure which I watched across the passage and which on approaching my bed I at once recognized as the aunt I had lost the year be-

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fore, dressed in the same clothes I had last seen her in. She had a most fond and tender expression on her face, but it changed into an angry frown when, stretching over the side of the bed, I tried to embrace her, exclaiming, 'Oh, dear aunt, is that you?' I felt that I clasped the empty air, the figure vanishing in an instant from my sight. I thought I had been dreaming, and lay down again, to wake up a short time afterwards and see again the figure of my aunt, but now differently dressed, advancing from the haunted room into mine, this time not coming to the bed but going to the box I had packed and placed in the corner ready for the next day. This she appeared to rummage over, displacing the contents and then tossing the things back again. I watched her with the greatest astonishment, and saw her go slowly out of my door into the door of the haunted room. I don't know whether I slept again or not, but a third time I was sitting up in bed, a third time my aunt came in, this time close up to the bed, in long, flowing white clothes, — a dress in which I had never seen her. I almost gasped out, 'Dear aunt, why do you come?' to which she replied very clearly and distinctly, but with something of effort, 'I come to make an important communication, but it is all comprised in these words: Poor Lizzie! But don't grieve: Lizzie is quite happy!' As she finished these words I started from the bed with outstretched arms, but she had vanished, and I fell heavily to the floor where she had stood. I suppose that after getting back to bed I slept till morning, but as soon as I saw my grandmother I told her all the circumstances and made her look at my box, which was in the greatest disorder, and all the articles of mourning which I had placed at the bottom of the box I found at the top. My grandmother looked grave but said nothing. I still persisted in thinking it but a curious dream, and we started on our journey that very morning. I was quite in my usual spirits when we arrived at the last railway station. From here we had still a long walk to where my parents lived, and, as we were not expected, I pleased myself by thinking how surprised they would all be. We arrived, and just as I laid my hand on the latch of the garden gate to open it for granny, I felt exactly the same deathly chill and shivering which had come over me while sitting with my uncle the evening before. When I had recovered and we were going up the long gravel walk, I said to my grandmother, 'How strange the house looks, granny! All the windows are draped with white, and I never remember my mother's room having white curtains before.' Granny made no answer, and as we knocked at the door my mother opened it, led us into the hall, and received us most affectionately, but spoke in a hushed, subdued tone which frightened me. Her first words were, 'How glad I am you are come! we looked for you some hours ago.' 'How can that be,' we replied, 'when we meant to surprise you, and did not write that we were coming?' 'But did you not,' said she, 'get my two letters? — the one in which I wrote of dear Lizzie's dangerous illness from scarlet fever a week ago, and one to tell you of her death at four o'clock yesterday, which last ought to have reached you before you started this morning?' This was a dreadful blow to us, for, as we told my mother, we had received neither letter. When we were a little recovered from the shock, my mother told us that, the day before, Lizzie knew she was dying and said she felt quite happy; she took leave of all the family then at home, and referring to me said, 'I should have liked to say good-by to dear Tom, — poor Tom! Give my love to Tom!' As she said these last words she fell back and passed away; just at that moment the clock struck four. She died, then, exactly at the time when I felt the deathly chill while sitting with my uncle.

"After my grandfather's death I was placed till I was five and twenty in business with a master who proved to be a professed atheist. Finding me to be an intelligent lad and more than usually well grounded in the Scriptures, he made it his daily business, by specious argument

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and covert ridicule, to undermine my Christian belief, and often flattered himself that he was on the point of succeeding. He certainly would have done so but for my remembrance of my aunt's appearance in my bedroom at the time of Lizzie's death. Whenever I had time for reflection and thought of that, I felt assured that there was not only a state of being after death, but a directing power by whose agency even a disembodied spirit could return to the scene of its earthly pilgrimage."

Our Protestant minister in France told us of a curious occurrence in his father's family before he was born, which related to his eldest brother, then a baby in arms. His father, Captain S——, having come into the inheritance of a large estate, was having some alterations and additions made to the house, and pending the completion of these engaged a house in the immediate neighborhood. When his family arrived, a spacious, airy room on the second floor was given up to the nurse and the baby, then only seven months old. The very day of their taking possession, the nurse found that her little charge, usually so quiet and good-tempered, began, when the evening drew on, to scream most violently, and more particularly when, in walking up and down to quiet him, she passed before a large, empty closet at one side of the room; indeed, it seemed to her most unaccountable that the baby appeared, by an irresistible fascination, always to turn his head towards the closet and to scream so that she feared he would go into convulsions. This continued for some days, only towards evening, and always at the same time. The nurse told her mistress, and Mrs. S—— thought it advisable to remove the nursery to a room on the floor with herself, when it was found that the child's excitement entirely ceased, and it became as placid as usual. After Captain S—— removed to his own house, the one he had hired was pulled down by the landlord, and under the floor of the empty closet was found the skeleton of a person who had evidently been murdered and hidden away there long years before. There were no rumors in the place implicating any of the recent owners of the house in question, but a very old woman remembered to have heard in her youth of the mysterious disappearance of a young girl from the family of a visitor to the place, who was never heard of again. It is to be supposed that the unconscious baby was in some mysterious manner made aware of the ghostly secret hidden under the cupboard floor.

A young English lady nearly connected with our family married, while visiting in Germany, a gentleman of rank and fortune, with whose mother, who lived at a distance of about forty miles away, she became a great favorite. At the birth of her first baby she was much distressed that her kind mother-in-law, the Frau von B——, was not present, nor did her husband venture to tell her that illness — not, however, supposed to be dangerous — was the cause. All went well in the sick-room, and five days afterwards Madame B——, her baby boy by her side, was sleeping soundly, with her curtains drawn, just as darkness had settled down at the close of a winter's day. Contrary to her usual custom the nurse, seeing the lady so fast asleep, had left the room to get something necessary for the night. Madame B—— awoke on feeling the pressure of an icy-cold hand on her arm, and, looking up hastily, saw by the light of the lamp her mother-in-law hanging over her and the baby with a very sad expression on her face, which was ashy pale. Raising herself in the bed, the young mother exclaimed, "O dearest mother! when did you come? I am so glad!" The mother-in-law sighed deeply, and replied, "I am only come, dear Alice, to say farewell forever; you will never see me more on earth!" She instantly vanished out of sight, and the nurse, returning, found her lady in a state of great excitement and alarm, calling for her mother-in-law and saying that she must be in the house, having just left her bedside. The poor lady was ill for many days, and it was long

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before she was told that her husband's mother had died at her own castle, forty miles away, at the very moment when she stood beside her.

A sister of this young Madame B—— was staying at Brighton, with the family of a young friend in a deplorable state of health, but who was gradually getting better under the care of a doctor, clever and zealous, who visited her daily and took the greatest interest in her case. He was a tall, slender man, with long, thin fingers most remarkably white, and a countenance which seemed to bear the impress of all the woes and troubles of his numerous patients, so deep was the sympathy he felt for those who suffered. One day there was much sorrow in the family: the kind physician, on whose visits they so much depended, died suddenly; none of them dared tell the invalid, and for a few days nothing was said, but the family noticed that poor Minnie S——looked very pensive and grave. At length her mother thought it best to tell her, when she quietly replied, "I have known it from the first; he came and told me himself, and comes to see me every night!" A few nights after this, for some reason or another, the invalid went to sleep in a different room, and the young friend staying on a visit took her place in the vacated bed. Towards midnight the family, who kept late hours, retired for the night, and Georgy D—— took possession of her friend's bed, quite ignorant of the doctor's nightly visits. In about an hour loud shrieks were heard from the room, and the young girl was found on the side of the bed, pale, trembling, and almost convulsed with terror. She said that having undressed and gone to bed, first shutting and locking the bedroom door, she went fast to sleep, leaving her curtains undrawn and the lamp on the dressing-table alight. She was awakened by a rustling noise beside her bed, and starting up saw the doctor, dressed just as he was in life, standing there. He then sat down on the side of the bed and laid his long, pale hand on her arm, but the moment he saw that the occupant of the bed was changed he got up, and vanished from her sight before reaching the door. Strange to say, that very instant he went to the room where Minnie S—— was sleeping, and held his customary conversation with her, quite unseen and unheard by Annie D——, a younger sister of the one to whom he had just been so plainly visible. After a time his visits ceased.

At the close of the Burmese war, Lieutenant K——, a young officer who had been severely wounded in one of the actions and subsequently attacked by fever, was sent home on sick certificate some months before the return of his regiment, whose term of service in India had nearly expired. He left many friends behind him, but none from whom he more deeply regretted to part than Mr. P——, the British collector at Madura, with whom he had been for years on terms of most familiar intimacy. The very first night of his landing in England, after an absence which dated from boyhood, he lay long awake in his bed at the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He felt very restless, and thought over all he had gone through in India, and the friends he had left, to see, probably, no more. Among these he thought of his friend P——. It was past midnight, and he was still meditating, when he heard some one in the room, though he had locked the door before undressing. He looked to the side from which the sound came, and distinctly saw his friend P——, not far from the bed, gazing at him very mournfully. Astonished beyond measure, he prepared to step out of bed, exclaiming, "Why, P——! Whatever brings you here?" His friend waved his hand as if to keep him off, shook his head sadly, and gliding towards the door suddenly disappeared. K—— remained awake nearly the whole night, quite unable to account for what had happened. In due course of time the mails from India brought word that P—— had died of cholera, at Madura, after a few hours' illness, on the very night in which he appeared to Lieutenant K——.

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Miss Mary E—— resided with her father, and kept house for him in his beautiful Kentish villa. The grounds were very extensive, but Mr. E——'s favorite spot was a group of large trees within sight of the drawing-room windows. Here he had a garden seat and a small table placed, and was in the habit of smoking his afternoon cigar and also reading here every day. Miss E—— was an accomplished horsewoman, and usually accompanied her father in his daily rides. One day she refused to go, having a bad headache, but followed Mr. E—— to the foot of the stairs and begged him to return in time for tea, as he had promised to escort her to a dancing party in their neighborhood. To this he agreed, and Miss E—— from the window watched him mount his horse and ride off. She lay down for a time, but at last, feeling restless, got up, and taking a book sat down to read. At the usual time the maid came to say that tea was ready. "But," said Miss E——, "papa has not come home, Mary, and I would rather wait." "Oh, yes, miss," said the servant; "my master has been home for about half an hour, and is smoking in the garden." Miss E—— looked from the window and saw her father in his accustomed place under the trees. She was going down-stairs to join him and bring him in to tea, when she paused, hearing a confused murmur of voices in the hall below. A deadly fear, for which she could not account, seized her, but recovering she went down, to find a group of men from the village, many of whose faces she knew by sight, bringing in on a shutter the dead body of her father. His horse had shied, it was supposed, at a heap of stones at the side of the road, and his head coming in contact with the stones death must have been instantaneous. At the time that Mr. E—— was distinctly seen by the servant and his daughter, he was lying a bleeding corpse.

Some time after my dear mother's death, I was sitting with my father, Colonel D——, in his dressing-room, and we were mutually deploring our dreadful misfortune, and going over, as we were too prone to do, many of the circumstances attending her last illness. I remarked to him, among other things, that her illness was in the beginning so slight that I should not have felt the least fear as to the result had I not been extremely discouraged by the sadness and preoccupation of mind manifested by himself at that time. My father, after some hesitation, related to me the occurrence which had occasioned his unwonted depression of spirits, which I can truly say I listened to in dumb astonishment, so unlikely a person did he appear to have experienced anything of the sort.

He was sitting one evening after dinner with my mother, conversing on various subjects. The wine and dessert having been placed on the table, they drew their chairs up to each corner of a blazing fire, the evenings being chilly, though it was only the early autumn. After a time my mother appeared to be dozing in her chair, and my father drew out his pocket-book to make a note of some visit he had to pay the next day. He found, however, that the pencil-case he always carried in his pocket and much valued as the gift of an old friend was not there, and, concluding that he had left it on his dressing-table before dinner, quietly left the room to fetch it. The staircase went up from the hall, and at the first landing branched off into two smaller staircases, the one to the left leading to my mother's apartments, a bedroom and dressing-room fronting the lawn, with a wide landing-place and window between the two rooms; the one to the right, through an arched door-way into a long corridor, with bedrooms on each side and a back staircase at the end. My father's dressing-room was in the middle of the corridor. Having found his pencil-case, he was coming out of the arched door-way before mentioned, when he saw my mother before him on the small flight of stairs leading to her own rooms. She turned into her dressing-room, and my father, much surprised to see her, followed to give her his arm in coming down again, as she was rather

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infirm. What was his astonishment on entering the room to find no one there. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, and when, on returning to the dining-room, he found my mother in her chair by the fire exactly as he had left her, he knew not what to think. When she roused up before tea, he asked whether she had left the room since dinner, to which she answered, "Not for a moment." When my father was on his death-bed, he was for some time delirious, but on the last morning, a few hours before death, he was perfectly lucid, and said to me, "I shall soon leave you, my child; your dear mother has come to fetch me!" Then, seeing, doubtless, my look of awed astonishment, he added, "Yes, my dear wife has lain by my side all night." I had never left his bedside, but had neither seen nor heard anything unusual, except that during the night he seemed, at intervals, to be talking fondly to some one near him.

H. B. K.

CRICKETS.

In twilights of the waning year,
  When days abridge their summer noise,
The cricket hushes us to hear
  His brooding o'er the season's joys.

His note is Nature's retrospect,
  That solaces her mind in change;
A hundred days of flowers are wrecked
  And stranded on its tender range.

Broad dawns that stirred the lids of earth,
  First breaths of the unsullied days,
Long hours whose only toil was mirth,
  Whose sails we set for western bays,

And shook our sunset colors out
  As signals to the evening star
That in the offing beat about
  To show us reefs of dusk afar;

The summer nests that throbbed to keep
  A blitheness in the silent trees
All night, to pipe us from our sleep, —
  The cricket broods and thinks of these.

From empty nests the carols drop
  To soft regret among the grass;
And stems no longer flame atop
  To light short afternoons that pass.

My summer lays a pondering ear
  Along the ground, and listens well,

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As all the footsteps of the year
  Upon the edge of distance swell;

They fade, they shrink to this thin tone,
  On every trembling nerve it plays:
Of roses plucked, of meadows mown
  It tells, of all my perfect days:

Of moments tuned by new delight,
  Of thoughts that soared upon their wing
And balanced sung my secret plight, —
  That whole surprise of blossoming;

Those bumpers of a dauntless vein,
  Poured often as my June came near
To pledge to Nature's new refrain:
  That kiss — warm solstice of my year!

John Weiss.

ECHOES FROM AN OLD PARSONAGE.

"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

THE two events of my life which I recall as supreme in felicity and triumph were associated, remotely, it may seem, but absolutely, with music. The first was when, at the age of five, I was bidden to spend the day at the house of our organist, a man of culture and a clever amateur, as has since been revealed to me, but then as fascinating a mystery — what with his Scotch burr, his somewhat florid style of fingering and pedal-playing, and certain slight eccentricities of manner — as ever imaginative child created out of scanty material, and secretly adored. Only he and his ever-surprising movements, though watched afar and furtively from the minister's pew at the other end of the church, could have reconciled me to two services every Sunday, during which my beloved father was pilloried in that awful pulpit, "so near and yet so far," and obliged to go through what I regarded as not only his most uninteresting but positively ignominious rôle of preacher.

But to see the wonderful magician of the organ at home; to be able to cross-question him (with no officious censor at hand to limit inquiry) as to why he did thus and so with his fingers and his feet and particularly with his head, and whether he really found the score written out for him, and him alone, up among the cobwebs of the ceiling when he tossed back that head so impressively in his voluntaries and interludes; and, wonder of wonders! to see those very fingers which wrought such marvels of harmony on a Sunday graciously devoted to mincing my particular beefsteak at the dinner-table, — these were exalted privileges never to be forgotten though I should live a century. The climax was reached when this wonderful host — ingrate that I am, his is the only image memory retains of all that numerous and kindly household — conjured me home by a process more novel and glorious than any fairy godmother's cheap devices of pumpkins and mice.

The stage-coach, which at that time brought the mails and an exhilarating

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breath of the wonderful world without into the quiet village at even-tide, was arrested in the very height of its home spurt: its foaming horses (to my distempered fancy these could not have been fewer than six) were drawn to their haunches, and I was solemnly handed into the otherwise empty coach, commended to the distinguished care of that awful potentate enthroned upon the box, and whirled off through a mile and a half of dust and glory to the parsonage gate, where I reluctantly alighted, my little soul bursting with pride and arrogance, — in short, a changeling, whom I am told it required several days of judicious snubbing to reduce to the parsonage standard.

Triumph the second was a degree less selfish, but coming three or four years later found more material for inflation, and was even more thrilling and memorable. The occasion was the return from school of my big brother — big comparatively, but a little white-headed sage — with the first prize for English composition. His theme was The Power of Song, and the very flourish with which the caption ended was burned into my admiring soul. This thesis opened, of course, with "An ancient writer has said, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation,'" etc., and went on, for a sheet or two of "high argument," in attempting to rise to the level of which, the maturest genius must "outgrabe in despair" (with the Beaver in The Hunting of the Snark). Although this unimpeachable testimony to the reign of song in the parsonage from which this oracle emanated is not at hand, yet the recollection of how utterly exhaustive it was, so to speak, confirms my belief that the

> "Sphere-descended maid,
> Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,"

was the glory of the home even as the organist, her high priest, was of the church.

As the songs to be hereafter cited are not distinctively priestly, let me state for the benefit of whom it may or may not concern that sacred melodies were not forgotten in the parsonage. The blessed old custom of singing at morning and evening prayers obtained, and the privilege of selecting a hymn for this service was often so hotly contested by the parsonlings that it required all the fabled power of music to calm our tempestuous little souls. In this emulative race my very passion for music wrought me woe. I was "a mute, inglorious" Parepa, and my earliest and favorite day-dream was of falling a happy victim to some terrible disease which should present me, at parting, with divine compensation, a voice of mighty volume and infinite melodiousness; possessed of which and clad in an imposing gown (which I distinctly remember was to be made of what is popularly known as "bed-ticking," Heaven only knows why!), I was to stand by my demi-god, the organist, and soar with him among the cobwebs or the stars. It happened that when the necessity of simple choice of matin or vesper song came, my particular fancies came also in such distracting throngs and persuasiveness that I and they stammered and tripped over each other in shocking discord; in the midst of which, unless tender parents came speedily to the rescue, the big brother already referred to was sure to lift up his voice in an exasperatingly superior and collected manner, and say, "Let us sing 'My God, permit me not to be,'" which hymn I can never hear at this day without a sensation of discomfiture and chagrin.

Our saintly little sister's *répertoire* was as limited, for when appealed to she invariably said, in "a voice that was softer than silence," "Please sing 'His papa's throne,'" that being her version of the third line of the second stanza of Watts's "Lord, in the morning." This was also a prime favorite of my own, and probably because the coercion of secular airs to devout uses was not then so common as now, there was a delicious flavor of unusualness, if not of positive naughtiness, which lent special zest to those occasions when we sang these words to the tune of an innocent little song about a Modest Violet.

Almost every reader will recall similar fancies to those which invested this same

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hymn with peculiar charms and clung to me for years. Whenever, after early waking, I lay making narrow eyelids, in childish fashion, through which were visible those luminous circles which, although born of earthly dust, are part and parcel of the "trailing clouds of glory" with which we all come from God, I devoutly believed these heavenly motes to be simple illustrations of my little sister's pet stanza, —

"Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his [papa's] throne
Their songs and their complaints;"

and as they went trooping up, brilliant and innumerable, on either side my bed, the brightest motes were the "songs," and the duller tints the "complaints."

Each returning dawn revealed the glorious procession still climbing, climbing, climbing; and more than once came an instant of awful ecstasy, in which the child's daring and ever-strained vision was rewarded by a blinding flash of the vanishing hem of the high priest's garment, after whom the motes were perpetually pressing.

The Taylor sisters were, of necessity, often invoked in the parsonage's service of song; but though profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, their Original Poems for Infant Minds were quite too didactic (with the exception of the Modest Violet, already cited, and two or three other poems) to be prime favorites with imaginative children, — full of traps and pitfalls for eager little souls whom they sought to entice into paths of wisdom by a show of rhyme and story at the beginning.

The child of to-day, for whom George MacDonald sees visions and dreams dreams, and who revels in the delicious inconsequence of the Jabberwocky and The Hunting of the Snark, cannot conceive of poverty so abject as made their parents' parents hail with rapture a nursery siren whose very advent-song was this grewsome homily: —

"The moon rises bright in the east,
The stars with pure brilliancy shine;
The songs of the woodland have ceased,
And still is the low of the kine.
The men from their work on the hill
Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail;
The buzz of the hamlet is still,
And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

"And see! from those darkly green trees
Of cypress and holly and yew
That wave their black arms in the breeze
The old village church is in view.
The owl from her ivied retreat
Screams hoarse to the winds of the night;
And the clock with its solemn repeat
Has tolled the departure of light.

"My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed,
And read o'er the moldering stone
That tells of the moldering dead.
And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die;
For us, too, may toll the sad bell,
And in the cold earth we must lie.

"You are not so healthy and gay,"

(Probably not, under the circumstances. Mark Tapley himself would succumb if dragged out on such a ghoulish "lark.")

"So young, so active, and bright
That death cannot snatch you away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confined in the coffin so small,
And the earth closes over them cold,
And the grave-worm devours them all.

"In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once o'er their bodies were spread:
Now still in the desolate tomb
Each rests his inanimate head.
Their hands once so active for play,
Their lips which so merrily sung,
Now senseless and motionless lay,
And stiff is the chattering tongue.

"Then seek not, my child, as the best
Those things which so early must fade;
Let piety dwell in thy breast
And all of thine actions pervade.
And then when beneath the green sod
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God
To live with the blest in the sky."

In justice to the dear old parsonage let me solemnly affirm that its walls never echoed that song of the gentle Ann, although as I glance through the cherished old volume strains from nearly all the other "poems," however unlyrical they may seem, come quavering back to me. Whether singing was more general than now, or whether it was an idiosyncrasy of that parsonage, I know not, but as it was, nothing in the least degree metrical entered it without speedily finding its mate in a tune, "born" or "made"

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for it. The Bible, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, "Watts and Select," and the excellent Taylors' rhymed sermons were each and all at least intoned in our hearing.

My own experience makes me question the infallibility of the authors of the latter poems. The preface (upon which the toothsome Church-Yard, already quoted, instantly follows, after declaring that the volume is "inscribed very affectionately to that very interesting little race, the race of children") reads: "It was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and even every long-syllabled word, which might give, perhaps, a false idea to our little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images, which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, are terrible stumbling-blocks to children, who have none but literal ideas; and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, everything superfluous it has been a primary endeavor to avoid." Am I mistaken in believing that a little "maternal" observation on the part of these good sisters would have shown them that a child who has "none but literal ideas" is an anomaly, and that one who would exclude "poetic freedoms and figures" and "everything superfluous" would put our nurseries on starvation diet?

Oddly enough it happens that one of the most absurd misapprehensions of my own childhood arose from perhaps the very simplest of these laboriously pruned, "simple-kind" canticles, — a favorite *morçeau*, though bearing the unappetizing title of Dirty Jack.

> "There was one little Jack,
> Not very long back,"

it began, and it is only within a few years that my bewildered brain has come to understand that that specification of time, "not very long back," was not a cold-blooded reflection on the brevity of this fascinating little piggy-wiggy's spinal column. He is bold, indeed, who dare affirm that anything he can possibly devise is too simple to elude or too polyfigurative to come within the grasp of one of these mysterious little estrays fresh from God, "that interesting little race, the race of children."

A child, whose favorite lullaby at the age of two years was Ruskin's Mont Blanc Revisited, intoned after the old parsonage fashion, has recently confessed to an unaccountable misunderstanding, several years in duration, of one of the sweetest and simplest of nursery hymns, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." That line, "Let the little ones come unto me," she declares always conjured before her vision the image of a large man seated in a chair by the wayside, dressing-comb in hand, with which he was always regulating the locks of an endless procession of babies.

One of twin sisters, whose entertaining memoirs began early in the century, used to delight in relating a similar instance, in which her mate contrived to "wrest" to her own "undoing" a stanza of Pope's Universal Prayer, which both had learned by rote. In the pillow-fights with which each happy day began, little H—— noticed that, although they were equally matched in valor and dexterity, the most formidable missile at hand, namely, the *bolster*, was never under any provocation of opportunity or direst need used by her sister. After accepting this advantage as long as her magnanimity would allow, she at last called M——'s attention to her oversight of this superior ordnance. M—— only shook her head with portentous significance. When H—— insisted upon explanation, it came in a curdling whisper, heard with bated breath: "Oh, but I don't dare touch THAT! Don't you remember what that verse says? —

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy BOLSTER [bolts to] throw,
> And *deal damnation round the land*
> On each I judge thy foe."

Such misconceptions, which it is safe to say none of the interesting little race escape, suggest the cheerful thought that we can never certainly divine what impressions these little souls, as ingenious as ingenuous, may be taking from our innocentest commonplaces.

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But it is time that we come to those songs which are specially memorable to us, and which I have presumed to hope might be not without interest to others. Their peculiar tinge is traceable to the fact that the fountain-head of our parsonage song lay in what was and is still known distinctively as "the English neighborhood" of an old Connecticut town, where no other nationality, if one excepts a stray African now and then (invariably of royal blood), was represented at that time. Warlike and pastoral, Jacobite and anti-Jacobite, Scotch, Irish, and what not, all had an unmistakable flavor of the living spring in the beloved land across the sea. Another marked characteristic of these old songs was their long-windedness. Most of them had eight or ten stanzas, and not a few had the fascinating quality of provoking improvisation, and so were capable of indefinite extension, according to the mood of the performer. Old King Colio was of this latter class: —

"Old King Colio he called for his bowlio,
He called for his women three;
And every woman she could scold well,
A very fine woman was she.
Gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing.
There never was a girl in all Scotland
So fair as my Margerinn!

"Old King Colio he called for his bowlio,
He called for his harpers three;
And every harper he could play well,
A very fine harper was he.
Pring prong, pring prong, says the harper,
Gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing.
There never was a girl in all Scotland
So fair as my Margerinn!"

So, modestly enough, did his majesty begin; but his tertian ague grew by what it fed on, until the whole range of instrumentalists and artisans was compassed, and the inventive singer sank breathless under the overwhelming chorus which he had accumulated to himself, but which, what with its perpetual surprises and dramatic action, never palled upon his audience. After the ever-growing fury of the torrent of vociferous musicians and tradesfolk, crested always with "gibble, gabble, gabble, do the women sing," what could be more restful and delicious and incongruous than the refrain, —

"The fairest girl in all Scotland
Is my Margerinn"!

An equally favorite song was of quite another character. Indeed, Old Bolter's Mare might well be emblazoned on Mr. Bergh's banners. The pathos of this ballad was at one time more than my heart could endure, and I invariably fled, howling, as often as "the mare she took it unkindly, but out the door she went," always returning, however, in time to hear the will read.

An aged relative has kindly written out from memory several more stanzas of this song than I can myself recall, but there are others still missing (notably, sundry items of the will), which possibly some reader may be able to supply. There are also evident mistakes in this version, and doubtless not a few interesting examples of the lapses to which oral tradition is liable in the wear and tear of two hundred years.

OLD BOLTER'S MARE.

Old Bolter, of Westminster, if ever you did him know,
He had as good a mare, sir, as ever you saw go;
He had as good a mare, sir, as ever man did stride,
And many a hundred mile, sir, did old Bolter ride.

Sometimes he rode to Dover, sometimes he rode to Deal;
Sometimes he rode to London, sometimes to ——
And in her youth and prime she was so nimble quick
That all the day she traveled without spur or whip.

But when old age came on her, the mare grew weak and poor:
Old Bolter and the mare fell out, he turned her out of door,
Saying, "If you will not labor, I pray you go your way,
And come no more unto my door until your dying day."

The mare she took it unkindly, but out the door she went,
Thus to fulfill her master's will, for fear she should be sent.
The hills they were high, and the valleys they were bare;
The summer it was hot and dry, and killed old Bolter's mare!

Old Bolter had a grandson; his grandson's name was Will;
He bade him search each valley, each valley and each hill,
To find the old mare out and to bring her back again,
For he did long to see her and keep her from the rain.

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So Will he rose up early, and all the day he sought,
Until the night was coming on; he then himself bethought:
"I will go home and rest myself and come again to-morrow,
For if I cannot find the mare, grandsire will die of sorrow."

But when he was a-coming home, he cast his eye aside,
'T was down by old Dame Wigglesmith's, and there the mare he spied.
He asked her how she did, she stared him in the face,
And not a word unto him spake; she was in sorry case.

Some lifted by the tail, sir, some by the mane and neck,
But all the labor was in vain, it was of no effect;
Old Bolter said he 'd kill her, and then the old mare spake,
"I cannot bear it longer, my heart is like to break.

"My kind and gentle master, I 'll make my will," said she,
"Unto my heirs' executors, whoever they may be:
I will bequeath my saddle, my bridle, and my bit
Unto the plodding cobbler, who has but little wit.
. . . . . .
'I will bequeath my tail, which is so fine and long,
Unto the arbitrator, the maker of the song;
I will bequeath my mane, and it I freely give,
Unto the arbitrator's wife for making of a sieve."

Now, if any man disputes me, and says this is not true,
Why, he may go to Blackknolls where poison puddings grow;
To Francis Bacon he may go, if he be living still,
Where he may have for fourpence a copy of her will.

N. B. Information is wanted in regard to the legatees, particularly of the "arbitrator, the maker of the song;" also to the locality of fatal puddings.

In cheerful reaction from the above dirge was a recitative and chorus, of which, alas, only the opening remains.

"The very first minute old Father Quipes heard there was a wedding upon the carpet, he ran to the chimney corner and thrust up his hand and pulled out his bagpipes, and squeezed them under his arm and struck up a little bit of a

"Tiddery aye, tiddery aye, tiddery aye re ory ro!
And there was Mat
And sturdy Pat
And merry Morgan Murphy O,
And Merloch Megs,
And Sherloch Shegs,
McLaughin and Dick Durphy O;
And then to see old Father Quipes,
And the bride's dad, O'Bailie O,
While the chanter with his merry pipes
Struck up the lilt so gayly O!
Tiddery aye," etc.

There was also an Irish love song which was unspeakably fascinating to us, not so much for its vehement courtship and gentle bulls, — though these were highly appreciated, — as for its heart-breaking refrain. This song, too, we have never seen written, and doubtless the monosyllabic chorus herein given is quite astray from the original, but the incomparable tenderness of the wail into which Phelim characteristically sinks after the momentary exultation of each stanza will haunt our memories forever.

PHELIM TO HIS LOVE.

WHEREVER I 'm going, and all the day long,
At home or abroad, or alone in the throng,
I find that my passion 's so lively and strong
That your name, though yet silent, still runs in my song.
Sing bar le mo ne ro, bar le me no ro,
O ho ho, ro ho ho, bar le mo ne ro-o,
Your sweet little finger for me!

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So strong is the passion that in my breast glows,
By Saint Patrick I fear it will burn through my clothes!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your lily-white hand for me!

On my conscience, I fear I shall lie in my grave
Unless you comply and poor Phelim will save.
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
For you never was silent till you made me your slave!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your pretty black eye for me!

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword will I strut and I 'll stride;
With a horse and six coaches so gayly we 'll ride,
While together we walk to the church side by side!
Sing bar le mo ne ro, etc.,
Your fine English lady for me!

The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess was familiar in our ears as household words, although I am able to cite but a single stanza of the dozen which were sung: —

"To my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery
If I jumble together music, poetry, and history,
The times to display in the days of Queen Bess, sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, sir!
Oh, the golden days of good Queen Bess!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess!"

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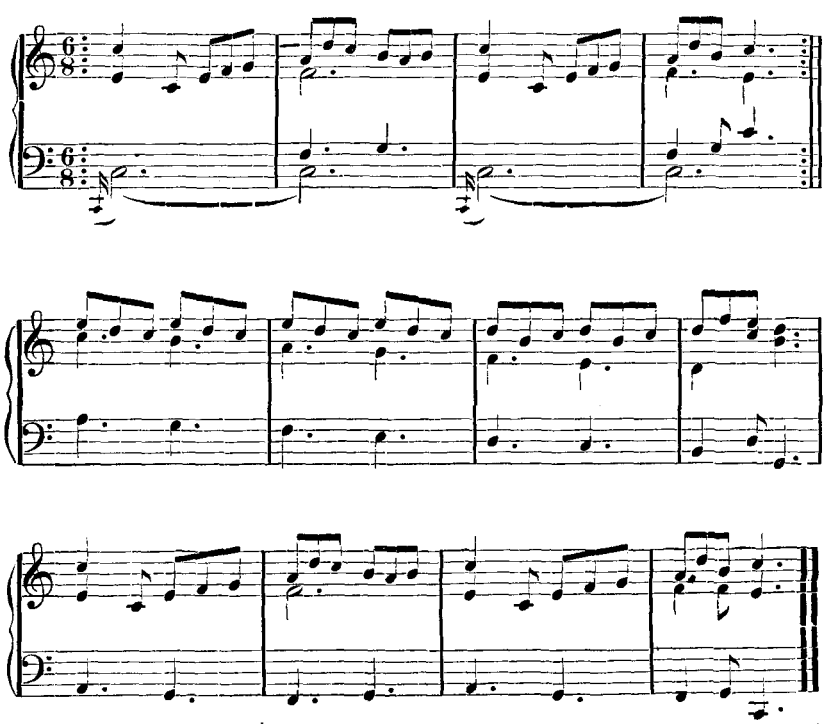
Beyond this opening challenge, I recall only one example of the break-neck rhymes with which the ode abounded namely, —

> — "ruffs around their neck fast,
> Gobbled down a pound of beefsteak for a breakfast."

In short, the Vicar of Bray himself (another of our special songs) was not more omnivorous than we in our tastes. But I dare not trespass further on your patience than to give in full one more song, which perhaps is dearest of all because it has been from generation to generation the favorite cradle song of our clan. Why, it was only yesterday that I heard it delivered, with rollicking enjoyment and immense effect, by a precocious little four-years-old, *verbatim et literatim*, as her two great-grandmothers sang it over the never empty cradles in the "old English neighborhood" before the nineteenth century was born, these song-loving sisters having received it in due succession from the homesick Roxbury exile who was the father of us all. Our beloved octogenarian himself had never seen it written, and avers that his mother, who died during his first year at Yale, sang it without text or note; and yet, when a month ago we fortunately happened upon both music and words in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, it was interesting to note how slight was the variation of our traditional version, which latter I shall here give. Chappell remarks (vol. i., p. 322): "Hunting the Hare is also in the list of songs and ballads printed by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane, in the early part of the reign of Charles II., and it is in all probability the song to this tune commencing 'Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,' because the tune was then popular, and the words are to be found near that time in Westminster Drollery, part second (1672), as well as afterwards in Wit and Drollery (1682)."

HUNTING THE HARE.



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Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,
Formed by fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy of wonderful deeds.
So sottish Silenus was sent by Dame Venus
To Phœbus the genius a song to prepare,
In phrase nicely coined and words quite refined,
How the states divine went hunting the hare.

Stars quite tired of pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful shone,
Could no longer endure that men only
Should revel in pleasure that they but looked on.
So round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
And quickly informed how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies
As lords and as ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
While pale Proserpine sat down in her place
To light the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chase.
Taught by her example their father to trample,
The Earth old and ample, they quick leave the air,
Neptune the water, and wine bibber pater,
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Lent by the Muses by kisses and prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus
Mounted a centaur which proudly him bears;
The postilion of the sky, light-heeled Sir Mercury,
Made the swift coursers fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the kennel did follow,
To whoop and to hallo boys after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Roused by Echo, new manhood did take;
While snoring Somnus upstarted from Cimmeris,
Although for a thousand years he did not wake;
There was lame, club-footed Mulciber booted,
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare,
Cœlus flouted, while with mirth Momus shouted,
And wise Pallas pouted, yet followed the hare.

Grave Hymen ushered in Lady Astræa,
The humor took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown, too, and bright Cytherea,
Thalia the wanton, Bellona the bold;
While shame-faced Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear,
And Juno was stated too high to be mated,
Although, sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector,
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee,
While Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me.
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,
In language unused their sports to declare,
While the vast house of Jove in their bright sphere did move,
A health to all those who love hunting the hare.

The music is given with the thought that possibly lads and lasses of to-day may enjoy practicing the vocal gymnastics requisite in order to make our text and score trip on harmoniously together. Chappell says, "The tune is now in common use for comic songs or such as require great rapidity of utterance; but it has also been employed as a slow air. For instance, in Gay's ballad, Opera of Achilles, 1733, it is printed in 3-4 time, and called 'a minuet.'"

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

MY LOVE.

Her little hand in mine I would not fold,
Nor touch with one caress her crown of gold;
I would not stir with any thought of me
Her deep, untroubled peace of purity.

She stands above me on a height serene,
My purely worshiped, consecrated queen;
Too precious far I hold the girlish life
To startle it with whispered name of wife.

Love yet shall light for me her violet eyes,
Her tinted cheek proclaim love's sweet surprise;
But now to touch the folds of her attire
With reverence is all that I desire.

Anna M. Brockway.

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SONG.

Words by G. P. Lathrop. Music by Geo. L. Osgood.

tenderly. poco cres.

mf

Larghetto. (♩ = 72.)

Dear love, dear love,..... dear love, let

mp *sfp*

mp mp mp *porto. slowly. molto sosten.* (♩ = 78.)

this my song fly to you; Per-

pp

colla voce. molto legato. *ritard.* *pp*

mf

chance for - get it came from me.....

Sempre legato.

mf

..... It

cantando.

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poco cres. *p dolce.*

shall not vex you, it shall not woo you, But

8va.

dim. *ritardando.*

your breast lie qui - - - et - ly.....

p

a tempo.

colla voce.

p

.....

legato.

ritard.

(♩=72.)

mf On - ly, be - ware— if once..... it tar - ries,

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I can - not coax it from..... you then.....

mf

cres. *f* *ritard.* *ten.*

I.... can - not coax it.... from..... you then.

dimin. *colla voce.*

a tempo.

This lit - tle song my whole heart car - ries

And would not bear it back a - gain,

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piu animato. *molto cres. f* *poco rit.*

This lit - tle song my whole..... heart

colla voce.

sempre ad lib. *ritard.*

car - ries, and would not bear it.... back..... a -

colla voce.

(♩=110.) *impassioned.*

- gain. But if my half-told passion

con piu moto.

with well defined triplet accent.

cres. *ff*

grieve you, My heart will then too heavy grow, and

allargando molto.

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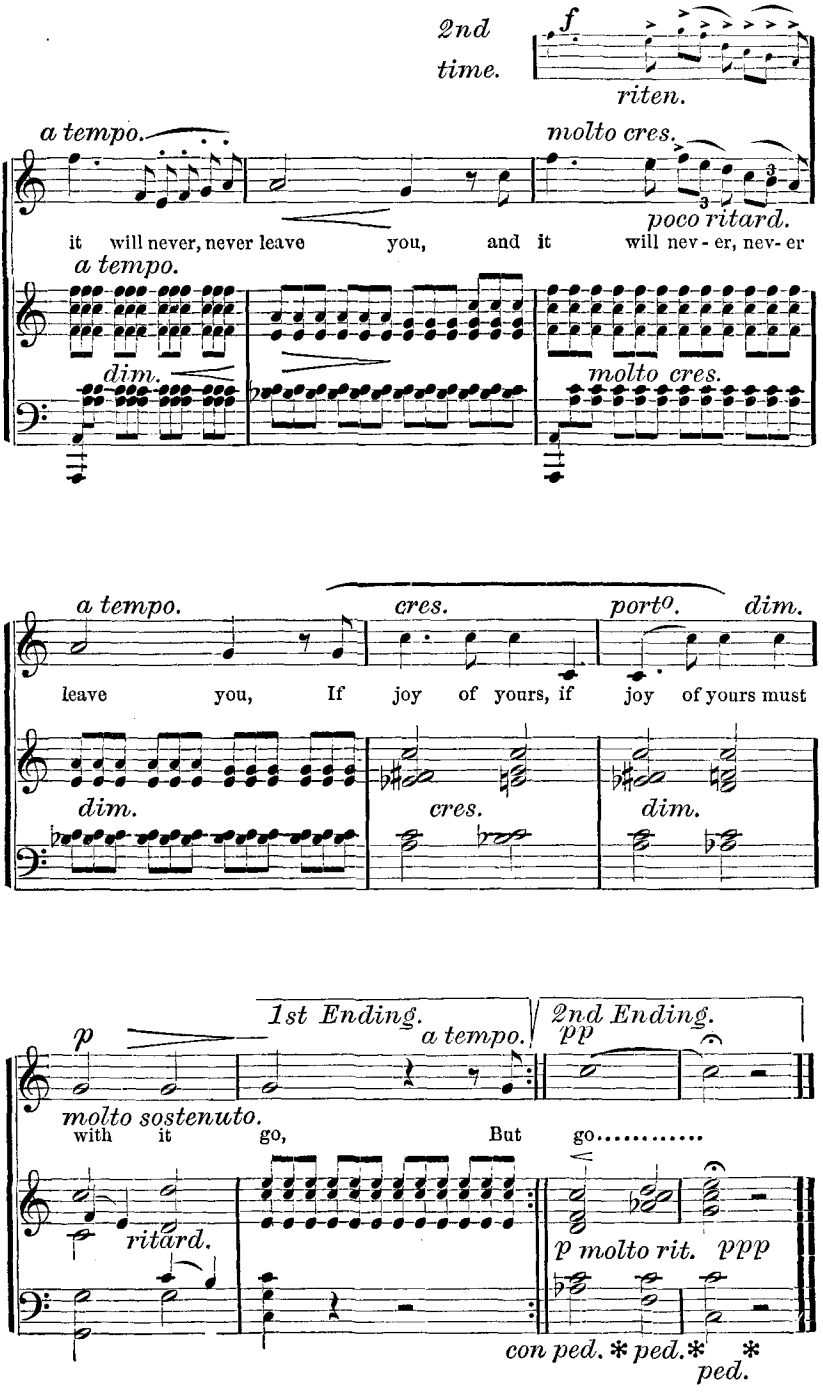

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A FRIEND of mine, journeying toward Russia, stopped for dinner, just before crossing the frontier, at an inn kept by a German. The host casually remarked that he had never been in Russia, and on the expression of some astonishment said, "I have always observed that those travelers who were going into Russia looked sad, while those who were coming out looked happy, so that I decided to stay where I was well off." The best quality of Tourguéneff's Terres Vièrges seems to me this: that it does not, like most of his stories, leave us sad; the final situation is cheerful, not hopeless; and the persons left on the scene are those in whom we have learned to take satisfaction, Solomin and Marianne. We think of them, also, as living a cheerful and useful life; whereas we commonly dismiss his heroes and heroines to a life of mere endurance, and, if we think of them again, it is in the hope that they will not survive very long.

The book has also the merit of more symmetrical grouping than Tourguéneff has before shown. It is not too much to say of him that he individualizes his characters more sharply and clearly than any other novelist now living; but the composition is often very fragmentary, so that he seems, as Emerson said of Goethe, to throw something at us with the remark, "Here is a piece of human nature that I had not before sketched; take this." But in Terres Vièrges the whole grouping is elaborate and careful; every character relieves every other, and not one could be spared.

Yet the most interesting trait in the book is, after all, this: that we have here types which are not merely Russian, but universal, and might belong to any period of social upheaval. I could match every character in the book, without much effort, by some corresponding figure brought to the surface by the Anti-slavery, or Fourierite, or Woman Suffrage agitation in this country. Very few European novels, I should say, make a reader in New England feel so entirely at home among the *dramatis personæ*.

This selection of corresponding types should not, however, be carried so far as to attribute to Tourguéneff's characters any specific opinions which they do not clearly express. This mistake is made, I think, by the Atlantic critic of foreign literature in the July number, when he says of Marianne's career: "It is assuredly a stain upon the book that she even proposes that last step of socialism for supporting which Mrs. Victoria Woodhull has become notorious in this country. This repels the reader, and fills him with disgust." May I be permitted to say, after a pretty careful reading of the French translation — which is the one reviewed — that this "stain" appears to me to be created by the imagination of the critic? I cannot find a solitary word to confirm what he has so emphatically stated. The passage in the book least remote from any such interpretation is that on page 245, where Marianne tells Neshdanoff that whenever he truly loves her she will be his (*je serai à toi*). But inasmuch as they have just laughingly compared themselves to newly-married people (*nouveaux mariés*), Marianne responding, "That depends on you" (*Cela dépend de toi*), it is hard to see the excuse for putting any dishonorable construction on the young girl's words. It is plain that the lover himself does not, for in narrating the affair to his friend (page 264) he dwells on his own reluctance to form a permanent tie: "Comment pourrais-je unir pour toujours sa destinée à la mienne?" And their friends evidently take the same view, for Solomin afterwards mentions the neighborhood of a priest as one of the conveniences of their lodgings, should they decide on marriage. If it be said that the phrase *être à toi* is oftenest used by French novelists in connection with illicit amours, the answer is that this is

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equally true of every other expression of affection, inasmuch as it is usually of illicit love that French novelists write. But they also use the word for the most pure and honorable affection, and even to express the ideal attachment of two lovers who are parting not to meet again, as may be seen in George Sand's Elle et Lui. The simple fact is that the French phrase is in itself as innocent as the English "I am thine," and no man has the right to found any uncharitable construction on those words alone.

It is not worth while to emulate those gentlemen of the last century who fought duels about the reputation of Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe. But Tourguéneff's Marianne is a character too fine and too carefully delineated to be assigned, without at least some semblance of evidence, to the alliance of Mrs. Woodhull.

—I am a lover of novels. I have just finished Virgin Soil, the first of Tourguéneff's stories I have read. From some of our critics and their reviews I had obtained the idea that this Russian story-teller possessed extraordinary powers; all *I* can say is that I was never more disappointed over a book in my life. Is it possible that any one can really like it? As to plot: does any one know what it is all about from beginning to end? The actors go to and fro saying to each other in deep tones, "Act!" they are mysteriously "called;" they gaze "significantly." They make nothing of sitting up all night to talk, talk, talk, and are honestly represented as being, the next morning, "so tired they can hardly stand," or as having "bad headaches." An unknown personage, who writes letters, some in pencil, some in soot and water, and some in blood (why blood?), orders them about constantly from one town to another, but, with all the reader's efforts, he cannot discover what they are to do in these towns, except to distribute pamphlets. Everybody in the book distributes pamphlets.

Poor Neshdanoff, inveigled into this land of fog by his own imaginative temperament, wanders about, more and more overcome by perplexity with every page. Towards the last he grows desperate, tells lies right and left, and even appears sardonically amused over his own approaching dismemberment, he being lashed as it were to two horses, who must before long inevitably take different roads. But, if one feels pity for Neshdanoff alone, what must one feel for the unfortunate fellow after he falls into the hands of the cold-hearted, bold girl who is the heroine of the tale? I do not know that I ever met in fiction a more unpleasant young person than this Marianne. The uncle and aunt Sipiagin give the orphan a home, and a great deal is made of the aunt as a persecutor; but, with all the author's preference for Marianne, it is difficult to see how any aunt could like such a niece. She is insolent and sullen, she cuts her hair off short, and has "views;" without the slightest necessity, she tells the story of poor Markeloff's unsuccessful suit to a stranger; she informs him also that her aunt is "a living lie," and details to him that lady's faults in words which read like petty, spiteful jealousy. Having thus detached him from the Sipiagin, she begins a flirtation with him on her own account, of the most extraordinary nature: she visits him in his room at night, she takes charge of him, she leads him about, she declares her affection, she flings herself upon his neck. Next, she proposes that they fly together "from this aristocratic house where all is falsehood and deceit," and herself arranges the plans with Solomin, Neshdanoff plainly lagging behind throughout the whole, not so much from unwillingness, exactly, as from his own chronic bewilderment, poor fellow! However, Marianne succeeds in running away with him, and takes him to Solomin's factory, where they are to reside for a time. Here they proceed to aid "the cause" and "simplify" themselves: Marianne, by wearing a peasant's dress, which becomes her, and washing tea dishes occasionally; and Neshdanoff, by wearing a peasant's dress, which does *not* become him (unfortunate here, too!), and by the eternal pamphlets, some of which say merely, "Make the sign of the cross and grasp the axe!"—

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instructions concerning which Neshdanoff asks himself, "Must we really take an axe? But against whom? With whom? Why?" Solomin, who has a sprinkling of common sense in spite of his "sallow" face, "short nose," and "little green eyes," is naturally anxious that these stray guests of his should be legally united, and hints more than once at "the priest." But the calm Marianne is above law; she scorns it. Without the excuse of love or the glow of self-sacrifice, she will, nevertheless, if required, become Neshdanoff's mistress from principle only! No wonder he recoils from the cold-blooded anomaly. In the end he shoots himself, and no one is surprised. The imbecility of the conspiracy and his own position are too much for him. Marianne then marries Solomin. The author remarks that the priest who married them "never repented what he had done;" but the question is — did Solomin?

Mashurina appears and disappears, aimlessly; the only thing clear about her is that she has red hands. Madame Sipiagin is well drawn; but, in real life, a Neshdanoff would have succumbed to her. As for the local Russian coloring, it consists principally of the "samovar," and the wildly bewildering number of names possessed by each character. The double conversation on page 167, where Neshdanoff "lies, and knows he lies," is good. And, when all is told and over, the image of Markeloff's silent old servant, in the long calico caftan, waiting on the steps, with "eternal sadness on his face," seems to me after all the most impressive figure in the book, and the most Russian.

— In exalting the Latin method of acting above the English, and illustrating respectively by Fechter as Hamlet, and Mrs. Lander as Hester Prynne, your contributor for July makes many good points. To my apprehension, however, he is wrong in presenting Fechter as a typical example, and wanders farther into error when he considers him the "true Dane of Shakespeare."

I am acquainted with the French stage and with the Italian. I know Salvini's contained energy and impressive economy of gesture, Rossi's intellectual analysis, Ristori's thorough good sense and aptitude, and Rachel's columnar poise, her undulating motion, her serpent fascination and stroke, and the victory her thrilling voice achieved over the sing-song verse of Racine. Only last season I saw an actress of the stock company at the Gymnase in Paris so simulate weeping, by means of a play of feature, and without using hand or handkerchief, that a low murmur of applause ran through the observant and delighted house. I am one with your contributor in admiration of the Latin method.

But surely the essential part of acting lies in the conception, the vision, and just comprehension of *what to do* rather than in the subtilest play of the faculty of *how to do it;* and to me Fechter's assumption seemed deficient in this quality of vision. If it be retorted that no two critics are agreed as to the meaning of Hamlet, and that Fechter's conception may be as good as any, while his expression of it is superior to all others, I rejoin that he did not seem to have any conception at all of the unity of the character, but used the successive situations and the marvelous language as means towards disconnected effects, whose brilliancy was enhanced by his mellow and modulated voice, his sinuous gesture, and the complete training he had acquired on the French stage.

Accordingly, I found his Hamlet good in parts, — not as a whole. He showed the Celtic sensibility of a comedian of tenderness and refinement, not imaginative, not spiritual. That he should fail to render the gust of English idioms was not surprising. He slurred with obtuse, indifferent tones the phrase, "Thou comest in such a questionable shape;" indeed, he did not seem to be moved as one in presence of a spirit that had passed and repassed through awful changes, nor at other times was he haunted by that vision.

On the other hand, he was exquisite in the lighter colloquial passages, his action, his hand play, slight motions of the head and face, natural tones, all

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winning and rewarding attention. Yet even here, in talk with his school-fellows, he said, with perverse and superficial emphasis, "You cannot play upon *me*," and then walked suddenly away. I recalled the manner of the elder Booth in this scene, the princely courtesy of his request, "I do beseech *you*," and the spirit of anger cooled instantly by a lofty disdain of his "Though you can *fret* me, you cannot *play* upon me." So when Fechter said, "I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had *not* borne me," beginning with that jet and cadence of tone which marks all English-speaking Frenchmen, and ending like the snap of a Chinese cracker, and dry as that, — away from the flat, false emphasis on "not," emptying the phrase of all true meaning, I reverted again to the elder Booth, who filled it with melancholy feeling, and implied the hopes, the pains, the love, the mystery, of motherhood.

The "To be or not to be" was excellent as *a* soliloquy, for it was said as if no one were listening; but failed curiously as *this* soliloquy, for it did not vibrate with the tremendous problem of eternal life. Indeed, he left out

> "The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveler returns,"

and went on with the fluent unconcern of a French comedian. Sometimes, as I followed him with persisting hope, he seemed to get into the atmosphere of Hamlet, but it soon drifted from him, or rather he slipped out of it with Gallic nimbleness, and seemingly unawares.

The scene with his mother, the killing of Polonius, and his manner on the reappearance of the ghost were good, and by far the best part of his performance. It may be said that his view of the character, if he had one, was too domestic, and without those amazing manifold electric currents of thought, on finest lines to farthest reaches, which are in the constitution of Hamlet.

The grave-yard scene puzzled me. Here was a chance for tenderness, and the actor did not improve it. Was the gap between the noisome skull and the live jester who "set the table on a roar" too great for his imagination to span? Yet without just this movement of the imagination, no actor can perform Hamlet. Fechter seemed more impressed with the fact that this particular skull was Yorick's than flooded with tender memories of his jovial playmate, whereas in Hamlet, "that capability and godlike reason, looking before," re-created jester and festival and the charm of them; then, "looking after," whelmed fool, emperor, and the lady of his love in one melancholy generalization on the common lot, until the prince, still holding the skull which had at first made his gorge rise, hands it back to the grave-digger, as the elder Booth did, after pressing it to his lips in token of prevailing affection. Fechter concludes with a good bit of stage business. He drives at the king, who eludes him and runs out around a corridor. Hamlet heads him off and stabs him.

Pondering on this play, where intense and varied human interests are lifted and swayed towards the life to come by the presence and the voice of the most majestic and appalling figure ever conceived in the mind of man; remembering English players who have essayed the principal character, — especially one, the elder Booth, distinguished above them all by grasp and delicacy of genius, an actor of Saxon strength, of Northern imagination, of Latin method, — I must be pardoned for dismissing with slight notice the desultory grace, the short flight, the brief plummet, "the ineffectual fire" of Charles Fechter.

— I find myself quite in sympathy with that contributor who, in your July number, favors the acting of Mr. Fechter and his school in preference to that of Mrs. Lander and hers. It has long seemed strange to me that, with the knowledge and appreciation of French art, especially acting, current among Americans, so much of the stiltedness and staginess of the old English school should yet remain, and even find encouragement as a criterion for beginners. It is, however, a promising sign to note that our most popular young actors win their laurels, it would seem, in about the ratio that

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they veer from such time-honored stiffness. And this calls to mind how, during one of Clara Morris's last performances of Miss Multon in the Boston Theatre, and while in the last scene she was entreating to have her children brought to her, the breathless attention of the audience was for an instant diverted into laughter as the piercing shriek of some impressionable female in the house was followed by the hoarsely excited exclamation, "Bring her her children! Why don't you bring them on?" I thought then that this little incident settled Miss Morris's place as an actress far more effectively than did many a column of criticism with which she had been honored during her stay; for in this day of wonderfully and consciously critical audiences, to call forth a cry of self-forgetfulness at all is no small achievement. Perhaps, too, the spectators from whom we expect the least can sometimes measure a performer surprisingly or *amusingly* well. It was a trifle odd that not more than a week after, in the same house, I should have been treated to a bit of audible criticism of the latter sort. While the famous Danicheffs were having their say upon the stage, a girl with a shop-worn face, a seat or two distant from me, turned to her stout, decidedly Hibernian companion and stage-whispered, "Oh, is n't this play perfect? Is n't it just splendid?" His eyes twinkled, and his lips puckered into a smile with a "Hu-m-m, yes, may be 't is. But d' ye think, now, the ould dame [the countess, Miss Morant] would really have always carried the day if she kept roullin' the lightning from her eyes at *that* rate, and let the mastiff in her growl that plain in the faces of them she wanted to get the upper hand of? As for the young wan [Anna, Miss Jewett], d' ye mind the voice of her, too? how pourful it is for wan in her grief and tinder years, and what a sound there 's in it like the ould lady's, barrin' the difference in all they have to spake!"

—I wish to own, in this public confessional, that the simple, provincial trust with which I accept English criticism has been unusually tasked by the dark wisdom of The London Academy in summing up its judgment of Mr. James's American: "The book is an odd one; for though we cannot say it is a good book, there is no doubt whatever that it is worth a score of the books which we are wont, truly enough in a sense, to call good." Now, if I had received this oracle from almost any native publication, I know very well how I should have found instant relief. But I am sensible that I cannot take a short cut out of the misery into which I am plunged by a London Academician. I must look again, and I must consider: there is evidently a class, scores in fact, of books which the highest English critics are wont, truly enough in a sense, to call good. So far everything is clear. These books may be called, truly enough in a sense, good, but —I feel myself going, again! — a score of them are not worth one book which cannot be called good. This is terrible. To 't, again! If a book which cannot be called good is worth a score of books which can truly be called good — No, no! That way madness lies. Let us go back, and look more carefully to our steps. First, there are critics; that is clear. Second, there are books; this also is plain. Now, then, let us be very adroit. There are English critics in the habit of truly calling books good which are not a twentieth part so good as books that cannot be called good; therefore, the American author should study to write not good books, but odd books which cannot be called good, and that are worth scores of books which truly are good, — in a sense. This seems all very well, till one comes to the last clause, — in a sense. At this I darkle again. "In a sense" is hard to understand. If that secret, black, and midnight clause were but laid open, all might yet be well with me; but with that closed, that shut fast with all its sweetness and light in it, like an inexorable clam! I can perceive how, on the principle that a bad book is worth scores of truly good books, the English critics have decided that Messrs. Whitman and Miller are the great American poets; or I could perceive this, if it were not for "in a sense." That reduces

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me to despair, from which my only hope is in recalling the famous puzzle, "I met a boy, and the boy said" something preposterously impossible. After you have threshed yourself to frenzy against this problem, your tormentor comes to your rescue with the sublimely simple solution, "*The boy lied.*" May there not be a like escape from this hideous labyrinth of The London Academy? Possibly there *are* no bad books, however odd, which are better than good books, and the pretense of the contrary is bosh, rubbish, rot. In short, may I not believe that the boy lied?

—The Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, Maine, published, in 1845, a romance called Margaret. He complained some time later that it had been neglected. It was to the accident of coming upon a volume of outline drawings which Darley made for it that my own acquaintance with it was due. The merit of Margaret, whatever it may be, was not, however, to me the circumstance of note. It was the discovery in the eulogistic preface that there was another work, by the same author, devoted to an exposition of the dignity of manual labor. This is a subject to which I find myself attracted. I am rather on the lookout for something which disposes of it in a satisfactory manner. The scale of social dignity is made up on the basis of the greater or less freedom from the obligation to labor. The cream of our consideration is perhaps reserved for those who never by any chance have anything to do with it. We pay sufficient regard to the results of labor, but its actual drudgery is at a large discount. We gaze with respect upon the great monument after it is erected, and even upon the engineer who expended his headwork upon it, but I have yet to see effusion manifested over the brawny arms that hauled all his brick and mortar and twisted his cables. It was for this reason that I sought out with interest the story which is styled upon its title-page, Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. A Rus-Urban Tale, Simple and Popular, yet Cultured and Noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life. Possibly overlooked in this out-of-the-way and little-bruited tale might be found a view going to the very root of the matter, and even capable of application; so that when it was known the public might at once begin to pay labor pure and simple the respect to which it is entitled. The disappointing announcement may be made at once, that the Rev. Sylvester Judd is merely one more of the persons who dignify labor by showing you how to scramble out of it early. In chapter twenty-four his hero is proprietor of the saw-mill, and in chapter forty-seven he marries the governor's daughter. But his mates at the mill, capable of nothing else, go on drudging for him as for the former boss. They catch nothing of the illumination of the lucky Richard's dignity, but on the contrary are treated as very commonplace persons. According to this good minister's plan, you are to be of a New England family of the highest character and integrity. You are to have a high-school education, including even "a slight attempt on the Latin tongue." You are to be profoundly influenced in youth by the family, the school, and the church. You are to go voluntarily into a saw-mill instead of going to college, on account of a love you have for manual labor. You are to be a natural orator and musician, and so handsome that young ladies fall in love with you at sight, but of such a virtue that you simply reprove them coldly for their unbecoming coquetries. You are to be so muscular, and at the same time of such an exemplary nature, that when the bully of the shop attacks you you will not be under the necessity of knocking him down, but can hold his arms to his sides in your vice-like grasp until he is overwhelmed with confusion. A facility in saving people's lives two or three times apiece all around will be requisite, and also polished manners to enable you to dance with the governor's daughter and converse with her upon equal terms, when, during a temporary closing of the saw-mill, not to be out of employment, you drive a hack for her family. Ah, me—the cold comfort there is in this picture of life for the grimy fellow whose

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wages are under a dollar a day, and whose dream is rather to keep out of the poor-house than to marry into the New England aristocracy!

The author's acquaintance with the wickedness of the world — and one's heart involuntarily warms a little to the honest old gentleman for it — is as amateurish as his treatment of its hardships. Without professing to speak with authority in these matters, I should say that his bar-room conversations were as pure an invention as The Culprit Fay or the Midsummer-Night's Dream. His heavy villain would be set down by the regular "swell-mob" as a milksop in need of a thorough going over before deemed worthy of admission to fellowship. A specimen of the talk of this ideal miscreant sufficiently shows the unpractical character of the Rev. Mr. Judd's turn of mind. Clever is a night hand on gang-saw No. 1. He has been absent a while under pretense of sickness, and upon his return, and first introduction to the story, says to Richard: "Enlargement, aggrandizement, glory, fame, are natural to the human breast; they are natural to my breast. Power, might, are honorable; and these I study to exercise. To make you believe I am sick when I am sick is nothing, — a child could do that; but if I can make you believe I am sick when I am not sick, if I can make the captain believe it, and the whole mill believe it, I do something; I exercise power; I AM ENLARGED!"

Thus, the opportunity to exhibit the dignity of labor, not being filled by Mr. Judd, is still open. Who will take advantage of it? If I were going to attempt something of the kind myself, I think I should try to make the most, somehow, of the argument that labor is an object in itself, since it is impossible absolutely to secure the fruits of it, and since, when the pressure of necessity is withdrawn, it is entered into with almost equal earnestness from choice. Rare, indeed, is the savings-bank, the insurance company, the coal stock, which may not force the capitalist to renew the toilsome labor of accumulation which he had considered finished. The fashionable woman may have occasion, in the cares of her household and social obligations, to envy her laundress. Polo is as hard as cattle herding. De Lancey Kane drives a coach as well as Richard Edney. It would be difficult to hire people at any price to row college boat races. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of a grocer or hardware dealer than a dweller in the tents of the amateur rifle association. When you have made your fortune by labor, what else do you find to do but labor still? Such being the case, I would go on to adjure the man who is doing a useful thing to be satisfied with himself and confident of his dignity, no matter what he finally comes to. I would — but this is feebly attempting to preëmpt the ground which I wish left open for the shrewd and kindly analyzer who is to tell us about the dignity of that kind of labor which has not retired upon its income and married the governor's daughter, but is cutting saw-logs, breaking stone, clenching boiler rivets, brandishing the mop and the scrubbing brush, and singing The Song of the Shirt.

— Will this serve as a Roland for Mr. Collyer's Oliver, who supposed that Mr. Emerson and "that kind of people ought to be encouraged"?

Some years ago I was so fortunate as to happen in Middlebury, Vermont, at commencement season. The instinctive hunger of the feminine soul for perpetual student, warm, cold, or minced, had been long blunted by advancing years and residence in an old university town; so it was not the momentous début of a dozen or so admirable young orators which awoke self-gratulation over my opportune arrival, although it must be confessed that the mere sight of so many young men who were neither bored nor agonizingly anxious to seem bored by life, present and to come, was inexpressibly novel and refreshing. The source of rejoicing was far beyond and above even this.

In an old university the round of memorable orators and poets is perhaps soon run, and the imported commencement lions have either become, in these last

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times, unthrilling specimens of their kind, or are jealously caged for platform exhibition as a decoy to the alumni dinner, where they are gingerly served as a *bonne-bouche*. At least the motto of our particular college has come to be — but hear a parable instead. A divinity student having nearly completed his course brought, as the powers ordain shall be done, a sermon to his favorite instructor. Modestly but feelingly he delivered it from text to "application" and "a few reflections," after which the critic: "Yes, very good, — very good, indeed; well planned, and on the whole admirably expressed. But, my dear young friend, I regret to say I notice a tendency to — to — *enthusiasm*, which should and MUST be repressed."

Coming from such a climate, and listlessly glancing at the commencement programme of brave little Middlebury, how my heart leaped to see "Oration before the Whatsoever Society, by Ralph Waldo Emerson"! And what an "oration" it was — calm and grand and unperturbed as of old! And as was the oration so was the orator, losing now and then his place, in the familiar old fashion, and with sweet solemnity looking for it again among his wandering script as deliberately as if he sat alone in his Concord study, and we following the search as undisturbed as he, finding it only a shade less exquisitely fascinating than the missing thought itself when at last he had gently brought us to its hiding-place.

I know of nothing on earth more restful, and I would like to say divine, than to sit in Mr. Emerson's presence for an hour, while he thus loses and finds himself in peaceful succession. "But this is not my tale," as Mr. Joaquin Miller often justly remarks. When Mr. Emerson's celestial hide-and-seek was over, and the entranced audience were reluctantly going down the aisles, a venerable old trustee of the college, whose beautiful white head was its crown of glory for many years, whispered to me with a smile and half a sigh: "Times have changed! It is just twenty years ago since we had him here last to address this same literary society. When he had finished, the president, as was the custom, called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. Rev. Mr. ——, of W——, in this State, stepped into the pulpit which Mr. Emerson had just vacated, and uttered a very remarkable prayer of which I can remember only one sentence exactly: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk!'" "And what did Mr. Emerson say?" "Nothing — oh, yes; after the benediction he asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and, when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked: 'He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' and went on his peaceful way."

— No doubt it is comforting to Jewish hearts to see how the social thrust lately aimed at them has been resented by the free press. But does all this, I wonder, blind any thinking Jew to the wide difference between social justice and social preference, or tend to make him feel that he is the more welcome in the home circles of Christian families, supposing he cared to enter them?

It is hardly imaginable that Judge Hilton intended to hurt himself, financially or socially, when he moved to exclude the obnoxious race from his hotel. He may have made a special study of the aversion, alienation, the indefinable something which the average Christian claims to feel in his intercourse with the Jew, although it often means no more than that he cannot penetrate the mystery of his subtle, self-poised personality. For if there is any one point upon which the commonplace Christian, especially he of British extraction, is uncommonly strong, it is in a contempt for whatever he may not happen to understand, as his governmental record the world over amply proves.

Judge Hilton, then, may have made a study of his own pet aversion without having also made due allowance for the difference, in this age of the world, between personal or theoretic dislike and

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wholesale injustice; if so, he overshot his mark; and must, *per force*, take the consequences. Possibly, too, the judge, if of a contemplative turn, may have taken notes of the effect of Daniel Deronda upon the reading public, and felt additionally secure as to the result of his action. Certainly, if the author of that wonderful book had no other object than to feel how the world's pulse beat in regard to a famous race, it was well worth her while to have written it. Leaving the professional critics out, it is doubtful if any knot or *coterie* discussing it since its publication, let them find what other faults they may, have not ended by expressing disgust or dissatisfaction with its idealization of the Jews. Strange that practically wise people are not as ready to see that had not that race been capable, in all ages, of evolving just such "dreamy abstractions" as Mordecai and Deronda, it could not well have stood, through time and persecution, the solitary peculiar power it has stood in the world's history!

How often, while listening to the buzzing of certain Christian insects, have I pictured some grand old Jewish face turning its scathing irony upon them, while it questioned their claim to aught which they profess to hold sacred except through his race; and then demonstrating how utterly their non-debtor was that race except for the persecution which had fertilized so much special genius.

But although some of our ungrateful race are, at last, getting so enlightened in liberality as to recognize their superiors even among Jews, I would, none the less, caution commonplace Jews against too far presuming upon the fact. Above all would I advise any youth of Jewish blood, whose nose does not betray him, and who has set his heart upon winning a Christian maiden, to let his secret rest secure until he has first won a more than passing interest.

— Looking over my collection of autographs, which I began many years ago in very humble imitation of the splendid and well-arranged collection of Mr. Ticknor, I came upon a note from Walter Savage Landor. It is without date, and reads as follows: —

Dear Kenyon, — I have to thank you for a little book which Fisher brought me. The weather is so fine that I have not yet red it. My brother Robert has publisht three Dramas. The versification is better in all respects than any other dramatist's, and the poetry than any other's, except Shakespeares, by many many degrees. I would lay a wager nevertheless that Robinson thinks Goethe, and even Wordsworth, a better poet. The Ferryman (I stake my reputation, such as it is, upon it) far surpasses every poem in the present or last century. Robert and I have had no correspondence for a quarter of a century, and the last was an angry one, but let me do him justice.

Towards the end of April I go to Paris to meet my son Walter. If you know of any reasonably cheap lodgings on the other side the Seine, but not very distant from the Gallerys, pray tell me. Your's very sincerely, W. Landor.

Are any of the cultivated readers of The Atlantic familiar with these dramas of Robert Landor? Have they one reader per annum amongst us?

The book was published (may I be pardoned for retaining the orthography of our dictionaries, in spite of the prejudices, protests, and example of Mr. Landor) by Saunders and Otley, London, in 1841.

The three dramas are The Earl of Brecon, Faith's Fraud, and The Ferryman, each in five acts. The first "has for its moral patient forbearance under shame and ruin. The second, sacred obligations discharged at the expense of other sacrifices as well as life. The third, endurance and forgiveness." The book is printed in the interests of religion and morality.

After such a eulogium on a poetical work by a critic so well qualified to enjoy and so very hard to please as Walter Savage Landor, who as a "brother offended" advances an especial claim to be heard upon the subject, it is diffi-

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cult to accept one's own judgment on these dramas. So far as I know they have never been reviewed in any prominent periodical. Horne and De Quincey, who have written largely on the works of Walter Savage Landor, and incidentally upon his life, make no allusion whatever to his brother.

It would be curious to see these dramas compared by some less eccentric critic, not certainly with Shakespeare's, but with those of Henry Taylor. I can see in them little to justify the opinion pronounced on them by Landor in his note to Mr. Kenyon, and much to excuse the public for its indifference and their oblivion.

De Quincey, in his notes upon the writings of the more successful brother, says: "Might not a man build a reputation on the basis of *not* being read? To be read is undoubtedly something; to be read by an odd million or so is a sort of feather in a man's cap, but it is also a distinction that he has been read absolutely by nobody at all." . . . But he adds that Mr. Walter Savage Landor is not entitled to such sublimity of distinction, "for it can be proved against him that he has been read by at least a score of people, all wide-awake."

May not the distinction have been reserved, with justice or injustice, for the other brother?

— I am very sorry to see The Nation in one of the July numbers countenance the notion that "Welsh *rabbit*" is a corruption of *rare-bit*. I very much doubt if this supposed derivation is more than about thirty years old, while the dish is very much older. The name is one of a great number of hits at countries and towns that are supposed to have a very limited choice in food, and to substitute their few articles for the many of other lands. Wales was imagined to have nothing to eat but cheese (see Sir Hugh Evans) and mutton; a Welsh rabbit is "toasted cheese," and in parts of England mutton cooked in a special way is *Welsh venison*. There are a dozen such instances among ourselves. The herring appears in two favorite localities as "Taunton turkey" and "Digby [N. S.] chicken." "Albany beef" is simply *sturgeon;* and a "Marblehead turkey" is a *codfish*. To one who has noticed these analogies, and knows, moreover, how for centuries cool Saxons have loved to poke fun at their fiery Cambrian neighbors, there is something singularly flat in the "rare-bit" idea.

It is needless to say, however, that the spelling early commended itself to restaurant keepers, whose bills of fare have always had a peculiar softness which the writers probably think is refined. Many of them invariably say *cold* oysters when they mean *raw*, the latter word being thought coarse! Charlotte *de* Russe is the name most in vogue with them, and is adopted by Dr. Holland in a novel; you might as well say United States of American. The very peculiar name *Méringue*, which is the French form of the Italian *Marengo*, and was given in honor of the battle, has assumed the spelling *Morangue* at the hands of fashionable confectioners.

Mr. Hale, in his late amusing story of G. T. T., has put into print an experience of us all at hotels where there is no printed bill of fare — the practice of female waiters running together the entire list of viands in one word. At Lake George, for instance, may be heard, "Soupsalmonroastmuttonboiledmutton," etc., right on without a stop. It is not perhaps generally recognized that the first instance of such a breathless bill of fare is in the Ecclesiazusæ of Aristophanes. There, a female chorister, summoning the whole city to a gorgeous banquet, announces the entire provision in a single word of one hundred and seventy-eight letters: "Oysterscodskatesharkbrainsgibletssauceepiquante," etc.; only the genius of the Greek language introduces connecting syllables, which modern hotels dispense with.

— I see that the papers are already beginning to talk about the Bishop's Palace, to be built in connection with the cathedral at Garden City, endowed by Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and to brag that it is to be finer and grander than any such building in Europe. Very likely those most interested are annoyed at the

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foolish extravagance of language used by thoughtless journalists, and themselves carefully use correct expressions, like Episcopal Residence with apartments for the clergy. Still the hasty reader gets the impression that a building is to be erected of dignified proportions, in keeping with the elaborate cathedral, and as part of the cathedral appointment; doubtless there will be a Close and other poetical appendages, and novelists who cannot afford the trip across the Atlantic will be able, by an inexpensive journey to Hempstead, to furnish themselves with the interesting apparatus which looks so attractive in the distance of English novels.

Ecclesiastical foppery is easily laughed at, and many, no doubt, will set down all this talk about the cathedral and palace as a feeble grasping at the inheritance of the English Church. But there is an aspect of it which is not ridiculous. The cathedral idea in America comes by degrees in the growth of the Episcopal church, and is not to be, it cannot be, the mere transfer of an Anglican fashion. It stands in a different relation to the church, and, as an expression of greater energy and more complete fidelity to the purposes of church organization, is to be watched with profound interest. The cathedral as the bishop's church will be a religious power just so far as the bishop is a power. His power springs from his service, not from his pomp and circumstance; the church becomes the centre of such service, but what has he to do with a palace? I had almost said, What has he to do with a house at all? A palace, or any house which by its splendor and state separates him from common men and gives him the appearance of rank, is in direct antagonism to the fundamental, Christian idea of a bishop. Some members of the Episcopal church are anxious to get rid of the name Protestant, since they argue that the name gives rise to historical misconception. It would be well if instead of getting rid of the name they would seek to fill the name with a meaning, and make the church a protest, not merely against some past doctrinal and practical error, but against the insidious enemies of true religion which have no organized form, but a very present influence. If the church wishes to protest against an age of luxury and self-indulgence, it will not do so by providing its bishops with kings' houses and soft raiment. When it does, it will find that men will go into the wilderness again to hear what the man will say who dresses in skins and eats locusts and wild honey. There is no form of state or ceremony which men will not persuade themselves is becoming to religious authority, and a comparison of pope with apostle will be ingeniously made out to the sophist's satisfaction, but no sophistry can get rid of the Master's words: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." I for one should like to see a bishop's palace in America built by a bishop who could himself build one as cleverly as one of his spiritual ancestors could make tents.

—I do not know whether it is a universally received truth, but I know it has long been one to me, that genius is worth little or nothing, nay, may become even a harmful and pernicious gift, unless it be accompanied by that far more substantial yet most necessary and indispensable quality, common sense. And yet this latter is by no means so abundant as one might suppose; indeed, some one has well said that it would be more appropriate to style it *un*common sense. Without the healthy instincts — for these, in most cases, will suffice even without a great deal of experience of the actual world — that warn us of the ridiculous, absurd, and impossible without a wholesome sense of "the eternal fitness of things" and a considerable portion of that good, sound, "homespun" faculty that in ordinary life goes to the successful discharge of the simplest and most common duties of our every-day existence, the profoundest sentiment, the finest fancy, and most brilliant imagination shall avail us nothing. The sentiment will degenerate into mere sentimentality, the most ideal aspirations and

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highest flights of fancy into empty vagaries and idle dreams; the creations of our brains under these circumstances cannot be anything but flimsy phantasms, with not a drop of real life-blood in their poor, transparent veins, and no more power of life and endurance than the flowers in the fairy tale, which, having for one night assumed the shapes of men and women in order to give a great ball, lay hopelessly wilted away to so much dry grass the next morning. I dare say I might illustrate my view with many examples, drawn for the most part, I am sorry to allow, from the ranks of female writers, but no more striking one occurs to me than that of Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, better known as the author of Charles Auchester, the one among her books which has the most claim to something like recognition. For to her that precious jewel in disguise, common sense, seems to have been almost completely denied. Young as she died, and, having been an invalid almost all of her brief life, little chance as she had of becoming acquainted with real men and women, had she possessed those healthy instincts which I have mentioned, she could not have represented such abnormal, unnatural, impossible beings as she did,—if beings they may be called who are in fact only bundles of high-strung, sensitive nerves and various abstract qualities. Her books are charged with a certain super-idealism that removes the characters, with their deep sorrows and sublime joys, as far beyond the reach of ordinary human sympathies as though they were inhabitants of the moon; surfeited with a sweet atmosphere of over-refinement that, like the stifling odors of a close, overheated hot-house, it is impossible for healthy lungs to breathe long, and that make us wish for a breath of fresh air, one touch of real life, no matter how crude and common and realistic it may be. In a word, it is almost impossible to read them, unless we are endowed with a good deal larger capacity for "swallowing nonsense" than usually falls to the lot of mortals in our practical days. And yet, in spite of all, we perceive in these "very young" efforts of a most intense and enthusiastic nature much real power and true inspiration, an exquisite sense of beauty in every shape, and a deep and delicate comprehension of the subtle mysteries of music, while the quaint style has a very piquant flavor of its own; so much unquestionable genius, indeed, of a high order that, had the author lived, I cannot doubt that she might have accomplished really great work, but for the "one thing wanting." As it is, all her high gifts are but as so much "sweetness wasted." Because of the one small grain of salt omitted in her composition, the slight admixture of common earth to counterbalance and weigh down the ecstatic flights of her overstrung mind, her name is almost forgotten and her books are consigned to an oblivion that is surely not wholly merited, or are read only by the few interested in such phenomena of nature, and fond of musing over "what might have been."

—I have followed the controversy raging or lately raging in one of the Boston daily papers as to whether cooks and house-maids are ill or well treated, and under or over paid, and I have been struck by the fact that the friends and foes alike of this class of laborers are united in stigmatizing them by an epithet which I hope most Americans take very unwillingly upon their lips, and seldom without a sense of its cruelty. I mean the word *servants*. Every man or woman who works for hire serves, or ought to serve, his or her employer. But all revolt from the name of servant, because it insults a proper pride and self-respect by ascribing to them a debased and hopeless social condition. A maid of all work is no more a servant than any other hireling; why should she be called a servant, and a day-laborer not? A shop-woman or a salesman is a hireling; why should not these be classed as servants, if cooks and nurse-maids and coachmen are so? The non-brutal nations, the French and the Italians, call their household laborers *domestics*, a word which describes them without wounding their just susceptibilities. We, following the brutal English and German fashion, are

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doing our best or worst to call ours servants. The good word *help*, kindly and modest, and native with us, no longer applies to our changed conditions; but it would be better to use it still than to use the word taught us by the snobbish English tourists who have laughed us out of our own phrase. From time to time there is a great clamor about the unwillingness of American girls to do housework for better wages than they can earn in mills and shops. I do not blame them. They are right to shrink from classing themselves as servants in a land where every other laborer rejects the title with rightful resentment. Sir, or madam, if you were by some disaster reduced to poverty, and your daughter were forced to take a house-maid's place, would you speak of her as a servant?

— I have seen no notice in our periodicals of a little book which is at least entitled to be a sort of literary curiosity, until the authoress shall have given us something claiming attention on larger grounds. I refer to a thin volume having a cover oddly decorated in gilding, with a branch of grape, a lyre, a bird, a pen, and a vase holding a ruined plant. It contains some poems by Miss A. C. Thompson, the sister of Elizabeth Thompson, whose battle painting, The Roll-Call, so suddenly made her famous a few years ago. These poems, published in 1875, certainly cannot command an audience, but there is a suggested quality in them which may hereafter be embodied in riper work. They are more emotional than reflective, and show traces of a gracious intimacy with several of the poetic forms; yet only now and then can you say that they bourgeon into poetry. They contain poetic feeling as a breeze carries with it whiffs of perfume from the field flowers; and their music is not so much like present melody as it is like remembered snatches of delightful sound. But occasionally there is a definite stroke of individuality which it is pleasant to come upon, as in a sonnet called Spring on the Alban Hills: —

"With wild Spring meanings hill and plain together
Grow pale or just flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether."

The piece called A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age is better in the novelty of its suggestion than anything else. And this Song of the Night at Daybreak is good as well as new: —

"All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?

"Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

"To the mountain-mine,
To the boughs o' the pine,
To the blind man's eyne.

"To a brow that is
Bowed upon the knees,
Sick with memories."

But it is in the longest and concluding effort, A Study in blank verse, that I find a hint of dramatic ability which is far beyond anything else among these eighty odd pages. This is the story, given in three monologues, of a woman who had sinned and repented. Her child, a boy, has been taken from her by a friend, for his own good; after five years she is summoned by the friend and told that the son has discovered her shame and wishes to go away from the land forever: the option of an interview is left with her. She decides to see him once, unseen herself; and then she returns to her old voiceless and sunken obscurity of repentant solitude. The personality of the woman is wonderfully given; it is impossible for me to convey the pathos of the whole thing; but the writer's concluding description of how the weary, patient creature fared back to her loneliness has a beauty that is separable from the rest. She saw

"Her lonely upward way climb to the verge
And ending of the day-time; and she knew
The downward way in presence of the night.
She heard the fitful sheep-bells in the glen
Move like a child's thoughts. There she felt the earth
Lonely in space. And all things suddenly
Shook with her tears. She went with shadowless feet
Moving along the shadow of the world."

I warn everybody that this is the best passage in the book, and that there is not a little foolish pre-Raphaelism in it,

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as, for example, where this same poor woman

"smiled, as she could,
A difficult smile that hurt half of her mouth."

The poetess may have meant to mitigate the suffering by confining it to only *half* of the mouth; but her doing so arouses tiresome speculations as to just which half it was that was hurt, and how the other section was located or employed at the time.

— Since the Contributors' Club offers a welcome to plain-speaking, I beg to enter a strenuous protest against some recent attempts to make Goethe out, contrary to all received impressions, a "good man," and as a fair specimen of them I will quote from Mr. Bayard Taylor in the January Atlantic: "No author has ever been so persistently misjudged in regard to his relations with women as Goethe. The world forgets that during the greater part of his life he was the object of the intensest literary jealousy and hostility, and that the most of the stories now current had their origin therein. The scandal occasioned in Weimar by his marriage to Christiane Vulpius — another part of his life which has never yet been correctly related — is an additional source of misconception. The impression thus produced combined with a false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man has kept alive to this day the most unfounded slanders. Schiller's life contains exactly the same number of love-passages, but they ceased to be remembered against him after he had married a refined and noble-natured patrician lady. Goethe offended the sentiment of the circle in which he moved less by his non-marriage than by his final marriage with the plebeian Christiane. . . . Old prejudices and slanders have a tremendous local vitality."

There is great speciousness about this plea of Mr. Taylor's, but it is in reality extremely flimsy. In the first place if "the world forgets that Goethe was the object of the intensest literary jealousy," Mr. Taylor forgets that he was equally the object of the wildest literary worship, — a man so admired and adored that, if his character *could* have been rescued, hundreds of devotees and defenders would have been only too glad to do it. In the second place, as regards the "false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man," I will repeat, as exactly applicable to him, what Mrs. Kemble said of Lord Byron in the same Atlantic: "I do not care to read his life, because, in spite of all Moore's assertions, I maintain that with Byron's own works in one's hand his character cannot possibly be a riddle to anybody;" and again, "I cannot at all agree with Mr. Moore that upon the showing of his own works Byron was a 'good man.' If he was, no one has done him such injustice as himself." From this, I think Mrs. Kemble might agree with a pet theory of mine, to the effect that a man cannot falsify himself in his writing. With a pen in one's hand, *what one is* comes out in black and white, whether one is aware of it or no; and with Goethe's books in evidence, his principles in regard to women are only too palpable.

As for the sentiment of the court circle at Weimar upon his marriage with Christiane Vulpius having anything to do with the sentiment of the world about it, I do not believe it. Honorable marriage has been the foundation of every self-respecting race known to history; and the universal, instinctive feeling about Goethe's position toward and his relations with women, during all the responsible part of his life, is that these were the deepest injury to the individuals themselves, an affront to the whole sex, and an insult to that married state which the Jews for three thousand years, and Christians for eighteen centuries, have believed to have been *directly* instituted by the Creator, as the best possible condition for the welfare and happiness of human beings. Goethe's offense was not in raising a girl of inferior position to his own level as his wife, but in first disgracing her for years, and marrying her at last from motives among which reparation to her and to the married state seem to have been the least; in short, only on the cynical French principle scarcely breathed in this country before

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our generation, that "Womanhood has *no* unwritten rights that manhood is bound to respect," can "Goethe as a man" find any defense whatever. From all time the great poets had joined with religion in upholding constancy as the one essential virtue of love. The heart of humanity had echoed the sentiment, and, though realizing them but imperfectly, it had maintained in song and story the ideals of purity, fidelity, and self-sacrifice as above all others. It was reserved for Goethe to preach both by his life and writings the vanity of these ideals. The impulse of the passing moment is the law of most of his heroes, as it was with himself, and constancy was a conception of which he was so incapable that there is no evidence of shame on the part of his characters when they fall away from it. Such a speech as —

> "Better thou and I were lying hidden from the heart's disgrace,
> Rolled in one another's arms and silent in a last embrace"

would have been jargon to Goethe, and this *unconsciousness* of the absolute demand of noble love is one of the most singular *lacunæ* that so vast and gifted a nature ever exhibited, — paralleled only by Lord Bacon's passionless dishonesty and treachery in friendship. The legitimate product of Goethe's example and teaching is beheld by contemporary Germany in that intoxicating but abandoned genius, art-iconoclast, and moral monster, Richard Wagner.

"Delicacy is the poet's El Dorado," said Edgar Poe, and Goethe had *no* delicacy. Indeed, the Germans as a nation are destitute of it. From every page of Goethe's great romance beams the mild effulgence of a genius, splendid, yet the most soft, the most winning, the least aggressive and self-assertive that perhaps the world has ever seen. One does not know at which to be most amazed — at the marvelous intuition and observation, the universality of sympathy, the almost inspiration of the reflections, the matchless style, and the golden poetic haze which inwraps the whole; or at the gentle indifference to all the ancient standards of decency, duty, honor, and truth, at the simple ignoring of the immemorial laws of love and wedlock, at the fatal principle that good and evil are alike admissible as educational influences.

With all his cosmical nature, Goethe never developed a real hero, and this permits no other explanation than the melancholy one that, though in the highest sense a man of genius, he did not possess the genius of manhood. Nay, he did not even conceive of it, for the essence of manhood is not to be "passion's slave," but to realize manhood's responsibilities and inflexibly fulfill them. There are such men, and they are the knife-edges of tempered steel on which vibrates the fitful pendulum of human destiny, brought back by them from all its aberrations to conscience and to God. Bad as the real world is, if it were like Goethe's world in Wilhelm Meister, it would be a weltering mass upon which the fires of Sodom could not descend too quickly.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

THOSE familiar with the preceding volumes of Mr. Parkman's series of historical narratives, which he calls France and England in North America, will have renewed pleasure in reading his latest contribution to this history; and fortunately for the reader who first approaches his work in this volume, Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.,[1] it is sufficiently detachable in the group of events treated to be enjoyed by itself. The conspicuous interest of the present installment of the general narrative is characteristic of the whole: it sets in their true relation to each other facts which regarded from one side merely are inevitably seen out of proportion. It has been Mr. Parkman's design, which he has accomplished with a brilliancy as great as its difficulty, to present these facts so that we shall behold them from both points of view, and so that they shall assume their real value in the history of the grand struggle between the free and the absolutist ideals of government on this continent. The bloody raids, the massacres, the captivities, the martyrdoms, are relegated in his story to their place as links in a continuous chain of events; and for American and English readers this effect is all the more thoroughly and satisfactorily produced because the basis is the history of Canada by a writer of their own race and principles. The facts are stated in the interest of this history, and a strong and novel light is thus thrown upon them. The massacre of Schenectady is only a cruel and senseless butchery in itself, without purpose and without result; but as an incident of the French design to recover their lost ascendency over the Indians, and to strike a blow at the growing commercial and political influence of the English, it has significance and historic value. So of the forays from Canada, with their terrible barbarities, upon the border settlements of New England, which are here recounted for the hundredth time, but recounted with fresh impressiveness by a writer who never solicits the picturesque, and who never fails to be graphic. This new volume of Mr. Parkman's is indeed a signal illustration of his fitness for the task he has assumed. With a poetic sense upon which nothing fine or noble is lost, with humor which seizes every amusing aspect of character, he unites judicial fair-mindedness and instinctive right-mindedness in rare degree. The whole tangled intrigue of political and religious ambition in the rivalry of the French and English unfolds itself in his hands. It is not upon any one phase of history that he dwells, to the distortion of the rest; he makes all its features striking and interesting. He is, to be sure, as fortunate in his subject as his subject is in him, and he has that evident delight in it without which no good work is done.

The material of the present volume is not, on the whole, so entertaining as that of The Old Régime in Canada, which preceded it, and which painted with such vividness the life of the capital of Canada under Louis XIV.; yet the same wonderful contrasts are here, — the same curious juxtaposition of the luxury and intrigue of Versailles and the fierce and wild turbulence of the forest; the same warring ambitions of prelates and governors; the same quaint, patient, humble bravery and self-devotion of the people. The period covered by this history is the stormy time from 1672 to 1701, when the league of the Iroquois, aided and comforted, now openly and now secretly, by the English, threatened the very existence of New France. This period closed in the complete triumph of the French policy and the French arms under the vigorous direction of Count Frontenac, a soldier of immense courage and spirit, and a ruler possessing the highest qualities for coping with a savage enemy, and wielding to the best effect the strength of a militant, if not military, colony like Canada. He was twice sent to this work, being recalled from his first mission because of his quarrels with the intendant and the clergy, but it was found that neither of the governors who succeeded him had the skill or the address to meet the dangers that menaced the colony; the English merchants were driving the French from the fur trade, and the Iroquois were banding against them and drawing from them even their Huron allies; it was necessary that the turbulent, willful, powerful old count

[1] *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1877.

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should come back. The measures which he used on his return were of just that mixture of force and flattery which the French knew so much better than the English how to employ with the savages. Frontenac first weakened their attachment to their white friends by striking his swift and terrible blows at the settlements in New York and New England; then came the defeat of Sir William Phips's expedition against Quebec, and the repulse of the Mohawk forays into Canada, the war in Acadia, and finally Frontenac's triumphant attack on the Onondagas. His own death followed soon upon his success, but, as the historian tells us, his chief objects were gained: —

"The power of the Iroquois was so far broken that they were never again very formidable to the French. Canada had confirmed her Indian alliances, and rebutted the English claim to sovereignty over the five tribes, with all the consequences that hung upon it. By the treaty of Ryswick the great questions at issue in America were left to the arbitrament of future wars; and meanwhile, as time went on, the policy of Frontenac developed and ripened. Detroit was occupied by the French, and passes of the West were guarded by forts. Another New France grew up at the mouth of the Mississippi, and lines of military communication joined the Gulf of Mexico with the Gulf of St. Lawrence; while the colonies of England lay passive between the Alleghanies and the sea, till roused by a trumpet that sounded with wavering notes on many a bloody field to peal at last in triumph from the Heights of Abraham."

The greater part of the interesting chapters relating to the disastrous expedition of Sir William Phips has already been published in The Atlantic, and our readers know with what skill that redoubtable knight was characterized, and with what force all the events of his luckless enterprise were painted. It is Mr. Parkman's fortune to deal with military operations on a scale extremely small as compared with the importance and significance of the results, and it is one of the most notable traits of his work that he never exaggerates these feats of arms, nor suffers his reader to underrate the political consequences. Doubtless the next of the series (Montcalm and the Fall of New France) will exceed the present volume in brilliancy; but qualities of sober clearness will commend this to every reader who wishes to understand an epoch of singular interest. It is not wholly wanting in material of the sort that gave its charm to The Old Régime in Canada, any more than it is destitute of stirring facts of war; there is one chapter describing the life at the Château St. Louis which, perhaps, is more curiously suggestive than any one of the volume just named. In a lull of battle and intrigue, the accomplished young nobles who surrounded Frontenac would fain have relieved the *ennui* of their inaction with something of the gayety of Versailles, and to the horror of the Jesuits they played several comedies, in which some ladies of Quebec took part.

"The success was prodigious, and so was the storm that followed. Half a century before, the Jesuits had grieved over the first ball in Canada. Private theatricals were still more baneful. 'The clergy,' continues La Motte, 'beat their alarm drums, armed cap-a-pie, and snatched their bows and arrows. The Sieur Glandelet was first to begin, and preached two sermons, in which he tried to prove that nobody could go to a play without mortal sin. The bishop issued a mandate, and had it read from the pulpits, in which he speaks of certain impious, impure, and noxious comedies, insinuating that those which had been acted were such. The credulous and infatuated people, seduced by the sermons and the mandate, began already to regard the count as a corrupter of morals and a destroyer of religion. The numerous party of the pretended devotees mustered in the streets and public places, and presently made their way into the houses to confirm the weak-minded in their illusion, and tried to make the stronger share it; but, as they failed in this almost completely, they resolved at last to conquer or die, and proceeded to use a strange device, which was to publish a mandate in the church, whereby the Sieur de Mareuil, a half-pay lieutenant, was interdicted the use of the sacraments.'

"This story needs explanation. Not only had the amateur actors at the château played two pieces inoffensive in themselves, but a report had been spread that they meant next to perform the famous Tartuffe of Molière, a satire which, while purporting to be leveled against falsehood, lust, greed, and ambition covered with the mask of religion, was rightly thought by a portion of the clergy to be leveled against themselves. The friends of Frontenac say that the report was a hoax. Be this as it may, the bishop believed it. 'This worthy prelate,' continues the irreverent La Motte, 'was

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afraid of Tartuffe, and had got it into his head that the count meant to have it played. Monsieur de Saint-Vallier sweated blood and water to stop a torrent which existed only in his imagination.' It was now that he launched his two mandates, both on the same day: one denouncing comedies in general, and Tartuffe in particular; and the other smiting Mareuil, who, he says, 'uses language capable of making Heaven blush,' and whom he elsewhere stigmatizes as 'worse than a Protestant.' It was Mareuil who, as reported, was to play the part of Tartuffe; and on him, therefore, the brunt of episcopal indignation fell. He was not a wholly exemplary person. 'I mean,' says La Motte, 'to show you the truth in all its nakedness. The fact is, that, about two years ago, when the Sieur de Mareuil first came to Canada and was carousing with his friends he sang some indecent song or other. The count was told of it, and gave him a severe reprimand. This is the charge against him. After a two years' silence the pastoral zeal has wakened because a play is to be acted which the clergy mean to stop at any cost.'

"The bishop found another way of stopping it. He met Frontenac, with the intendant, near the Jesuit chapel, accosted him on the subject which filled his thoughts, and offered him a hundred pistoles if he would prevent the playing of Tartuffe. Frontenac laughed, and closed the bargain. Saint-Vallier wrote his note on the spot, and the governor took it apparently well pleased to have made the bishop disburse. 'I thought,' writes the intendant, 'that Monsieur de Frontenac would have given him back the paper.' He did no such thing, but drew the money on the next day, and gave it to the hospitals.

"Mareuil, deprived of the sacraments and held up to reprobation, went to see the bishop, who refused to receive him, and it is said that he was taken by the shoulders and put out-of-doors. He now resolved to bring his case before the council; but the bishop was informed of his purpose, and anticipated it.

"The battle was now fairly joined. Frontenac stood alone for the accused. The intendant tacitly favored his opponents. Auteuil, the attorney-general, and Villeray, the first councillor, owed the governor an old grudge; and they and their colleagues sided with the bishop, with the outside support of all the clergy, except the Récollets, who, as usual, ranged themselves with their patron. At first, Frontenac showed great moderation, but grew vehement, and then violent, as the dispute proceeded; as did also the attorney-general, who seems to have done his best to exasperate him. Frontenac affirmed that, in depriving Mareuil and others of the sacraments, with no proof of guilt and no previous warning, and on allegations, which, even if true, could not justify the act, the bishop exceeded his powers, and trenched on those of the king. The point was delicate. The attorney-general avoided the issue, tried to raise others, and revived the old quarrel about Frontenac's place in the council, which had been settled fourteen years before. Other questions were brought up and angrily debated. The governor demanded that the debates, along with the papers which introduced them, should be entered on the record, that the king might be informed of everything; but the demand was refused. The discords of the council chamber spread into the town. Quebec was divided against itself. Mareuil insulted the bishop; and some of his scapegrace sympathizers broke the prelate's windows at night, and smashed his chamber door. Mareuil was at last ordered to prison, and the whole affair was referred to the king."

Something of Frontenac's character appears in this story, but for a complete study of the man the reader must go to the work itself. He was distinctly and simply a man of his time; he had no ideas at war with that of entire obedience to the king; he was never insubordinate but in what he believed the king's interest, and he only quarreled with the priests because he imagined an affront to the royal authority in their opposition to his will. He was "bloody, bold, and resolute" at need, but he was not cruel; and with a bad temper he seems to have had a good heart, as hearts went in that day. The first chapter of the history, a sketch delicious in color and design, relates to his early career, his marriage, and his life at court, before his first mission to Canada, which we are certain no one will read without wishing to read all that Mr. Parkman has written.

—In the third series of his Short Studies[1] Mr. Froude deals with topics as diverse outwardly as Annals of an English Abbey, Divus Cæsar, and Leaves from a South African Journal, but the currents of thought

[1] *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Third Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

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which run through the volume are after all not many nor various. Two subjects are uppermost in his mind, reasonable religion and practical government; and whether he treats of changes in English history, theology in Euripides, colonial government in South Africa, or transitions in ancient Roman life and belief, he shows that his mind is always returning upon actual problems in the destiny of England. It is not surprising that the author of Nemesis of Faith and of a History of England should thus betray his habitual interests, and the reader, whether sympathetic or not, will understand that he is never to sail out of sight of solid land. The papers have nearly all of them appeared as contributions to English or American periodicals, and partake of the fugitive character of similar studies. They have hardly the cogency, certainly not the brilliancy, of Mr. Froude's more ambitious writings, but they are readable and they aid in the formation of opinion. The paper of most general interest is that on the Revival of Romanism, in which, by a series of short essays, he undertakes to give the philosophy of a movement which he rightly regards not so much a piece of ecclesiastical evolution as an exponent of modern civilization. Therefore, he is led to touch upon certain fundamental relations of religion to politics which are frequently missed by writers who will see in the movement nothing more than a fashion of society. The change in the Anglican church has been going on for forty years now, and it is right to ask what changes in political and practical life have been contemporary with it. He sees in the release of Rome from its petty secular authority an immense increase of the spiritual organism, and though he does not apply the conclusion, it is not unfair to infer that the vehement endeavor of the extreme sacerdotal party in England to set up for itself, independent of Parliament, springs from a sense that the authority which makes so important a part of its creed has been exercised to its utmost limit and can be extended only by the freedom of the church from its subjection to the state. We have been accustomed to please ourselves in America with the success of the voluntary system in religious affairs, and are beginning to understand that Rome has been availing herself of the same liberty with this momentary advantage, that she can oppose a compact organization against a number of loose organizations which will be slow to combine against a common enemy. The disestablishment of the English church would surely disintegrate the extreme sacerdotal party, since the cohesion which the church now enjoys through the establishment would be gone, and to a faction there would be no such potent centrality granted as belongs to the church of Rome. Those members who had rid themselves of Parliament in order to possess an ecclesiastical autonomy would discover that the charm of authority could be had only by yielding to the other visible depositary, the Pope of Rome, while the practice of unsupported power would disclose to the wiser and cooler ones that the authority they thought so necessary was but a shadow, the real substance being the power which belongs to every true church of converting the world to righteousness.

Mr. Froude finds in Germany the bulwark of Protestantism. "German religion may be summed up in the word which is at once the foundation and the superstructure of all religion, Duty! No people anywhere or at any time have understood better the meaning of duty; and to say that is to say all. Duty means justice, fidelity, manliness, loyalty, patriotism; truth in the heart and truth in the tongue. The faith which Luther himself would have described as the faith that saved is faith that, beyond all things and always, truth is the most precious of possessions, and truthfulness the most precious of qualities; that where truth calls, whatever the consequence, a brave man is bound to follow." In the fluctuation of German theological speculation he sees the activity of a mind heroically bent on discovering truth, and regardless of mere formulas; and in the war with France and the treatment of the Jesuits an instinctive defense of Protestantism and religious freedom. But after all we suspect that such generalizations are a little hasty, and that the arrogant mastery of the German states by Prussia is not necessarily the precursor of an unselfish nationality. The thoroughness, meanwhile, of Prussian discipline, political, economical, educational, and domestic, may well carry away an Englishman like Mr. Froude, who has sat at the feet of Carlyle, and has learned to despise half measures.

The questions of politics which occupy him in this volume turn mainly upon party government and colonial administration. His analysis of English party government is keen, and the result which he reaches of its extreme artificiality will probably be more easily accepted in America than in England, since the grosser side is here more palpable.

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"Able statesmen," he says, "can usually see further than the multitude. They are exceptionally intelligent. They have fuller information; they are especially trained for their work. And yet we expect them to be like the officers of an army, forbidden to have opinions in detail on the condition of the war in which they are engaged. They are employed by half the nation to beat the other half, and are to know no other obligation." He does not offer many suggestions for the cure of government evils in England. He sees a democracy growing, — faster also in America, — which is to pulverize modern society, and the obstruction to it he finds only in the presence of a conservative party and conservative institutions. He uses this word, not as a party sign, but as a radical force. "In a healthy community the normal spirit will be the spirit of conservatism, the spirit of order, the spirit of submission to established rule and custom;" and he makes the significant and searching remark, "The English aristocracy might recover their ascendency to-morrow were they to become Spartan in their private habits." "The peerage will fall, and the system of landed inheritance will fall; property itself will fall, and all else which has given England coherence and stability, if the inheritors of great names and the owners of enormous wealth suppose that these high privileges have been awarded them that they may have palaces in town and country, and lounge out their existence among pleasures which from their abundance have lost their power to please." Mr. Fronde's political principles are sound, for they rest on the impregnable basis of the moral organism of the nation, and he sees no other law of liberty for nations as for men than that service which is perfect freedom. While this volume is mainly for readers directly interested in English life and politics, the American student will find many suggestions pertinent to our own problems, and all the more instructive that they spring from conditions which vary somewhat from our own. There are few helps to self-examination more valuable than the serious study of other people, like and unlike ourselves.

— In Mr. Lodge's Life and Letters of George Cabot[1] we have a fresh study in that portion of our history which seems likely, for some time to come, to offer the strongest attraction to students. New readings of the Revolutionary drama can scarcely be looked for except in the form of romance; there is not yet perspective enough for the best treatment of the war for the Union, and the moral and political struggle from which it resulted; personal reminiscences of that period will precede historic analyses, but the inquiry into the historic structure of the government, and into the growth of parties, is now singularly pertinent and acceptable. Our interest is quickened and not obscured by the personality of the actors in the scenes; the human feeling is strengthened by the glimpses we catch of them through what we have heard from the men just before us, while we are able to free ourselves from the prejudices which the last generation necessarily had, just as our more recent heroes and villains will be more picturesque to our grandchildren than they possibly can be to ourselves. Not only may we look for new groupings of common material, as in Morse's Life of Alexander Hamilton, but it is fair to count upon disclosures through family papers and the *collectanea* of historical societies. The book before us is an excellent illustration of both of these kinds of contribution. Mr. Lodge has published some exceedingly interesting letters, and he has used his material in a way to throw new light upon old facts, and even, in one case at least, to clear obscurities previously existing.

Mr. Cabot has been known to students as one of the leaders of the federalist party in Massachusetts, consulted especially on questions of commerce, respected by Hamilton, Pickering, Wolcott, appointed first secretary of the navy, and finally selected as the president of the Hartford convention. His personal character, however, had largely to be inferred from the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, for he took almost no public part in affairs after his retirement from the United States senate, where he served from 1791 to 1796. His great-grandson has now rescued him from the shadowy place which he seemed wholly willing to make for himself, and has added a strong character to the group of historic Americans who make our past worth studying. The indolence with which Mr. Cabot somewhat cynically adorned himself, and the half-noble, half-dismal despair with which he regarded the rise of democratic principles, account in the main for the obscurity in which he has rested; but the letters which Mr. Lodge has laboriously gathered from many sources not only justify the esteem in which Mr. Cabot was held by

[1] *Life and Letters of George Cabot.* By HENRY CABOT LODGE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1877.

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more conspicuous men, but are luminous expositions of the interior politics of the day, and lead one to look back with almost passionate regret upon a school of politics which was continental in its scope, and strangely weak through its excess of individual strength.

We do not get a very full view of Mr. Cabot himself; the material at command does not permit of this, and inasmuch as he was rather counselor than actor, there is not room for much regret on that side. The glimpses which we do get are just enough to put color and warmth into the reading of his letters. Some of these have been published before, though not always unabridged; the larger part appear for the first time, drawn mainly from the Pickering papers in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It seems singular that this collection should apparently have been resorted to so slightly in the preparation of Colonel Pickering's Life, and our surprise is increased when we discover that Mr. Lodge has shown Pickering's character and aims in a light scarcely hinted at in the formal life of the violent federalist. The views which he held regarding the dissolution of the Union, while shown to issue, with a little too high-handed logic, in a more perfect subsequent union, are plainly disclosed in his letters, and the federal party as a whole is vindicated from the angry charge of being a disunion party by a process which shuts up all such schemes in Pickering's busy brain. There is a touch of humor, not at all perceptible to the immediate persons concerned, in the activity with which this extremist sets his ideas afloat, and the quiet with which Mr. Cabot pockets them for posterity.

The time included in the letters is from 1788 to 1815, and the interest, of course, centres mainly about the shaping of the government by the federalists, the rise of the Jeffersonian dynasty, and the final disappearance of the federalist party in the smoke of the Hartford convention. Mr. Lodge's method is to supply in each chapter a historical commentary, introducing the letters belonging to that period, and in giving the letters to use freely those also of Mr. Cabot's correspondents. In one instance only has he departed materially from this plan: there are not many letters illustrating the action of the Hartford convention, and he has accordingly devoted two chapters of his own to a summary of the events and policies which occasioned the convention. But it will readily be understood how many interesting events come under discussion both in the letters and in the comment. The full meaning of the Essex Junto is set forth and illustrated by an interesting document now first drawn from the Pickering papers; the controversy respecting the ratification of the Jay treaty is reviewed. We note, by the bye, that Mr. Lodge has not read his dictionary very thoroughly: in a note on page 84 he refers, conjecturally, the introductory paper of the series, signed Curtius, to King, but the author was Noah Webster. The fact is stated in the biographical sketch of Webster prefixed to his large dictionary, and the paper is included in the series of twelve headed, Vindication of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation with Great Britain, republished in Webster's A Collection of Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects. Numbers six and seven of the series were written by Judge Kent, but the same signature of Curtius was used. The first of the twelve was commonly attributed to Hamilton at the time, much to Mr. Webster's gratification.

Resuming our summary of points in the book, we note a very clear account of the first embassy to France, upon which Mr. Cabot's name had been placed by everybody but Mr. Adams; the discussions in Mr. Adams's cabinet accompanying the action and the force of Hamilton's policy are shown, and the fatality attending the federal party is foreshadowed, although the reader's attention is not especially directed toward it. The affair of the major-generals is illustrated by a long letter from Pickering to Cabot, not before printed, we think, and Cabot is shown attempting to influence the president, an attempt which, skillful and fair as it was, no doubt served to deepen the lines in those fantastic pictures of his associates which Mr. Adams was rapidly substituting for the actual portraits. A more important event is the appointment of Murray as minister plenipotentiary to France. Mr. Adams's conduct in this affair will probably continue to be a vexed question in our history. That it led, more than any one thing, to the breaking up of the federal party is conceded. Mr. Lodge takes the ground that the policy pursued by the president was wholly right, but the manner of doing it disastrously wrong. We are not ready to concede as much. Mr. Lodge does not profess to be writing history, yet he has omitted to notice one important point which

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affects the question. The appointment of the major-generals was followed by immense activity on the part of Hamilton, and there can be no question that the courageous attitude assumed by the United States, and the vigorous preparation going on, induced Talleyrand to intrigue for the renewal of diplomacy. War might have followed, but it is equally open to belief that diplomatic relations would have been resumed without the extraordinary measures taken by the president; and, remembering the attitude of the president toward Hamilton, we are using known facts only when we conjecture that jealousy of Hamilton was an ingredient of what Mr. Lodge regards as Mr. Adams's courage and lofty patriotism. Nor is it unfair to believe that the pernicious influence of France in American politics, during the subsequent years of Jefferson's administration, might have been prevented by more resistance and less negotiation at this juncture. To our thinking, Mr. Adams's act does not do credit to his statesmanship, but only to his political sagacity. He broke up the federal party, he strengthened the Gallic influence, merely to gain a little earlier what could have been had by the country in a better form. That the country sided with him is saying nothing more than that there was no reason on the part of the opposition to withstand the movement, and no possible organization against it in the surprised federal party; besides, a policy of peace proposed by the president himself would inevitably attract to itself, at once, not only the opposition, but all the timid and doubtful of his own party. Certainly, if the results are a test of the wisdom of the policy, the bare fact of a resumption of negotiations and a commercial agreement ought not to outweigh the increased strength of the French interest and the destruction of the only party that had shown itself capable of forming and carrying out a national policy. It is not necessary to share Mr. Cabot's gloomy view of the proceeding, but the pages of this book alone bear evidence of the miserable results which followed the ascendency of the French party, — an ascendency which was never acquired until Mr. Adams opened the way.

We have not space to take up in detail other topics suggested by the volume. The treatment of the subject of the Hartford convention gives one an agreeable impression of Mr. Lodge's skill in historical composition. There is a candor and an independence which mark an honorable writer. Indeed, he displays a clearness of insight in treating the characters and motives of public men which is a gift, surely, as well as an acquisition. A familiarity with the facts of history could not alone supply him with the power to characterize Adams, Jefferson, and Pickering as clearly as he has done. He frankly avows that his sympathy is with the federalists, but he does not allow this sympathy to twist his handling of historic facts. We have been especially pleased with his freedom from the common error of reading history as if the actors were familiar with later events, and had enjoyed the same power of reverting to their own times which their posterity have. His discrimination, thus, of disunion sentiments in 1804 from similar sentiments in 1860 enables the reader at once to adjust the focus of his historical glasses.

It is impossible, finally, to read the book without frequent reference to existing problems in politics. Mr. Lodge does not often call attention to the appositeness of passages in the correspondence, but few readers will fail to be arrested by the pregnant words in Mr. Cabot's letters, especially upon the subject of the civil service and the relation of the senate to political appointments. We had noted some passages for extract, but can only refer the reader in general to such letters as those on pages 240 and 320. Mr. Cabot's judgment was a generous and wise one, and his very separation from official life renders his comments on public affairs peculiarly valuable to us, as they evidently were to his contemporaries. The despondent tone which he took is a better medium for us in an examination of federalism than optimism would have been, and the book will help readers to a clearer knowledge of American history.

— The true scope of Mrs. Wister's book[1] could scarcely be conjectured from the name she has bestowed upon it, for there were many thousand worthy women in "our first century," — that very indefinite period, — and yet we find but six women here delineated. Upon examination it appears that the editors planned a work which should give sketches of one woman from each of the original thirteen States, who had lived at or after 1776. Hence the title, which was intended to usher in a book that would have taken place among the publications of the centennial year, had it

[1] *Worthy Women of Our First Century.* Edited by Mrs. O. J. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin. Philadelphia: J. B Lippincott & Co. 1877.

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not been delayed in its preparation by many difficulties. These are set forth in the preface, which also holds out a hope that the remaining seven States of the original thirteen may be represented by "worthy women" in a second volume. We hope so, for the undertaking was a good one, and, so far as it has been performed, the result is good, though not exactly what was expected, either by the editors or by those who had heard of their purpose. The six States represented in this volume are Virginia, by Mrs. Randolph, the daughter of Jefferson, whose biographer is Miss S. N. Randolph; New York, by Mrs. Philip Schuyler, of whom Miss S. F. Cooper has written; Massachusetts, by Mrs. Samuel Ripley, of whom Miss Elizabeth Hoar writes; New Hampshire, by sketches of several women, from the hand of Mrs. A. W. Fiske; South Carolina, by Mrs. Rebecca Motte, whose biographer is anonymous; while Deborah Logan, the wife of Dr. George Logan, represents Pennsylvania, and has Mrs. Wister for her biographer. These women were very diverse in their characters and experiences, and even in the times when they lived, for Mrs. Schuyler was but a few years younger than Washington, while Mrs. Ripley and Miss Ariana Smith, one of the New Hampshire women sketched, were born in the last years of Washington's life, and belong to the period of Webster and Calhoun rather than to that of the great Virginians. Mrs. Logan lived in both periods, having been born in 1761 and dying in 1839, and having known both Washington and Jefferson as young persons know their illustrious elders.

Each of the women portrayed in this book had a charm of her own which entitled her to a biography, although it is not always easy to set this forth so that the reader feels it as clearly as do the writers. Mrs. Randolph was Jefferson's eldest daughter, and the story of her life is blended with his,—a story that will always be interesting. Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Logan, however, are the characters which of themselves offer the most to a biographer, and to either of them a whole volume might have been given. Mrs. Logan saw and described in her journal many of the persons and events that gave importance to our Revolution and the period immediately following; and she wrote well. Mrs. Ripley took no share and very little interest in public affairs, but lived for her family, her friends, and her books. She was the most learned and at the same time the most domestic woman of New England in her day; she cultivated learning and science all her life-time of seventy years with the eagerness of a girl and the discrimination of a scholar. Her letters, from the age of sixteen till the close of her life, make the substance of her biography, and Miss Hoar has done little more than to edit these letters, and a few of the reminiscences of her friends. They show how early and with what a wide-reaching mind Mrs. Ripley gained for herself the store of learning which, sixty or seventy years ago, was as foreign to her sex as the military service was. Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Carter, and Miss Hannah More among Englishwomen had preceded her in some of her acquisitions, and Miss Martineau soon followed, but none of these studious ladies advanced so fast, or so far, or with so few aids from others, as did this patient and romantic devotee of learning in Boston. Her brothers went to college while she stayed at home and, surrounded by household cares, kept pace with their instructors and went far beyond them in their prescribed studies. There is a freshness and simplicity, as well as a profound and searching criticism of literature and philosophy, in her letters, which makes them unique among the somewhat scanty literary correspondence of Americans. As enthusiastic, and often as solitary as Eugénie de Guérin, she traversed fields of thought and regions of sentiment which were unknown to the French recluse. Mrs. Ripley at the age of sixteen had read Virgil and the Odyssey of Homer, and was eager to read the Iliad; soon after she was as familiar with Homer and Theocritus, with Horace and Juvenal, as school-girls of the present day are with Tennyson and Longfellow. In 1814, when she was twenty-one and Mr. R. W. Emerson (whose uncle she afterwards married) was a boy of eleven, she wrote him requesting a "versification of the fifth Bucolic" of Virgil, which he sent her in smooth rhymes, and then she goes on: "Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favorite language; *epistola in lingua Græca* would be still better. All the honor will be on my part, to correspond with a young gentleman in Greek." About the same date she writes to Miss Mary Emerson a letter that gives some hint of her incessant occupations, which yet did not interrupt her studies, nor prevent her from corresponding in Greek and Latin. "You will have me write," she says.

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"What? the interesting detail of mending, sweeping, teaching? What amusement can you reasonably require at the hand of a being secluded in a back chamber, with a basket of stockings on one side, and an old musty heathen on the other? Musty! reiterates father Homer, frowning through his gilt cover. George stands waiting with his Homer; Betsy teasing to know how the meat is to be dissected; the wind blowing books and papers in every direction." In an earlier letter, after analyzing for her correspondent the Linnæan system and Darwin's Botanic Garden, she says, "But it is washing-day, and I must run and fold my clothes: so good-by. . . . The clothes are not quite dry, so here I come again. I study or read morning and evening, when not prevented by company." After her marriage, her house at Waltham became filled with children, eight of them her own, and the rest pupils of her husband whom she also taught. Miss Hoar says, "Her scholars and children have pleasant pictures of her, sitting in summer under the shade of trees near the house, the boys with their books about her, reciting in the open air. Her hands were often busy with some household task, while the Virgil or Horace was set up open before her. She seemed to know it by heart, and always set them right, asked questions, or pointed out her favorite passages with enthusiasm, without interrupting the sewing or the shelling of pease; and she was always sweet and serene." Her habits were the same after she retired to Concord, in the evening of her days, occupying there the "Old Manse," from which Hawthorne had just removed, leaving it famous. For eight years after this, Mrs. Ripley, then nearly sixty years old, had no servant, and occupied herself with all the household tasks, while her leisure was given, as before, to her friends and her books. It is this combination of great knowledge and lofty character with simplicity of life and sweetness of spirit which makes her biography idyllic, and so truly American that one would say no such person could have lived outside of New England. It may be mentioned that this remarkable woman was a descendant of William Bradford, the chief man among the Plymouth Pilgrims, and of John Alden, whose love adventures have been told by Longfellow. If the whole volume under notice were as good as the hundred pages devoted to Mrs. Ripley, it would be one of the most memorable books of the year. And indeed, as it stands, it is a worthy contribution to American literature.

— In addition to the publications on the Eastern Question which we have heretofore noticed, Messrs. Osgood & Co. have issued two small hand-books on Modern Greece,[1] and Montenegro and Bulgaria,[2] both prepared by Mr. Geo. M. Towle. Ancient Greece is much better known than modern Greece. The Athens founded by Theseus and ruled by Pericles is altogether nearer to us and dearer to us than the Athens where Basileus Giorgios holds his court. But while this is so, no people who have any conception of what they owe to ancient Hellas and the Hellenes can hear of wars or rumors of wars in the East, or can dwell on the disposition to be made of the "unspeakable Turk," without having their feelings stirred in friendly sympathy for the descendants of those who first brought light into the world. Modern Greece is, therefore, an object of interest to many at this time, and this little book furnishes much desirable information concerning the actual standing of the Greek kingdom. It contains a clear and concise statement of the establishment of the present government, its constitution, the resources of the country, the traits and customs of the people, and their religious and educational institutions. The accompanying map would be a very good one if properly colored.

The volume on Montenegro and Bulgaria was evidently prepared very hastily. There is a great deal of contemporaneous literature—English, French, and German—from which the author might have drawn the materials for an exceedingly interesting and valuable sketch. But he has written from a very superficial knowledge; and so far as the present troubles in the East are concerned the book might have been written ten years ago. The map is as unsatisfactory as the text.

— The four lectures on the Bible and the Koran, delivered last year in the cathedral church of Chichester by the prebendary,[3] although they do not throw any new light

[1] *Modern Greece.* By Geo. M. Towle. With Map. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

[2] *A Brief History of Montenegro.* To which is added a short Account of Bulgaria. Compiled from Mackenzie & Baker. By Geo. M. Towle. With Map. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

[3] *Christianity and Islam. The Bible and the Koran.* Four Lectures. By the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

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on Mahomet's mission and its results, were well worth publishing for the reason that a large class of people would not accept such a fair and candid statement of the relations between Christianity and Mahometanism from any less orthodox source. There is manifest a sincere purpose of doing justice to the teachings of the Koran; and there is an honest admission of the inherent defects of the races upon whom the teachings have been brought to bear, and the humanizing influence which they have exerted. The view of Mahomet's character which represents him as a kind of malicious fiend, and his religion as a diabolical invention, is found in these days to be altogether untenable. It is now freely granted that to his own people Mahomet was a great benefactor. "He was born in a country where political organization and rational faith and pure morals were unknown. He introduced all three. By a single stroke of masterly genius he simultaneously reformed the political condition, the religious creed, and the moral practice of his countrymen; in the place of many independent tribes, he left a nation; for a superstitious belief in gods many and lords many, he established a reasonable belief in one almighty yet beneficent being, and taught men to live under an abiding sense of this being's superintending care. He vigorously attacked and modified or suppressed many gross and revolting customs which had prevailed in Arabia down to his time. For an abandoned profligacy was substituted a carefully regulated polygamy, and the practice of destroying female infants was effectually abolished." Christianity and Mahometanism are the only two really catholic religions. In their origin and their progress they are more nearly alike than any others.

Why have the nations or races which embraced Islamism so signally failed in the development of those institutions of civilization which are coextensive with the establishment of Christianity? In the first place, the system which Mahomet established, though well calculated to improve the moral and material condition of those to whom it was first presented, contains defects which have been found incompatible with a high state of civilization. It incorporates three of the worst elements of barbarism, — polygamy, despotism, and slavery. It recognizes no bond of brotherhood between the believer and the unbeliever. To those who do not accept the faith, it presents the alternative of tribute or the sword. In the second place, Mahomet's life after the hegira has been fatal as an example to his followers. Beginning with a sincere belief in the divinity of his mission, he yielded to temptation in the hour of triumph, and turned a great religious movement to the accomplishment of a selfish ambition. Goethe, who believes him at first to have been profoundly sincere, says of him that "afterward what in his character is earthly increases and develops itself; the divine retires and is obscured; his doctrine becomes a means rather than an end. All kinds of practices are employed, nor are horrors wanting."

While Mr. Stephens does substantial justice to Mahomet and his work, he fails, we think, to present the true grounds upon which we can safely claim a superiority in the rules for the conduct of life laid down in the Bible over those in the Koran. The interpretation which he puts upon the Bible is the narrow and literal interpretation of an English churchman. It is not by looking at the Bible from the stand-point of the thirty-nine articles, it is not by a comparison of texts, that we shall best succeed in demonstrating the superiority of its teachings over those of the Koran. Not in that way nor in any such way shall we be able to bring out the full strength and the full beauty of the Christian dispensation. It can be done only by discarding the old materialistic and miraculous sense for the Bible, and taking, as Matthew Arnold says, "the Old Testament as Israel's magnificent establishment of the theme, *righteousness is salvation!* and taking the New as the perfect elucidation by Jesus of what righteousness is and how salvation is won."

— In the new era when museums and art galleries are to reconstruct for us the familiar life of the ancient world, and Greek literature is to be an essential part of the training of every man of letters, it is fair to expect a new application of scholarship to the wants of general students. Not learning made easy, but made systematic and intelligible, is the contribution that scholarship is to make to culture, and the impetus to study will come in part from the sharpness and readiness of tools with which the student is supplied. There is still a prejudice in favor of intricate methods of study, and the few who survive the exhaustive processes of an old-fashioned attack on the classics have a certain fullness and breadth of mental equipment which seem to justify the discipline they have undergone. Yet we think it will

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be found on examination that classical studies have suffered nearly as much at the hands of their friends as at those of their enemies. Dr. Keep, in the preface to his translation of Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary,[1] offers an excellent suggestion as to the method of carrying on a study of Homer. "Let the beginning," he says, "be made by grounding the student carefully and thoroughly upon the forms and peculiarities of the Homeric dialect, with the necessary constant comparison of Homeric and Attic forms. During this stage, the use of the larger lexicon in connection with the present volume will be necessary. Two books read in this way would suffice. This done, the second step would be to proceed much more rapidly, requiring of the students in recitation only an accurate and intelligent translation of the text, and such knowledge as to the meaning and history of the words as this dictionary furnishes." Within the space of less than three hundred and fifty pages, duodecimo, the author and translator have packed a Homeric dictionary which for all ordinary purposes in reading Homer and, with the above modification, for studying Homer is as much more serviceable than Liddell and Scott as a two-wheeled cab is for threading the streets of a great city, compared with a lumbering lord-mayor's coach. As the translator further says: "The editor's own experience leads him to believe that a pupil with this dictionary in his hands will easily read two pages of Homer in the time which, with the large lexicon, would be required for one page."

The compactness of the work, which is the first feature to attract attention, is acquired by a rigorous exclusion of all superfluous comments and explanations, and by the omission almost entirely of citations except numerically, and of references to authorities. In this last regard the translator has further reduced the bulk of the book by omitting references especially to Von Nägelsbach, Döderlein, and Ameis, upon whose labors the work is founded. The comparison will naturally be made by American students with Crusius's lexicon, the only Homeric dictionary which has hitherto been printed here, we think. At first sight it appears as if Crusius must be more complete, but aside from the difference in type, a very slight examination will show by what simple and legitimate means Autenrieth packs his matter into closer form. Autenrieth, indeed, does not give so many passages where a word occurs, and thus supplies less of a concordance than Crusius, but he discriminates very carefully between varying uses of the same word. Crusius, again, takes up disputed passages and gives the several interpretations with authorities and sometimes with reasons, while Autenrieth settles the dispute and gives the most weighty interpretation, without reference to others. Crusius, for instance, gives nearly half a column to the explanation of χθιζός in the phrase χθιζά τε καὶ πρωΐζ', Il. 2303, while Autenrieth sums the whole matter sharply thus: "It was (only) *yesterday* and day before yesterday when the ships of the Achaians were gathered in Aulis, = it was recently (verses 305–307 are parenthetical)." "A day or two since, only," he might have said more idiomatically. Χορόν . . . ἤσκησεν again, in Il. 18,590–592, he does not discuss, but renders χορόν peremptorily "dancing-place;" to the casual reader the translation seems balder and less imaginative than "choral dance," which implies, as in other parts of the shield, a poetic building not strictly limited by the material. This conciseness of statement is after all more the consequence of orderly arrangement and of precision in terms than of limitation in plan, and when desirable, Autenrieth does not hesitate to give full and detailed explanation. The article ἀσπίς is an excellent illustration of this, and ἠώς of a complete statement in very brief limits.

In respect to definitions, there is a thoroughly good choice of words, and for this we certainly owe much to Dr. Keep as well as to the author. The definitions, especially of words used only once, do not always agree with accepted explanations as given in the large dictionary, but so far as we have observed there is a shrewdness and a perspicacity shown which makes one quite disposed to follow this author; θεσμόν, for instance, used only in Od. 23,296, is simply translated *site*, and no attention is called to it, but Liddell and Scott render the line, "They fulfilled all the established rules of wedlock, like Latin *consuescere cum aliquo*." Crusius renders, "They went to the custom of the ancient couch." And Damm, "Ad legem et consuetudinem pristini lecti venerunt." Autenrieth's rendering certainly has the merit of objective simplicity; δενδίλλων, Il. 9180, he renders "address one's self in

[1] *A Homeric Dictionary, for Use in Schools and Colleges.* From the German of DR. GEORG AUTENRIETH, rector of the Gymnasium at Zweibrücken. Translated, with additions and corrections, by ROBERT P. KEEP, Ph. D New York: Harper and Brothers 1877

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turn to," where Crusius would have it "to give the wink," and Liddell and Scott, "to turn the eyes quickly, to give a glance." The older authorities we think favor this last interpretation, but Autenrieth's seems more harmonious with the passage. His explanations of peculiar phrases are oftentimes ingenious. In one case,— *μελαινέων ἕρμ' ὀδυνάων*, Il. 4117, — he takes the secondary meaning of *ἕρμα* (which, however, he places first in his definition, and is disposed to separate altogether from *ἕρματα*, props) for the basis of the figure, and renders it a chain or succession of sharp pangs, a more satisfactory explanation when the phrase is isolated than when made to describe an unsped, winged arrow. The definitions of technical words are excellent, and the practice of giving the terms for the different parts of instruments or complex objects, together with explanatory diagrams and cuts, renders the dictionary very valuable. We have already mentioned *ἀσπίς*; similar articles are *ζυγόν*, *ἱμάς*, *κληίς*, *ἱστός*, *ἔδαφος*. There is in the use of words for definition a freedom both from prosaic literalness and from merely fantastic or far-fetched interpretation. In treating *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*, for instance, he does not concern himself with such unnecessary explanations as of henna-tipped fingers of Asiatic women, and the recurring epithets are in general modestly and picturesquely rendered.

In derivations Autenrieth follows Curtius in the main, though he ventures on independent suggestions of his own, and his indication of derivation by an appeal to the eye in the division of words is a good feature. The succinct method which he uses throughout the book, deciding for the reader and rarely intimating a division of opinion, is undoubtedly the best that could be employed in a dictionary intended for our schools and colleges, but it prevents this edition from being a final authority to any one who wishes to carry his study into intricate questions. Still, for the purpose intended, and for the use of general readers who wish to get at their Homer through as little brush-wood as possible, this dictionary is a model of thoroughness, accuracy, and condensation.

— Mr. Charles Reade's last novel[1] impresses us very much as one of his earlier works might, could it have been subjected to a process of evaporation. The knowledge of character, the abundant cleverness, the rapid and witty conversation, remain, but the real enthusiasm and intelligible aim with which the author has told so many stories before this seem to have imperceptibly escaped. Ina Klosking, a beautiful singer, finely simple and true in her character, and conscientious about her art, is the chief personage of the tale; but though Mr. Reade evidently knows very well what she is, he has thrown away the opportunity thus opened for a fine piece of portraiture. His trick of calling her "La Klosking" or "the Klosking"—as he also speaks of "the Dover" and "the Gale"—is injurious to her dignity; but a certain air of indifference and haste which broods over the whole book completes the marring of the representation. She has, Mr. Reade tells us, a "grand soul," a "grand voice," "noble shoulders," and a "grand arm;" phrases which the author throws out as mechanically as if he were turning a piano-leg instead of trying to mold a typical woman. Edward Severne, the unworthy and rascally husband of this woman, who has deserted her and is making love to Miss Vizard, the sister of an old college friend, is an almost unique character in modern fiction. He is a handsome and unmitigated though shallow scamp, and the coolness and extent of his mendacity make him a little surprising; but his baseness is put before us in such a way that it becomes merely fatiguing, and it is strange that so good-humored a wretch should not show a single good trait. He dies from falling through a trap on the stage, when he is pretending contrition in order to regain his wife, after the failure of his scheme for committing bigamy, and while he is reviving an old flirtation with a dancing-girl. Ina Klosking and Rhoda Gale take the tenderest care of him during his illness, and he dies content, with a compliment to the two women on his lips. It is hardly worth while to bring a man of this sort into a novel unless he serves a purpose; and we cannot discover that Mr. Severne is either amusing, interesting, horrifying, or instructive, or even a good foil to the other characters, as he at present stands. Miss Rhoda Gale, the American woman who has studied medicine and says "com-plete" and "dī-vorce," is about as far from the mark as Mr. Trollope's American senator; the account of her difficulties in studying medicine in England, which is evidently a residuum from much boiling of newspaper articles and other items assorted in Mr. Reade's famous

[1] *A Woman-Hater.* A Novel. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

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"indices," is interesting in its way; and something is suggested by the contrast between her ardor for science and the seriousness of Miss Dover and Miss Vizard in matters of dress; but Miss Gale and her troubles are rather clumsily grafted on to the story. Mr. Vizard, again, the reputed "woman-hater," is only a woman-hater by courtesy to Mr. Reade, in order to supply one more pretext for the book. He merely increases the general effect of disjointedness. This division and distraction of interests, together with the poverty of the style and a tawdriness in the atmosphere of the whole story recalling the aspect of theatres behind the scenes, deprive A Woman-Hater of what we have learned to think Mr. Reade's characteristic charm, — that of clear purpose, vivid picturing, absorbing plot, and the introduction of people who for the time being engage our sympathies.

— The author of Nimport,[1] now that he can read his book all through, must be painfully aware of its deficiences. He started his story, we dare say, with amiable and upright intentions, meaning to be amusing at any rate, and to tell a story if he could find one; but he wrote the book in the intervals of business, so that it was difficult to keep the connection in his mind, and after trying two or three different stories discovered when he had ended that he had forgotten his villain and left out the harrowing scenes which should balance so much good humor; so he added a hundred pages or more, though he was rather tired, from a pure sense of duty, and then, as he was afraid he might have been too harrowing, after all, he worked in some more humor, but not with the same spontaneous flow as at first. This, we say, is our conjecture of the author's experience, and it results from a reader's alternate interest and disappointment. The story opens in a fresh and engaging manner, barring a certain dash of hurry which intimates that the author is a little afraid his audience will escape before it comes to the best part. The family whose fortunes form the centre of the story is introduced and individualized, although one of the members, a full-grown man, is shuffled out of sight ignominiously when he has pronounced a few words, merely for the purpose of dying dramatically, after an almost dead silence of three hundred pages. The author's skill in conception and sketching of character has tempted him into inventing new persons at every emergency, by means of which his book becomes overstocked and he is constantly embarrassed by the necessity of overlooking and rather impolitely ignoring a good many of his company. He describes one of his characters amusingly by saying that she "had a singular way of beginning a sentence in a loud, emphatic tone, and ending it in a whisper, owing doubtless to her being unable to hear her own voice, which habit gave her conversation a *bizarre* and somewhat startling effect." The description is curiously apt as applied to many of the characters in Nimport. Aunt Bangs, for example, comes in with great energy and promises to be leading old lady for a few pages, but grows feebler and feebler until she is almost smuggled out of the story. The author seems to have exhausted his energy in getting her into the book. Mr. Quiddets, again, is carefully dressed for his part, but we discover that he has a very insignificant part to play, and the other seaside characters, Daphne, Mrs. Hymen, and Penthesilea, all come forward in a loud voice and end in a whisper.

The diverse stories in the book betray the author into this multiplication of characters. He begins with the story of Mrs. Penley's bequest and subsequent lawsuit, and the careful introduction of Mr. Holt and of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps prepares the reader for the general plot of the book, but there are so many new stories begun at once that when the original one reappears near the end of the book, it seems impertinent. Indeed, the story of Peg's proceedings with Doctor Tazewell, though told incidentally, is really the most continuous one in the book, although it is itself embarrassed by a number of sub-sub-plots. Probably it would be maintained in defense of the author that his book is a chronicle of a family, and that real life shows just such a ramification of incident and character. It is not at all impossible that such a family should have lived and have had this experience, but then it also had still other experience; there were more people whom it knew, not mentioned at all in the book, and each one of those people had a story. The author, assuming to write the chronicles of a family, should have carried his selection further, for it is not the reader's business to disentangle from the net-work the fortunes of the Fonde family, while it is the writer's business in telling a story to make a consistent whole.

[1] *Wayside Series. Nimport.* Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1877.

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The faults and excellences of the book both lie on the surface, and a lack of skill and practice in novel-writing seems all that prevents the author from producing a very clever book. His sense of the amusing is keen and well trained; his instinct, too, for real differences in character is true and sagacious; his good taste is rarely at fault, and if he would clearly understand at the outset what the story was which he wished to tell, and then stick to that, we are sure that he would find abundance of encouragement from readers. Indeed, the very subjection of his plot to a few simple and intelligible lines would doubtless do much toward enabling him to control his characters and save them from the peril they are now under of running into mere grotesque figures. He does not need to exaggerate peculiarities, when he is so clever at depicting common marks of individuality.

— Mr. Anthony Trollope has taken notice of his reputation on this side of the Atlantic, in a somewhat curious and confused manner, by writing a small novel to which he gives the title of The American Senator.[1] One infers from the dull insolence of the name conferred on the senator, Mr. Elias Gotobed, that the author wishes to compensate himself for the condescension of making a bid for American favor by administering a little snub to the audience he is seeking, though he has before now indulged in this nursery-tale sort of nomenclature with less coarseness, by introducing such figures as the Spooners of Spoon Hall, the Platters of Platter Hall, *et al.* As to the portrayal of the "senator from Mikewa," it would seem that Mr. Trollope had some dim intention of satirizing him, without the power to carry out that intention. Accordingly, he crams cigars into Mr. Gotobed's throat, which he represents him as simultaneously eating and smoking, makes him ask an immense number of questions, and lets him go on his way. The scene, of course, is in England, and the other people in the story are drawn with Mr. Trollope's usual degree of superficial life-likeness; but one can hardly avoid the query whether an author who deals so confidently but unsatisfactorily with his American character is really giving us a true picture of the English types, whom he treats with equal confidence and perhaps equal want of insight. There are two love-makings carried on among the English characters, one of which, dealing with the aristocrats of the piece, is full of the hard, coarse mercenariness that Mr. Trollope is especially fond of holding up to the gaze of the world. The American senator has no necessary connection with the plot, being introduced merely as a means of providing interludes. He takes up the cause of a scamp who is opposed to fox-hunting, and gets himself into trouble and loses money by doing so; and finally, at the end of the book, he delivers a lecture at St. James's Hall, in which he severely criticises the English, but is obliged to break it off short for fear of a disturbance. We are left with the general impression that he is a good-natured, intrusive person, with a conscientious passion for expressing himself. Mr. Trollope perhaps meant to avail himself of Mr. Gotobed as a means of doling out a bit of satire to his own countrymen, also; but in this, as in his representation of the senator, he is so cautious, or so apathetic, that one cannot convict him of any definite purpose. His humor and his satire, if they exist, are so marvelously well concealed that there is small risk of discovery. It is amusing to observe that some critics have been quite gravely trying to find out what Mr. Trollope *means* in his American Senator, precisely as if he really had meant something.

— The series of Ancient Classics for English Readers,[2] even if the different books are not sure to contain the latest results of German criticism and have to depend on translations of various degrees of merit, yet seems to be tolerably popular. If it be not presumed that reading them will be the equivalent of what is known as a classical education they may be commended to those who are curious about the much-quoted names of the past, or to those who wish to brush the dust off their former erudition. The first volume of the two last published treats of the three poets, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, men who have inspired a good deal of writing first and last, and who all, though Catullus more than the others, have been a stumbling-block to translators. What is here written about Catullus is interesting and scholarly, and the translations

[1] *The American Senator.* A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877.

[2] *Ancient Classics for English Readers. Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.* By the REV. JAMES DAVIES, M. A., Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral; formerly Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Demosthenes. By the REV. W. J. BRODRIBB, M. A., Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

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are good, too, after their kind, but they often speak a language that Catullus never wrote. The other poets are briefly treated. It is not easy to see the similarity between Tibullus and Burns, but in general the reader will not cavil with the editor's comments. The Demosthenes is written down to the level of a very moderate intelligence, as if Mr. Brodribb were making things plain to children; but this sort of writing has its advantages and often its reward.

French and German.[1]

A few months ago two volumes of Doudan's Letters were noticed in these columns. The hope was expressed at the time that more of his correspondence might yet be given to the public, for another volume was promised in case those first appearing should be sufficiently popular; now we have the third,[2] filled with letters up to the year 1860, and the fourth is promised with letters after that date and the article on the Revolutions of Taste. It is not often that readers are thus generously rewarded for liking what is good. It is not necessary to repeat what was said here so recently about Doudan's life. It is as a letter-writer that he will be known to posterity and to all of his contemporaries save his personal friends. That he might have been more famous is clear from the charm of his correspondence; what prevented him was the delicacy of his body as well as that of his mind. It is in this third volume that we find more frequent allusions to his uncertain bodily health, while on every page are signs of his extreme sensitiveness to all that was good or bad in literature. After all, the letter-writer runs no bad chance for fame. A wit may have a reputation among his acquaintance, but after he is dead all his jokes will be fathered on Sydney Smith and Lamb, while the shelf on which letter-writers stand is comparatively unfilled. There are, of course, countless volumes of correspondence which can be looked through by those who care to learn facts about this or that man, but the letters which we read for their own sake are few indeed. Often, too, we perceive that a writer felt as if posterity were looking over his shoulder while he wrote, and he lost his artlessness at once. This being a fatal fault with letters, it is easy to see that simplicity must be their most attractive quality. What we like in biographies, novels, poems, and letters is the chance to find out the heart of man, and the nearer letters get to showing the man as he was, the closer their resemblance to his talk, the better they are. A man's conversation soon becomes a thing of as remote fame as the voice of an opera singer of the last generation; only a few live in their letters as they were known to their friends, for Dr. Johnson's solemn epistles show, when compared with the record of his talk, that it is not every man who breathes freely with a pen in his hand. Hence it is that letters are so much read and on the whole are so thoroughly trusted, for it is hard to imagine that a man has written every letter for forty or fifty years with an eye to its future publication, while it is hard to have perfect confidence in an autobiography, or in any biography, for that matter.

This new volume of Doudan's Letters brings, of course, to our knowledge but few new facts about him, yet everywhere are to be found new turns of his delightful humor, his delicate judgment, and his modest wisdom. There are no signs that the editors had exhausted the stores by their first selection, leaving unprinted only dull letters without any quality to commend them to the reader. Doudan never wrote without literary charm, without wit and knowledge of the world and of books, in short, without being himself. Mere description of the merits of these letters is incompetent to call up any definite notion of what they really are; a few extracts will do this more satisfactorily.

This, for instance, is what he says of letter-writing: "A good part of the pleasure of writing letters consists in the comparatively untrammeled freedom of the thought, in the pleasure of saying whatever comes into one's head at the moment, in the play of the pen amid all kinds of impressions. Those people whose discourse is too wise do not know the charm of this adventuresome life. One gets out of the way of walking on these little by-paths, and yet one grows tired of the highway. Hence there is this sadness with which one complains about the necessity and difficulty of writing letters."

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Mélanges et Lettres de X. Doudan* Avec une Introduction par M. le Comte d'Haussonville, et des Notices par MM. DeSacy, Cuvillier Fleury. Tome III. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

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Here is something from a letter to Paul de Broglie, who was away on a long voyage in a man-of-war: "Have you begun to read Dante in all the clatter of hammers and files? That is an inappropriate accompaniment for the Tuscan language, but I think poetry should make its entrance everywhere. I am curious to know what impression Dante's singular imagination will make upon you. Suddenly, amid the violence of a partisan, there are charming flashes of Virgilian imagination, like those pretty flowers that twine about the crevices of the ruined ramparts of a fortress. I beg of you to make a note upon your copy of the passages that strike you, for the composition is so strange that it is sometimes at the very bottom of the Inferno that there are to be found the melancholy, poetical memories of Florence, or some view, like those of Claude Lorraine, of Lucca or of Venice. I can recommend the Paradiso to you as a mine of lofty ideas about the great questions of theology and religious philosophy. I have at times had the idea of comparing them with those of Milton in Paradise Lost. In both they resemble waves of eastern light entering through the dusty panes of the Sorbonne. On the margin of St. Thomas, Dante's lines on theological questions would seem like those beautiful illuminations of the manuscripts of the Middle Ages which are to be found scattered through the huge liturgies and psalteries. But who reads all the books he takes on a journey with him? The imagination makes the preparations for departure, and the current of business, the interruptions that occur, carry off with them the uncut volumes of Dante, Newton, and Pascal; but it is already something to have promised to look at them; it is the little seed of the ideal which slumbers, and can slumber a long time without losing its fertilizing power. We preserve the love of letters without having the time to read, and that is the main thing."

This is from a letter to Madame d'Haussonville, who was at the time journeying in Greece: "After all, you must not expect to meet many poets on your way. It is the Northern people who are poets nowadays, if there are any poets. One must be well clad, well fed, free, and in good health to be able to sing melancholy songs at the sight of ruins; and then, in our time at least, not only is no one a prophet in his own country, but no one is a poet in his own country. When one sees on the slope of a mountain the smoke rising from the roof of a hut against the evening sky, as soon as one can say, 'There's my grandmother lighting a few fagots to make some soup,' there is almost no more poetry, at least poetry as we nowadays understand it. Those must be almost unknown places where one dreams of inhabitants in harmony with the beauty of nature. Every time the door of a house in the valley of Lacedæmon is opened you will expect to see a daughter of Helen come out, but your guide knows beforehand that it is the house of his cousin Eleuthera, whom he did not want to marry because she was too ugly. So, gradually, in the course of time, the country acquires something from the people, and since, on the whole, the people have not the indestructible brilliancy of nature, the spirit of the place becomes prosaic by reflection from the inhabitants. You will answer that in spite of this there is such a thing as home-sickness, but some other day I will try to reconcile this contradiction."

Here are some remarks which contain a good deal of truth. Speaking of M. Cousin's remarks on art, he said: "I do not have much confidence in the ability of metaphysicians to treat of questions of art. When they speak vaguely, it is all very well. Fugitive and unfinished outlines in the great field of the infinite always have a certain air. That is why you are tempted to consider Plato a great artist. In spite of his treatise on the Beautiful, I would not have given Kant my pet dog to paint. A passion for the abstract does not call forth beautiful forms. Metaphysicians may dream happily of a great artist, but it is not from their hands that there will ever issue the Venus of Milo, or Raphael's Virgin with her red bodice and her blonde hair amid the ripe corn of an Italian field. They say that Socrates made some statues, but I don't think that Verres would have put them in his collection. Don't think that any one will steal your ideas. No one steals another's ideas any more than another's face. Every one's thoughts are the reflection of the eternal light on the particular faculties of the particular mirror which is the intelligence of each one. If we were faithful to this light instead of repeating what we heard said about us, we should be more frequently original. After all, I acknowledge that there are some poor wretches whose mirror is dull and tarnished."

Doudan wrote, in 1853, concerning the empire: "I do not see that we differ very

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much from the age of Augustus. Paris is becoming a city of marble, like Rome, and all the men of talent have infinite leisure which permits them, like Cicero, to philosophize about the past, without having the right to take part in the present or to concern themselves about the future. On reaching Paris at five o'clock, Sunday afternoon, I saw more handsome carriages coming out from the Champs Élysées than there could have been on the avenues of the Campus Martius, — where Livia drove out with her little family, — and much better made carriages, far superior in smoothness and lightness. It is very sure, too, that in the Exchange at Rome there was never half so much business done as there is done here. Everything is managed on a larger scale nowadays, just as Cayenne is a much larger territory than those little islands in the Mediterranean where the ruler used to send for reflection those persons who did not share his principles in the matter of government. . . . To speak of more serious matters, piety began to waver in those times. To be sure, Augustus always used to carry about with him the skin of a sea-calf as a protection against lightning, but that was a gross superstition. Now, all the men who keep in the fashion are rigidly orthodox and have only proper contempt for atheists, Protestants, Fourierites, and philosophers."

Here is a brief bit of literary criticism. He had been recommending Goethe's Italian Journey to a correspondent, and added, "Do you not find Goethe's imagination singular? It is bright and cold at the same time; it is like the sun in winter. In his character there is very little individuality, and a good deal of personality."

Writing at another time about journeys in Italy, he said: "Meanwhile I am reading a little of Addison's Italian Journey. . . . It would seem that not a single nail has been driven in or pulled out in Italy for a hundred years, for I seem to hear everything that those say who have seen Portici, Pozzuoli, Rome, Naples, and Florence. I knew very well from experience that men's ideas are not often renewed, but I thought that the monuments, and even nature, changed more." In the same letter is to be found this passage: "I wanted to write for your service at the time of elections an Art of Flattering Voters. As a general rule, in spite of whatever may be said, you must talk coal to the miller, and flour to the coal man. It flatters the miller that you should talk coal to him. If you throw, all at once, his flour at his head, he sees that you are flattering him, and that you do not appreciate the breadth of his mind. Second rule, which is a consequence of the first, speak to the voters about your business and your feelings, and not about their business and their feelings. It is not a very dignified process, but it is very efficacious. Tell them Albert is a good boy; or else, it's hard to put up with him. My aunt is very rich or very poor. We spend more than our income, less than our income. I like blue; my husband likes red, etc. That is the way to gain hearts; but to go in a soft, hypocritical way and say to a coalman: 'Good-day, Mr. Coal Dealer! Is your wife well? Does your daughter go to the Tuileries? Do you know how to read? Do you know how to write? Do you go to church?' Such condescension annoys and enrages them."

Those who have at any time felt an interest in J. J. Ampère will perhaps like to see what Doudan has to say of him. Under date of October 2, 1856, is this record: "We found here M. Ampère, with his volcanic energy and his gentle ways. He talks with everybody about everything; he works twenty-four hours a day, and chats, too, for twenty-four hours a day, without counting the walks he takes alone. The clever people you know cannot give you an idea of this vitality of intelligence which applies itself to everything." To another correspondent he writes: "I found M. Ampère here, as lively as a fish in the water on a pleasant day. He does ten things at a time, and finishes them well; he works all day and seems to be doing nothing at all, for he shares every walk and every talk, plays billiards, like an officer in a country town, and reads novels like a silly girl. I have never seen such activity, and all this on a basis of most amiable gentleness and serenity."

This is but a small part of the richness of the book, which lovers of the best literature will not fail to read.

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